The Outlook

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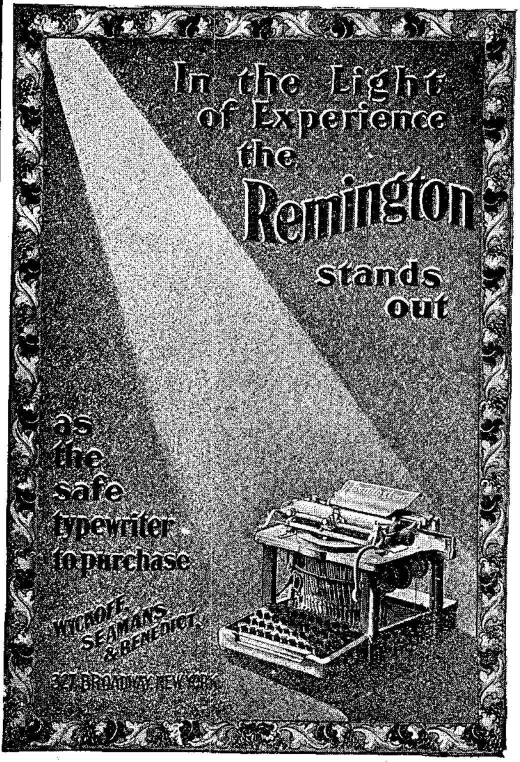
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The Treatment of the Sick Soldiers

The condition of our returned soldiers at Camp Wikoff has greatly improved during the past week, partly because of reforms and cutting of red tape which followed Secretary Alger's personal visit to the camp, partly because of the generous efforts of private citizens and associations, and partly because the lapse of time has made it possible to bring things into a more satisfactory condition. There are still about two thousand sick men at Camp Wikoff, and there is unquestionably room for improvement. On another page we speak editorially of Secretary Alger's defense of the War Department and its various branches against the charges of incompetency, delay, and criminal neglect. Since that defense was printed Secretary Alger has issued another statement, in which he declares that no investigation is necessary, that everything has been done that could be done, and that the failures were inevitable. This second defense is weak in many ways; to instance a single point, it is admitted that the condition of affairs on board the transport Seneca was abominable; but Secretary Alger, following his usual course, promptly throws all the blame on some one else; in this case upon the captain of the boat. This is a typical defense. No one can fail instantly to see that the captain of a transport should not have been free to do or not do precisely what he chose; and the serious point of the charges in this case is that the captain had no proper direction or inspection. So, too, in Secretary Alger's defense of the disease-stricken camps. He insists that the camps were inspected by General Miles and others, and that everybody thought they were ideally located. Here again the blame is shuffled off upon others, though all accounts show that the prevalence of disease was due not so much to the original choice of site as to the unsanitary conditions which were allowed to prevail, and the lack of medical and nursing facilities when the disease began to spread. Two or three incidents of the week throw light on the methods of the War Department. Thus, an excellent order was issued directing surgeons in the hospitals to purchase, within certain bounds, anything needed for the diet of the soldiers; but this order seems to have been tied up by the official red tape at Washington, and for at least four days was held back at the very time when its enforcement was a matter almost of life and death. No reasonable explanation of this fact has been given to the public. In another case it is asserted that General Wheeler ordered large quantities of supplies for the sick, and that they were stopped for some time by Commissary-General Eagan, solely because of some technical defect in the requisition. Such instances—and others might be quoted—show that there is truth in the belief, now gaining ground constantly, that the basic trouble is in the organization of the branches of the War Department. The Quartermaster-General Department, the Commissary Department, the Subsistence Department, and the Transportation Department are managed almost independently, whereas they should be co-ordinated and work in the closest union. Back also of this difficulty lies the well-known fact that the War Department is honeycombed with political favoritism.

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The Peace Commission

The members of the Peace Commission of the United States have now all been selected. As was expected, the Commission is headed by Secretary Day; the other members are Senator Davis, of Minnesota, Senator Frye, of Maine, Justice White, of the Supreme Court, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Popular report indicates that, of these, Judge Day and Justice White are the two members more conservative in their opinions on the question of National expansion, while the other three members represent the radical view on that question. As a whole, the Commission is one of very great ability, and is undoubtedly well equipped in knowledge and capacity to cope with the extremely important questions which will come before it at the Paris Conference. Naturally, the instructions given to the Commission by the President are not made public. The first meeting of our Commissioners with those of Spain will take place in Paris about October 1; the Spanish Commissioners have not been named as we write, but undoubtedly will be within a very few days. Senator Frye expresses a hope that the treaty will be concluded and ready to lay before the Senate when it meets early in December. France has cordially welcomed the selection of Paris as the place of meeting, and the French Government is making every possible preparation to insure the comfort and dignity of the members of the Commission.

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George Kennan's Story of the War

In The Outlook for August 13 we told our readers that Mr. George Kennan had been ill with fever at Santiago, but was rapidly recovering. We regret to say that the recovery was retarded by a return of fever. Under date of August 10, Mr. Kennan wrote: "I am getting into such a condition that I can't take care of myself, and if I remain here shall have to go to a hospital. Dr. Egan says it is doubtful whether I can shake off the fever in this climate, and advises that I go North until the heavy September and October rains are over. If I don't get better, I shall probably be forced to do so. I have not been well enough to write a letter for The Outlook this week—nor, indeed, to sit up much of the time—but will resume my correspondence as soon as I am able to do so." Accordingly Mr. Kennan sailed from Santiago on August 12 in the steamship Philadelphia, arrived in New York the next week, and is now at his summer home in Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, taking a much-needed rest and slowly gaining his usual strength. We hope to have for publication next week another installment of his "Story of the War," to be followed by one or two others embodying the results of his observation in Cuba. It is quite probable that early in the fall Mr. Kennan may return to Cuba and write a new series of letters for The Outlook upon the actual conditions and possibilities of the island. In many ways our readers have shown intense interest in this special correspondence and appreciation of Mr. Kennan's accuracy, breadth of view, and fairness of mind.

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The New Fiscal Policy

Mr. Worthington Ford presents in the September issue of "Harper's Magazine" a striking article upon the change in our fiscal policy which changing commercial and political relations are forcing upon us. Reviewing our tariff policy from the beginning, Mr. Ford shows that at first it was a policy which sought revenue with incidental protection, while now it seeks protection with incidental revenue. Hamilton, he says, believed that an average duty of ten per cent. upon imported merchandise would suffice, but to-day the average duty upon taxed imports is 51 per cent. This increase of the duty, he thinks, was of itself sufficient to reduce revenues by reducing imports, and the recent growth of manufacturing in our country has made still further reductions. In 1887, for example, the imports of manufactured iron and steel brought the Nation a revenue of $21,000,000. Last year, only a decade later, the same imports brought us a revenue of less than $7,000,000. The rate of duty has not changed, but the importations have fallen to a third, because we are now producing nearly all the iron we need, and are even exporting great quantities to foreign markets. Similar changes, says Mr. Ford, have been taking place in other branches of business, and to-day, among the thousands of duties upon imported goods, scarcely a dozen yield any appreciable revenue. The one great revenue-producing duty that remains, he says, is that upon sugar, which promises to yield about $80,000,000 a year, or nearly half of the whole amount now anticipated from the Dingley tariff. Yet even this revenue from sugar will be cut down to $30,000,000 if, as he expects, the sugar produced in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines is admitted duty free under the annexation programme now making headway. Such reductions in customs revenue make it inevitable, he says, that the tariff which used to furnish the bulk of our public revenues shall in the future furnish a much smaller part, and that taxes upon corporations, incomes, and inheritances shall take its place. With these tendencies Mr. Ford is not in sympathy. His review of conditions is that of a historian and not of an advocate, and therefore the conclusions he reaches are the more impressive.

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The Fight Against Mr. Quay The National League of Business Men in Pennsylvania, which was organized three years ago to secure the nomination of Mr. McKinley when Mr. Quay was opposing it, has this year instituted a campaign to "redeem the next Pennsylvania Legislature from the control of the Quay machine." At a preliminary meeting held in Philadelphia last week the League resolved to direct its efforts "to the nomination and election of members of the State Legislature who will earnestly and unalterably oppose all the various forms of jobbery which made the last Legislature disgracefully notorious, and who will elect in the place of the present senior Senator from this State a Senator who will fitly and justly represent the people and the interests of this great commonwealth." To accomplish this end it was resolved that the League's Executive Committee be enlarged, and directed "officially to invite all parties and associations desiring to unite against the Quay machine to meet for consideration of a definite plan for the defeat of the Quay legislative candidates." This Philadelphia meeting was addressed by Mr. Wanamaker, who made it evident that his opposition to the Quay machine has not abated since the machine captured the Republican State Convention. Speaking of the last Legislature, Mr. Wanamaker said: "Men became articles, pieces of furniture, of the Quay stock, with prices attached in plain figures. The whole business of electing a United States Senator was an arithmetical problem. On the night that settled the election, legislators and leaders, showing the character of the machine and the spirit of the men, made a procession on the streets with brass bands, conducting mock religious exercises with mock hymns, and kneeling in the highway in mock prayers. Did ever before, in the history of any State capital, a Legislature and its henchmen, on the night of its first meeting, so defy public sentiment and outrage decency?" This opening of the session, Mr. Wanamaker went on, was the fit prelude to the scenes that followed, and he recalled, giving a single sentence to each, the long catalogue of scandals. "This," he said, "is not the time to reveal the details. I can only say that each day's notorious revelations scalded the State from one end to the other as with boiling water, and that even to-day, a year after, the State is sore all over, and crying for relief." To furnish this relief the League of Business Men have set to work to secure the men and the money to conduct a vigorous campaign in every part of the State.

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Editorial Silence Following the report of the New York Canal Commission that Superintendent Aldridge had distributed among the newspapers seven times the requisite sum for advertising his contracts, attention is called by the Springfield "Republican" to the manner in which "advertising" figures among the expenditures of corporations employing lobbyists at the Boston Capitol. Under an act passed during Governor Russell's administration, every person or corporation employing counsel to appear before the Massachusetts Legislature is obliged to make a sworn return of all payments made in promoting or opposing the legislation for which the counsel was engaged. Last winter a bill was introduced providing for State supervision of telephone rates. The great body of Boston's telephone subscribers petitioned in favor of its principle, but the Boston newspapers—with the exception of the "Post," which ardently advocated the measure—were either silent or hostile. It now appears from the sworn reports of the telephone company under the lobby act that of $7,756 expended directly in opposing this measure, $5,360 was paid out for advertising. A correspondent through whom we verified the "Republican's" statement sends us a list of the payments made to the several papers. With the exception of the "Post," every prominent secular paper in Boston and its suburbs seems to have received a share. No distinction seems to have been made as to politics. The three heaviest payments were made to papers of different affiliations. The "Journal" (Republican) received $1,018, the "Herald" (Independent) received $800, and the "Globe" (Democratic) $680. Seventeen other papers received smaller sums. There is not the slightest evidence that any one of the papers was directly asked to favor the attitude of the telephone company, but, as the Springfield "Republican" remarks, while "it may not be cause and effect, those corporations which pay lavishly for reading matter are seldom or never attacked in the editorial columns." The incident again presses home the conclusion that the leadership of the press cannot be blindly followed. It is necessary for the public to observe and think for itself.

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Political Conventions In the political conventions held last week the Republicans continued to demand a more aggressive foreign policy than the Democrats. In Delaware, in Missouri, and in South Dakota they contented themselves with demands for the extension of our commerce or our institutions which a mere protectorate might satisfy, but in California they urged the annexation of both Porto Rico and the Philippines. The important Democratic Convention was that in Ohio, where a plank was adopted declaring that the mission of this Nation was to stand for the principle of self-government, and that the United States "should keep the faith upon which the war was begun and prosecuted." On the currency question all of the Republican platforms except that adopted in California stood squarely for the maintenance of the gold standard, and even in California, where two years ago the Republicans demanded the free coinage of silver by this Nation at the old ratio, they this year indorsed the St. Louis platform, and merely urged the President to secure an international bimetallic agreement. The Ohio Democrats indorsed the Chicago platform, and placed a special emphasis upon its financial plank. The Delaware Republicans, curiously enough, declared themselves in favor of "all measures to extend and protect our commercial relations with the rest of the world." When the tariff question was in the foreground, this would have sounded like a declaration in favor of absolute free trade.

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The Anthracite Crisis The depression in the anthracite coal trade, due to the increasing use of soft coal in the place of anthracite, has reached a crisis. Some time in June business men representing commercial bodies in Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Pottsville, and other anthracite coal centers, met at Scranton and organized the "Business Men's Anthracite Association," which set to work to correct the evils from which their district is suffering. These evils, if the statement made by the Association is as accurate as it appears to be, are capable of legislative remedy. The railroads of Pennsylvania, it is declared, are charging from seventy cents to one dollar and ten cents a hundred miles for carrying a ton of anthracite coal, while the same roads are carrying soft coal at from fifteen cents to thirty cents a hundred miles. The cost of hauling a ton of soft coal is as great as the cost of hauling a ton of anthracite coal, and the burden placed upon the shippers and purchasers of anthracite is plainly intolerable. It may be for the interest of the Pennsylvania roads to charge three times as much for carrying the hard coal produced in these districts alone as for carrying the soft coal which other roads can bring from the West, but the proceeding is not only contrary to justice, but, in a pre-eminent degree, contrary to the public interests. The increasing use of soft coal instead of anthracite by railroads and factories has added greatly to the discomfort of railroad travel and city life. Every city has a right to protect its buildings and its citizens from being begrimed by black smoke, and every State has a similar right to protect the traveling public. These rights should be exercised, and the use of anthracite coal or smoke-consuming devices should be mandatory for passenger trains and for city factories.

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The Czar and Universal Peace It is natural that some skepticism should be shown by diplomatists about the startling proposition of the Czar of Russia looking to the eventual disarmament of the nations. No country has shown a more aggressive spirit of late years than Russia, and none has apparently leaned more strongly upon the tacit threat of force. Moreover, it has been generally believed that Russia's diplomatic methods in her forward movements have been often unscrupulous and commonly regardless of the territorial rights and policy of other nations. That Russia, then, should be the first to suggest the possibility of universal peace is indeed surprising. The arguments set forth by the Czar are those which have always been put forward by advocates of peace and comity, with the result that these advocates have been generally termed idealists and theorists. Making all allowances for practical difficulties and for possible motives beneath the surface, the mere fact that the Czar of Russia should seriously put forward such a proposition has in it extraordinary importance for the future history of the world. As the London "Times" rightly says, "Whatever the issue, the proposal must forthwith be discussed in a practical spirit by practical statesmen of all civilized nations. No wise man will pretend that, even if this is all, it is little for the Czar to have accomplished." English papers, as might be expected, are quite alive to the practical difficulties in the way of universal peace, and peculiarly quick to suspect that the Czar's proposition has some special significance as relating to the present position of affairs in China and to England's great efforts to increase her naval strength. One English paper, for instance, suggests that the carrying out of universal disarmament would be of great disadvantage to England as compared with Russia, because the formation of a great army could be accomplished in two or three years, while such a fleet as England possesses could not, if allowed to fall into disuse, be restored in less than from ten to twenty years. Stated in brief, the proposition of the Czar is an invitation to all the nations which have representatives in St. Petersburg to send delegates to a Conference which would—to use the Czar's words—"converge in one powerful focus the efforts of the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. It would at the same time cement an agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of the peoples." The Czar declares that he considers the present moment favorable for seeking, by international discussion, to secure to all peoples the benefits of real and durable peace. He rightly points out that the ultimate object of great international alliances has been to guarantee peace, and that financial problems, labor problems, problems connected with the investment of capital, national culture, and wealth production, are all, to a large degree, paralyzed by the enormous military armaments of our day. It is generally understood that the Czar personally has long entertained a feeling of strong disapproval of the military burden under which Europe is almost prostrated; and this, more than most state papers, may be taken to express the Czar's personal views and wishes. A Conference of some kind will probably result; what will be its issue it is now impossible to conjecture, but the mere fact of such a movement proceeding from such a source cannot but hasten the day when reason and international law will take their rightful places as supreme over brute force.

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The West Indies Mr. Chamberlain has elaborated a scheme for rescuing the West Indian colonies of Great Britain from the industrial ruin which has threatened them for some time. Jamaica and the smaller islands of the group have been almost impoverished by reason of the inability of their main industry, sugar production, to compete with the bounty-fed sugar of Continental Europe. Some time ago we stated the conclusions reached by the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the facts. Mr. Chamberlain's plan largely adopts the suggestions of the Commission, although in some particulars he has taken his own line of action. In supporting the Parliamentary vote in aid of the colonies he took broader ground than was anticipated, emphasizing the Imperial duty of protecting and developing them, and laying himself open to the charge of State paternalism and the setting of an example which might hereafter be used to draw more heavily upon the purse of the British taxpayer. It seems to be generally admitted, however, that the circumstances are exceptional, and justify a prompt relief even if it should contravene some British economic principles. This relief will be a number of loans and grants to clear away the deficits of the islands and to aid them to improve their sugar-manufacturing processes. There will also be grants for the construction of roads, for the purchase of lands for peasant proprietorship, and for the improvement of communication between the islands and Canada, New York, and London. Botanical and agricultural departments for the islands will also be established, and model sugar-factories will be erected in some of them. All these measures, however, are only subsidiary to the plan for giving the colonies a chance to compete on better terms with bounty-fed sugar. Here the question becomes an international one, and partly hinges upon the action of France in not joining the other Powers represented at the Brussels Conference in agreeing to prohibit imports of such sugar. Most of the Continental Governments have found out that the bounties are an expensive mistake, and are willing to give them up if all the Powers can be induced to do so simultaneously. It could be done by imposing countervailing duties, but Great Britain has hitherto looked upon such a measure as a violation of free-trade principles. The most interesting part of Mr. Chamberlain's statement was that in which he declared that the Government had modified its attitude on this point, and that, if bounty-fed sugar should continue to cripple the industry of the West Indies, there would be reserved the full right of prohibiting its importation into Great Britain.

Trade with China

Our trade with China has shown a remarkable increase in recent years, and figures just published by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington reveal a commercial advance during 1897 which is highly gratifying, especially in view of the unfavorable conditions in China which tended to restrict imports. The steady gain made by the United States is shown by a comparison of American imports into China and Hong-Kong with those of Great Britain from 1880 to 1897. The comparison shows an increase of over three hundred per cent. in exports from the United States during that period, and a decrease of twenty-five per cent. in exports from Great Britain to the same market in the same time. It should be added that the figures for the United States include both domestic and foreign merchandise, while for Great Britain they include only domestic merchandise. With this qualification, the exports of the United States to China for the year ending June 30, 1897, were $17,984,472, as compared with $3,978,775 in 1880; while the exports of Great Britain to China in 1897 were $35,588,580, as compared with $47,414,105 in 1880. Among the articles included in the list of exports from the United States for 1897 increases are shown in flour, bicycles, carriages and cars, fruits and nuts, telegraph instruments, telephones, scientific instruments, canned beef, bacon, hams, butter, cheese, seeds, tobacco, lumber, and other articles. There was a decline in the exports of cotton goods, though much less proportionately for the United States than for its chief rivals. The above list is interesting from more than one point of view, as it suggests the mental and moral as well as the industrial changes which are taking place in China. To see the carriage and the bicycle gradually superseding the sedan-chair, to know that the telegraph and the telephone are piercing the leaden conservatism which finds one of its best supports in slow communication, and that scientific instruments are getting to be known and used among the people who invented the compass and then ceased to invent anything useful for centuries—these are proofs of progress which should not be lost sight of in the satisfaction felt over good business returns.

The Anti-Vaccinationists' Victory

The anti-vaccinationists in England have achieved a remarkable victory. In the course of an animated debate in the House of Commons upon a measure to secure the better enforcement of the compulsory vaccination law, the anti-vaccinationists showed astonishing strength, and finally the Government, through Mr. Balfour, offered as a compromise that the vaccination of a child should no longer be required until it was four years of age, and that thereafter it should not be required if the parent "specifies to the court that he conscientiously believes that vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of the child." This compromise has now been accepted by both Houses—the Lords at first rejecting it by a majority of ten, but afterwards adopting it by a majority of two. In the debate few members openly avowed their own belief that vaccination caused more sickness than it prevented; but continual reference was made to the fact that the number of those who so believed was steadily increasing, and that the enforcement of the compulsory vaccination law of 1854 was becoming more and more difficult. Very evidently public sympathy was against this feature of the law, and the action of Parliament seems to be almost as great a victory for the anti-vaccinationists as was the decision of the Swiss people in the referendum of 1882, when two hundred and fifty-four thousand of them voted against compulsory vaccination, and only sixty-eight thousand in its favor. Neither in Switzerland, however, nor in Parliament, it should be noted, was a verdict reached upon the merits of vaccination, but only upon the policy of compulsory vaccination.

The Women's Movement in Germany

In a private letter from Dresden during July an American lady residing there speaks of the struggle now progressing for the extension to German women of the advantages long enjoyed by American women for the higher education. The writer had just been at a Woman's Congress held for the purpose of organizing an association of women teachers and others in the Kingdom of Saxony. Its design is to aid the movement now on foot throughout Germany to prevail on the State to create gymnasia (*i. e.*, classical schools) for girls corresponding to those existing now for boys only. For girls there are only private gymnasia, and the State has thus far not accepted their examinations; consequently there could be no matriculation for the university. But the Minister of Public Instruction has just authorized a "State" examination, and young women are about to go into it for the first time in Dresden. The writer from whose letter these interesting facts are drawn says that the progress of the last ten years in this line has been slow but great. "I know," she adds, "no women so thoroughly cultivated as a finely educated German woman. She obtains through private instruction all that she is refused at the gymnasia. In Berlin and Leipsic the number of women attending the University lectures increases yearly."

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Secretary Alger's Defense

Secretary Alger has written a long letter to Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, which has been made public. The letter must be regarded as a semi-official defense against the charges of incompetency and neglect which are now being brought against the War Department by the press—Republican, Democratic, and Independent—throughout the country. The letter is too long to be republished in full in our columns. It is rambling and inconsequential in style, and therefore difficult to condense. But we here attempt to give our readers its substance—and as far as practicable its phraseology—that they may see for themselves the grounds on which the Secretary bases his expressions of satisfaction with the administration of his Department and its results. He says:

A grand total of 268,500 men, including 27,000 men of the regular army, had to be gathered from the various States and mustered into the service on very short notice. There was scarcely any camp outfit for their accommodation; this had to be provided by the War Department. "When war was declared, there was no equipment whatever for the volunteers in store." The work of gathering these men in camps and providing for them had to be done "in large measure under untrained regimental and company commanders;" and there was a "lack of knowledge as to sanitary conditions to be observed," and "carelessness in not observing the instructions which were furnished." For "there is nothing young men in robust health are so prodigal of as their health, until it is gone." "Every effort has been made to furnish every camp with all appliances asked for, but, of course, the commanding officers in the field are the ones who have direct charge of these men." The Secretary implies that where these officers have been competent there have been few or no difficulties. "For instance, one army corps commander has given orders, and enforces them, respecting sanitary affairs, and he has to-day but a fraction over two per cent. on the sick list." "One regiment in the Chickamauga camp has a colonel who enforces sanitary rules in his regiment, obliging the men to boil all the water they drink, keeping the camp cleanly, and the result is less than twenty-five sick, and his camp, too, is in as unfavorable a place as any in the command. Others more favorably situated have ten times that number on the sick lists." Abundance of medical supplies were sent with the army to Santiago, with lighters for unloading. But the lighters were lost in a severe storm. Others sent to take their place were similarly destroyed. The army was thus dependent on lighters lent by the navy. And the military necessity for expedition was so great that the army was ordered forward at once, without waiting for its stores. The result proved the wisdom of General Shafter's expeditious movement. Delay would have involved greater sickness and imperiled the whole movement. Subsequent landing of supplies was rendered almost impossible, because the wind sprang up every morning at ten o'clock, making a high surf upon the beach. When the fever first broke out at Santiago, it was taken for yellow fever, and it was not thought safe to bring the sick to the North. "Upon inquiry it was ascertained that very few of these cases, comparatively, were yellow fever, when it was at once decided to bring the army home as quickly as possible." At this point in his letter the Secretary makes the declaration that "everything that human ingenuity could devise has been done to succor that army." He closes his letter with some statistics for the purpose of giving "a little idea of the work that has been done."

A total of 216,400 volunteers mustered into service; $5,030,000 expended for harbor defenses; an entire medical department created anew; 110,907,235 pounds of rations "purchased and distributed;" 9,700 officers, 233,962 enlisted men, 40,582 animals, besides wagons and stores, transported; 6,274,483 articles of clothing and camp equipment distributed; and the whole army promptly paid.

If Secretary Alger imagines that the American people will be satisfied with this statement, or that it will have any tendency to allay the increasing and passionate demand for a thorough and fearless investigation, he greatly underrates their intelligence.

Why, when war was declared, was there no equipment for the volunteers in store? Two months before war was declared Congress gave the President $50,000,000 to prepare for it. The Secretary of the Navy began his preparations at once. Why did the Secretary of War do nothing? Why were our camps left in charge of untrained regimental and company commanders? There were hundreds of men living who had had experience in the Civil War and who would gladly have given the benefit of it to the United States. Why were the offers of service from such refused? It is not true that there was a "lack of knowledge as to sanitary conditions"! Sanitary engineering is a science. There were scores, not to say hundreds, of sanitary engineers entirely competent to select and lay out camps for five or ten thousand men and prescribe the regulations which would have made typhoid fever impossible. "Every effort has been made to furnish every camp with all appliances asked for"! Compare with this Mr. George Kennan's statement in The Outlook (August 20, p. 966), "Twelve or fifteen thousand men were sent into the woods and chaparral between Siboney and Santiago without hammocks or wall-tents, and without any vessel larger than a coffee-cup in which to boil water." "One army corps commander has given orders, and enforces them, respecting sanitary affairs, and he has to-day but a fraction over two per cent on the sick list." "One regiment in the Chickamauga camp has a colonel who enforces sanitary rules, . . . and the result is less than twenty-five sick." That shows what can be done. Whose business is it to require other army corps commanders and other colonels to enforce sanitary rules? If a colonel is a coward and orders a needless retreat, if he is incompetent and blunders in ordering a useless charge, he is called to account. What is the country to think of a Secretary of War who is satisfied to say that wholesale disease and death are due to the incompetence of officers for whose appointment he is partly responsible, and for whose criminal neglect he should instantly call them to account? Our Secretary of War neither has done so nor proposes to do so. Did the Secretary of War not know that storms occur at sea, and especially at this season of the year in the Caribbean Sea? Did it not occur to him that lighters might be wrecked? Had he never heard that an army is dependent on its supplies? Did it never occur to him that an army in Cuba without supplies would be ineffective and in peril? or that hardtack and bacon are not the supplies for Cuba campaigning? or that there might be other ways of landing supplies through a surf than by lighters?—Mr. George Kennan has given in The Outlook an account of one. Did it never occur to the officers whose business it was to land supplies that if a wind and surf arose regularly at 10 A.M. every day, landing of necessary supplies should be done before ten, or by search-lights at night? Doubtless the difficulties at Santiago were very great. But efficient men overcome difficulties. It is only the inefficient who offer excuses in lieu of achievement. It was known to the surgeons in the field that calentura is not yellow fever. Theodore Roosevelt is no medical expert, but even he recognized the difference between yellow fever and "fake yellow fever." "Upon inquiry it was ascertained that very few of these cases, comparatively, were yellow fever." How long did it take to make the inquiry? and how happened it that it was not decided to bring the army home as quickly as possible until the famous round-robin had set the Nation ablaze with excitement and indignation at the delay? Over 100,000,000 pounds of rations "purchased and distributed." No! Mr. Secretary; not distributed. That is exactly the difficulty. Purchased, no doubt. But in scores of cases left locked up in cars or storehouses, or carried back and forth in supply-ships, because there were no bills of lading, or because there was no one authorized to see that they were distributed. If there had been no food obtainable, the soldiers and the country would have accepted excuses for the famine-stricken camps. What they cannot forgive is that, after the purchase of over 100,000,000 pounds of rations, the soldiers were still left hungry because of incompetent administration in the War Department.

Failures and even blunders in the administration of that Department the American people could readily forgive—perhaps too readily. What they will not and ought not to forgive is the complacent spirit which refuses to see that there have been any failures and refuses to make any attempt to ascertain the causes of failures and recommend provisions which will make their repetition impossible. And this is emphatically the spirit of Secretary Alger's letter. In the face of the typhoid at Camps Alger and Chickamauga, of the absolute failure of adequate medical provision at Santiago, of the crowded and unsanitary condition of the transports which brought the sick soldiers home, of deaths by the score absolutely needless, of the fact that incompetence in our administration has slain more of our soldiers than have been slain by the shots of the enemy, Secretary Alger writes concerning the home camps:

> Every effort has been made from the beginning to furnish every camp with all appliances asked for.

And concerning the army at Santiago:

> Everything that human ingenuity could devise has been done to succor that army—not the ingenuity of the Secretary of War, but the result of the combined counsel of those who have had a lifelong experience in the field.

The Secretary claims, therefore, the reader will observe, that the failure to get proper food to the soldiers in camp; the failure to furnish them with summer clothing in Cuba, compelling them to go into the battle almost naked; the lack of surgeons and medical stores after the battle; the housing them in fever-contaminated houses at Siboney before the battle, and the burning of those houses after they had done their evil work; the crowded and unsanitary condition of the transports on which the sick and dying were brought to the North; the utter lack of proper food for them *en route*, and their consequent arrival famished and dying from exhaustion; and the conditions in Camps Alger and Chickamauga which made them breeding-places of typhoid fever, are all *necessary* conditions of war. "Everything that human ingenuity could devise has been done." We are, therefore, to believe that no human ingenuity could have prevented these dreadful scenes. The man who writes that sentence does thereby condemn himself. He affirms, not only that he is incompetent to prevent such scenes of horror, but that he is incapable of perceiving them and of realizing the necessity of preventing them, even when they are thrust before his eyes. Secretary Alger's defense of himself seems to us worse than the original offense. Errors of administration the American people might well forgive in one who saw and regretted them after the terrible results had been seen and felt; but it ought never to forgive the self-satisfaction which refuses to see what everybody else has seen, and fails to make any attempt to ascertain the responsibility for conditions which have filled all other men with horror.

There is no hope of any inquiry under the auspices of the War Department. The President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, might, and in our judgment ought to, order one. Blunders in our administration have slain more victims than perished in the Maine. A court as impartial and composed of men as fearless as that appointed by the President to investigate the Maine disaster should conduct an inquiry into the causes which led to their needless sacrifice.

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The Quebec Conference

The Quebec Conference, about whose anticipated results in the promotion of Anglo-Saxon reunion so much has been said, opened at the Parliament Buildings in the city of Quebec on August 23. The American and Canadian Commissioners were all present, and, after a short preliminary discussion, Lord Herschell, the representative of Great Britain, was chosen Chairman. On behalf of the city the Mayor read an address of welcome, to which Senator Fairbanks replied in a speech which has since been widely quoted for its admirable language and temper. The first few days of the Conference have been occupied mainly with arranging the order of the discussions, and it is evident that the Commissioners expect sessions which may last through several months. Adjournments may have to be made on account of political work which is expected to require the attention of one or more of our Commissioners at home; but, independently of this, the questions awaiting settlement are so numerous and complicated, and the amount of expert evidence so great, that much time will be necessary to reach conclusions mutually satisfactory. It may be truly said that, from the Canadian point of view, the Quebec

Conference is the culmination of many efforts made by both Liberal and Conservative statesmen to treat for a settlement of outstanding matters of dispute; while from the American standpoint the change wrought is that of a more conciliatory temper and deeper interest, due to Great Britain's attitude in the war which has just closed. Successive administrations at Washington have always felt the strength resulting from the superior size and wealth of this country; they have not felt the need, even though they have seen the advantage, of concessions. The main task of Canadian negotiators ever since 1866, the year in which the Elgin-Marcy Treaty was abrogated, has been to overcome the political inertia, rather than the active hostility, at Washington. This has now been done, though, of course, it is no certain sign of the extent to which concessions on our side will be made.

The Outlook has already referred to the points in dispute, but further mention may be made of them, as they are practically certain to demand a considerable share of public attention for many weeks to come. It should be noted that only two of them, the sealing question and the treaty of 1817 regarding naval vessels on the lakes, involve the immediate interests of Great Britain. There were some hints that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty might come up for consideration, but no mention of it was made in the protocol. With this qualification, the matters to be settled may be broadly classified as questions of the fisheries, both Atlantic and Pacific; of the frontier; and of transportation. Under the first division comes a consideration and revision of the sealing question, and of provisions in regard to the fisheries off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the inland waters of their common frontier. Under the second are the tariff question, the Alaskan boundary, the agreement of 1817 respecting naval vessels on the lakes, and arrangements for the more complete definition and marking of any part of the frontier line, either by land or water. Under the last division are the bonding privilege and the waterways. To these may be added alien labor laws and mining rights affecting the subjects or citizens of each country within the territory of the other.

The foregoing list of subjects is long and varied, but Canadian interest therein is strengthened by the recognition, never hitherto so completely given, that the Dominion Commissioners have the power to determine Canadian demands and concessions, Lord Herschell being practically only an honorary and benevolent overseer. The most important matter is doubtless the tariff, and the point to be decided is whether this country shall insist upon exclusive preference of American products by Canada in return for concessions, or whether, allowing Canada's preferential tariff in favor of the mother country to stand, a reciprocal lowering of customs duties independently of it can be arranged. On these points no light has been thrown as yet by any discussions of the Conference, or by any previous statement of official opinion. There is, indeed, a general desire, as shown by resolutions of Chambers of Commerce, for an extension of our trade with Canada, but the decision may hinge entirely upon the attitude of our manufacturing interests. On the other hand, the leading organ of the Liberal party in Canada has declared that under no circumstances will the preferential tariff be given up. With regard to the fisheries, a revision of the treaty of 1818 is desired by this country, so that our fishermen may enter Canadian harbors to buy supplies and enjoy other privileges now denied them. It is probable that reasonable concessions to Canadian fish in our market may effect the desired changes. Another question which has recently developed increased interest with us is the suggested relaxation in the terms of the treaty of 1817 regarding naval vessels on the great lakes. If we are to have a sufficient navy and the expected expansion in maritime interests, it is important that certain cities on our side of the great lakes should be centers for naval shipbuilding. The question is whether either Great Britain or Canada would concede this without increasing British naval strength on the lakes to an equality with our own. It is a subject involving advantages of somewhat doubtful utility in comparison with the complications that might arise from them. A consideration of the bonding privilege as enjoyed by Canadian railways will doubtless be the occasion of vigorous protests from our own railways; but this is a question which has to be considered from the standpoint of the merchant and shipper as well, and the Conference will doubtless reach an agreement based upon mutual and general interest, not upon special pleas or an alleged cause of injury to any particular interest. Then there is the great question of international waterways, and the reciprocal use of existing canals. This involves considerations of the greatest importance to the grain-growers of the American and Canadian Northwest, for it is only by a continuous voyage from the head of Lake Superior to the seaboard, effecting a large saving in freight, that the grain of the Northwest can advantageously compete in foreign markets. Already the Governments of both countries have investigated the practicability of deepening existing canals and constructing new ones, and further consideration by the Conference may result in improvements of great importance. With regard to the Alaskan boundary, the alien labor laws, and the mining regulations a good deal has recently been said. We shall keep our readers informed as to the discussions of the Conference concerning these, as well as other matters of interest which mark the progress of the deliberations.

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The Spirit of Helpfulness

If the moods of society were clearly reflected in history, it would be found that periods of depression come to communities as they come to individuals, and that, at irregular intervals, the world sweeps into the shadow of low spirits and sometimes of despair. Looking back over the landscape of the past, there are, here and there over the surface, fog-banks and low-lying clouds which shut out the sunlight and breed all manner of spiritual disease. The man who despairs is an easy prey to temptation of every kind; for such a man has lost his way and is bewildered by the morass into which he has strayed. It is one of the peculiarities of men in a period of depression that they count their weakness strength, and regard the very absence of vitality which oppresses them as an evidence of superior intelligence. A buoyant, hopeful age is always aggressive, often turbulent, sometimes insolent; a despondent age is always self-satisfied, critical, scornful. Such an age looks back upon the enthusiasms of a more hopeful time with a pitying commiseration. It folds the scanty cloak of its own superiority about it and rejoices that it is no longer the victim of hopes, dreams, and illusions. Laying hold of one side of experience, it preaches a cheap and thin philosophy of cautious and selfish moderation.

A large part of the world has been passing through such a period of depression for the last two decades; in art, literature, philosophy, and politics the prevailing note has been critical, skeptical, and cynical. A fog has hung over a large section of society, and has so long obscured the sun that men have begun to question whether there is any sun. The philosophy of disenchantment has been accepted not only as if it were final but as if it were noble; so great is the skill of the mind in making darkness take the place of light when the solid highway of sanity, morality, and generous ideals is forsaken! Far-seeing men have known that society was lying under a fog which some morning wind would suddenly sweep beyond the horizon; but there have been many who have insisted that fog was the natural envelope of the earth, and that to live in a mist which distorted all objects and chilled the very soul was the highest of all privileges. That fog is already perceptibly thinner; sensitive minds feel the warmth of approaching sunshine; there is a rising tide of vitality and hope in the arts. Naturalism, cynicism, and skepticism have had their turn; the world has gone through its bad quarter-of-an-hour; God is becoming credible again, because the vision of society is beginning to clear.

It ought to be cut into the memory of humanity that depression is never the normal mood of healthy men; it is always the evidence of disease. When a man begins to take low views of himself and of his fellows instead of comforting himself with the feeling that he is becoming emancipated from the weakness of lesser men, let him consult a wise physician, diet himself, and take more time for exercise. Such a man needs the open air and the sunlight. Depression is always the result of intellectual, spiritual, or physical exhaustion; it marks the ebb of the tide; it stamps a period as inferior in vitality and a society as defective in creative power. The art of such a time may show signs of power here and there, but it is never sound, well-balanced, progressive; it is always morbid, inharmonious, and retrogressive; it tends constantly to run into all manner of excesses and extravagances. It is the art of a Verlaine, not of a Tennyson.

There is a superficial optimism which is neither rational nor wholesome; a mere sensuous content which affirms that all things are as they ought to be because its own comfort is secure. There are men whose cheerfulness does not count, because it is purely a matter of temperament; such men would smile over a wrecked universe. Against this easy-going, good-natured mood, which accepts "rings" and "bosses" in politics as necessary evils and will not fight them to the death as the deadly enemies of society; which sits content in a social order full of injustice because it is more comfortable to let things alone; which tolerates low standards, easy morals, cheap education, and vulgar manners, it is the bounden duty of all right-minded men to protest, in season and out of season. This false optimism is, if possible, worse than pessimism, because it obliterates moral distinctions and cheapens the idea of God; and it is better to reject the idea of God than to vulgarize it. But this easy-going, good-natured acquiescence in things as they are must not for a moment be confounded with true optimism: the belief in a divine order being worked out in an imperfect world, in a divine salvation being wrought out in a sinful race. The true optimist is often at one with the pessimist in affirming that, at the moment, conditions could not be worse; but he instantly parts company with the pessimist by adding that there is a power in the world which can make them better, and a capacity in man to co-operate with that power.

Pessimism has its roots in atheism; its essence is disbelief in God and in man. It sees the disorder in the world, and doubts the existence of an eternal order; it sees the lawlessness in society, and questions the reign of law; it sees the confusion of society, and doubts the possibility of the higher unity. Its sorrow over the evil among men is easily changed to scorn, because it disbelieves in the possible purity of men; its pity changes into contempt, because it has no sympathy. The difficulty with pessimism is its blindness; it sees the immediate condition, but it does not see the possibilities of redemption. It recognizes the evil deed, but it has no insight into the depths of the human soul. It is without pity and without sympathy, and it is smitten, therefore, with permanent sterility; it can call attention to injustice and unrighteousness, but it can offer no remedies; it can bring sin home to the conscience, but it has no power of redemption. If Christ had been a pessimist, the mighty power which has flowed from him to the ends of the earth would not have touched his nearest follower. There is neither heart, help, nor hope in pessimism; it is, at the best and in its purest condition, a blind protest against wrong.

At the heart of all really constructive movements in society lie two qualities: sympathy and faith. Without these qualities it is possible to discourage men, but not to help them. Much moral force has been wasted in this country of late years because many of those who rightly revolted against the low standards of our public life made their protest in a cynical spirit; they sneered and scoffed where they ought to have rekindled hope and enthusiasm. George William Curtis was a noble example of that far-seeing optimism which, in boldly attacking present abuses and exposing evil and corrupt methods, reinspired hope in the integrity of the people and the possibility of political reformation. Mr. Curtis sympathized profoundly with his countrymen, and had an unshaken faith in them; his voice had, therefore, a note of confidence and cheer. Too many of those who stood with him in his fight against the rule of "machines" and that blind partisanship which is the worst enemy of parties have been willing to denounce, but have not been able to lead, because they had no faith; and without faith there is no leadership. They have been sterile critics instead of fruitful reformers. Society needs keen, sharp, courageous criticism; but it must be the criticism of the friend, not of the cynic. There is place for the pessimist in the arraignment of the world for its sins, but no place for him in its redemption. It is impossible to redeem a man unless one has faith in him. And it ought to be added that faith in God and in man is not only the beginning of happiness, but of sound judgment and practical wisdom and genuine human helpfulness.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has been on a search for a dog—a small-sized and cheap one; and yet he has had more adventures than perhaps have come to others seeking a large and costly one. This particular attack of fox-terrierism began three years ago, when the Spectator's daughter was seized with it and madly impelled to the pound kept by the Prevention of Cruelty Society, where she exchanged three good dollars for one bad dog.

Two days later it ran away, and she gave thanks. Exit *Ray*.

* * *

Enter *Billy*. Billy was not bought—he was borrowed; a puppy whose most signal characteristic was his ability in using any part of his rotund and boneless body as a seat: tail-piece, rump, small of the back, or either fore-shoulder served Billy equally well as a part for sitting upon when he wished to repose himself. Well, we commended the young lady's sense of humor in things canine, and took this borrowed Billy up to the country with us, where for some weeks we conducted a reformatory in his behalf, and enjoyed the prospect of a conversion which never came. Billy went back to the city in the fall, bigger, handsomer, more fascinating, but wickeder than ever; and soon after his return to the colored janitor who said he owned him (but never would tell where he got him), he disappeared very suddenly and mysteriously. Exit *Billy*.

* * *

Enter *Pyxie*. Ah, ye Nymphs that haunt the falling waters, and ye Naiads that dwell amid the dripping trees—weep for us, for Pyxie is no more! He came in the basket of a darky called "Dock," who dropped in as a casual caller upon the janitor aforesaid. Helen heard a scrambling in the basket, and demanded to know its contents. Then out rolled Pyxie, a small, soft, silky, white puppy, with a black-and-tan face, and a black patch set awry upon his crupper. This invertebrate lump of little dog was valued at $10, but in the course of time we got him for $6; this saved us $4 for his expenses, which he needed before his saintly course on earth was closed. We paid $2 to have him authentically tagged as Pyxie-Danthera, that being the name of a little white flower that grows on graves and elsewhere in the pine barrens; and then we devoted ourselves to circling about Pyxie with such devotion as the Siamese give to their white elephant. And never had elephant, white or black, a bigger heart than that little dog, yet small enough to steal into ours and fill a void whose existence we had not known before. And then, just when he was coming to the acme of his perfection, he was killed. Weep, Nymphs and Naiads, for Pyxie is no more—but none of ye can drip more tears than fell from our own bereavèd eyes! Exit St. Pyxie. Alas! alas!

Enter—what? All this experience formed the whereas and preamble to our resolution to have another dog—a fox-terrier, of course—but difficulties lay in the way. It was early winter, the wrong season for dogs beginning a knowledge of the world, and, warned by Billy, we wished to conduct the early education of any pet ourselves. We insisted upon a well-bred and handsome dog of small size and elegance of shape, according to a certain model in our mind's eye; and we couldn't pay a big price. Consulting the janitor, he darkly hinted at the wisdom of interviewing a "lady frien'" of his (and his color) over in the heart of the "Tenderloin." It was very stormy that evening, but we—the Spectator and his daughter aforesaid—started out, only to find that we were wrong in respect to the address and poorly informed as to the name. Trying unsuccessfully to learn something in various places, we at last inquired in a little barber-shop, where they seemed to know, but would reveal nothing until we had examined their own puppies—two of the tiniest, quaintest little guinea-pigs ever seen. But we had an idea that the woman we were in search of had Pyxie's relatives, and so we said "No, thank you," to the barbers, got the woman's proper address at last, and found her in the basement of a tenement very shady in all senses of the word.

* * *

It was a well though oddly furnished and by no means neat room into which she led us, the decorations of which were almost exclusively framed membership certificates and silken badges of Grand Army posts, and the campaign portraits of Republican leaders from Lincoln down to General Tracy. "I've been in politics nineteen years!" she exclaimed proudly, as she noted our eyes resting upon these evidences of it; and as she straightened up and began to speak of the late Tammany victory, I wanted to tell her that she could make money as a model to a painter for Rizpah or Deborah. When we said "dog," she opened the door, whistled, and in came a drove, barking and dancing like the stage entrance of a troop of performing poodles—dogs of every size and degree of hairiness; and among them was one terrier that looked as if it really were Pyxie grown to be a grandfather—the same rolling over on his back to have his stomach scratched, the same sanctimonious upturning of the eyes, the same cuddlesome ways. The tales

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she told us about them! How this one came from the Lorillards, and that was own brother to one now cradled on silk and eiderdown in the palaces of the Vanderbilts, and another had been left as a pledge for board by an erratic "lady" lodger who valued him at $150, and so on. But most of all she lavished her praises—where they were most needed—on two funny little bat-eared curs, that we nearly had to buy offhand. But when we tried to get information as to the big, friendly fox-terrier whom we thought father or grandfather to our lamented Pyxie, volubility lessened; and at the mention of "Dock" it ceased altogether. So we came away without a dog, but in possession of a fine mystery.

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This Dock was a sort of amateur veterinary and dog-fancier, and the man who had brought us Pyxie. We found out where he lived—over towards that lively part of the city called Hell's Kitchen. There was a little old-fashioned tenement filled with negro women who "took in washin' and ironin'." Directed to go through a narrow tunnel beneath this house, the Spectator found in the rear another, with a yard largely paved by the surface of the original rock of Manhattan Island; and, through the kindness of a laughing old lady as black as tar, found his door. It was early in the evening, yet Dock was in bed, and kept the Spectator out until he dressed. Then we talked dog. The result was his bringing to us sundry puppies which we did not like; and week after week passed by without result, while gloom reigned in our dogless home.

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Now, the Spectator and his family go frequently to a German restaurant down in East Fourth Street, well known to artists and writers and musicians; and there we told the tale of our dogs and doglessness into sympathetic ears. One day a waiter, grinning with memories of nimble nickels, appeared at our door, and, hat in hand, announced: "Herr Eckstein hat for you a—a—ein kleines hund. He say, Kommen sie to the store already." The Spectator understood him and went at once. Everybody seemed to know all about it. The proprietor's good frau had a broad smile even for her—and that is saying a great deal. Instantly a waiter ran off, and, while everybody at the tables smiled interest, brought back a snowy wad of flesh and blood which some time might become a fox-terrier It was a free gift, and, amid the delight of the whole genial company, the Spectator tucked it under his overcoat and marched home. This was *Kiyi.*

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We called him Kiyi because nothing else would do. He had the snowiest, silkiest coat anybody ever saw, marked only by a round black patch over one eye; and his white skin was as full of devilry as it would hold. He had more dash and courage and demonism than would suffice for three dogs, and shouts of laughter greeted him wherever he went, with that black eye forever acock to see what mischief he could do next. This was in the daytime and when he wasn't asleep. At night it was different, for then he declined to sleep at all, or more than a little, and spent his time fighting the wire netting of the cage and kiyi-ing to be let out. Unless somebody spent half the night, at intervals of an hour or two, romping with him, nobody could have any peace. This wouldn't do at all, and after a week of utterly useless discipline we sent for Dock and gave him the irrepressible Kiyi to train into some sense of propriety. A week later we heard from Dock as follows, by postal card:

> *Dear Sir* your Pupey is Geting a long Very nisley But he was the noises Pup i ever saw for too nights But i am Geting him Very nisley Broken of that. I have him nisley Brok to the Chain But he is the Bades Pupy i most ever saw in all kinds of mistuf—etc., etc.

We were rejoiced, and began to anticipate the joy of having so gay a playfellow, when two days later came another card, through all the quaint lines of which we read the sympathy of an honest lover of animals:

> *Dear Sir* the Little Pupey Dide Late last night i Feel very sorrow it Dide i Just Begin to hav him Broken nisley to Be cleen and not to make any noise We all Got attach to him a Lady was going to make a nise Blanket for him to Day this our Luck I will be Down to see you this Weeak Don get any Dog till you see me this Weeak.

Poor, bright little Kiyi! He had been let out of his box, and, wild with glee, picked up a piece of paper in his teeth and began racing round the room at top speed. Unable to see, or careless where he ran, his head struck a sharp corner, and the gay little dog dropped to the floor with the side of his skull crushed in. It did not seem possible that so light an animal could kill himself in such a way, but so it happened, and the jolly spirit was quenched forever.

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It seemed as though the fates were against us, and weeks of fruitless watching passed before the Spectator opened his door one day to find the whole family smiling about a big, complacent black man and a small, imperturbable white dog. This was *Waggles*. He fell sick and we nearly lost him, but we called in a doctor and now he is well, and some day shall have an essay all to himself.

A Trooper's Diary

II.—From the Presidio to Honolulu

July 14, 1898.

AS we marched out of the Presidio grounds the companies we left lined up and gave three cheers for each troop as it passed. To a man I believe they wished themselves in our places. Along the line of march the people gathered and cheered and waved flags and cried. There was not the demonstration that was shown when the California volunteers left, but then they were 'Frisco's own boys, and we were regulars. The fellows looked very business-like. No flowers or decorations of any kind were allowed, and we marched in column-of-four and platoon formation, and rather smartly, we fancied. At the Pacific Mail dock we found Mr. and Mrs. F—— to wish us good-by. We were on board and had our lunch by one o'clock. There was a mixture of emotions as we were introduced to our bunks. It was not as bad below decks as it might have been; in fact, it was pretty good, although rather crowded. The bunks are three deep, and measure five feet nine inches by twenty-three inches, and there is a twenty-three-inch air-space over each bunk. There is an aisle between every two rows, so that every man can get in directly, without climbing over his neighbor. Most of the passageways are about two feet wide. We of E have the widest, being right in the middle of the ship, forward. The bunks themselves are comfortable, being fitted with woven-wire springs and straw-filled pillow and mattress. K—— and I got two top-story bunks next each other and quite near an incandescent light, so that we can read and write—when the light is on. The civilians were ordered ashore at about three-thirty. The wharf was crowded with the friends of the men. Sweethearts, permanent and temporary, waved handkerchiefs and threw kisses and pushed and squeezed about in the excited crowd. The boat pulled out from the wharf at about four. The men crowded on decks and rigging cheered the people crowding the dock, and the cheer was returned and exchanged back and forth until the Peru had swung out into the stream. About three hundred yards from the dock we came to anchor by our consort, the City of Puebla, and here we wait until to-morrow noon.

July 15.

The day is beautiful. All the morning tugs and rowboats and launches have been steaming around the two transports. The small boats are crowded with Red Cross ladies and friends of the soldiers, who bring fruit and flowers and pelt the men on the decks with oranges. The attention is uproariously appreciated, and Indian yells and cat-calls and all manner of cheers are given for the "ladies of the Red Cross." The Fifty-first Iowa band came out in one of the boats, and aroused great enthusiasm. The "Examiner" sent out a lot of free papers that brought the news of Santiago's surrender. There was hardly time to read the news, as the crowd kept pushing from side to side of the boat, struggling for a sight of the visiting boats or a stray orange. At one minute of four the anchor was raised, the whistles blew, and the bombs were discharged, and we were made to feel that, for the time being, we, the Fourth Expedition, were the center of interest. As we moved on through the Golden Gate the noise of the city died away and the ocean swell grew noticeable. Half an hour more and the mirth and joy of life were gone for most of us, and few were the brethren that gathered at 5:30 for salt pork and coffee.

July 16.

The ship's company woke up feeling much better. The large majority of the men felt hungry, and though they were a trifle "shaky on their pins," still they were so much better than last night that they looked with scorn on the weak ones who kept their berths. From all accounts this morning no one had been seasick. At least I have not found a man yet (with two exceptions, Jim, my next-door neighbor, and myself) who will not stoutly affirm that *he* was not sick. And so I am forced to conclude that the long, sad line along the ship's side last evening, and the unhappy sounds that punctuated the night watches below, were all a bad dream. Breakfast was very much helped by some "malted milk" which was served out to the weak-kneed brethren by the doctor's orders. It was very refreshing, and strengthened us to tackle the bacon and sugarless coffee. The boat is running easily, rolling and pitching—not badly. The City of Puebla, our "concert," as they say, has been in sight all day. Once we stopped for a few minutes and our sister transport forged ahead, only to drop respectfully in the rear when our engines started again. Towards six o'clock she was so near that we could hear the cheers of the men aboard her. The sea has treated our "non-coms" (non-commissioned officers) unkindly. I asked our quartermaster sergeant, in all innocence of heart, if he had had his supper yet. "No, and I never want it," with a sigh. "Long Bill," my erstwhile tent-mate, has found a sure cure for seasickness. He says: "Just lie in your bunk and never go on deck and you'll be all right." We have passed one ship, a three-masted bark, with all sails set; she was making for 'Frisco. There was loud cheering from the Peru when she dipped her "Stars and Stripes." The gaming spirit has come back with the return of appetite, and at least two games have been running pretty steadily below decks. The remnants of pay that escaped the 'Frisco dives are changing hands, and will to a large extent find their way into a comparatively few pockets. It is well for the Regular that pay-day comes but once a month. We were paid last Thursday, and before night fully ten per cent. of the troops "went broke," and before we went on board ship on Thursday I think I am safe in saying that the majority of the men were penniless. The men, being sure of their "keep" for the next month, feel that they can throw away their money as they like.

Sunday, July 17.

The food question is much discussed by the men, and there is dissatisfaction with the fare. The report is that the food is supplied by contract, and that some shrewd contractor is making a big "rake-off." As far as I can see, there are two causes for the dissatisfaction: one, the condition of the men—just recovering from seasickness; and the other, the poor way in which the food is prepared and served, and the wretched quality of the coffee. All the enlisted men on board—some nine hundred—are fed from a galley perhaps six by sixteen feet. In this little cage three very dirty colored cooks labor day and night, with the result that everybody gets *something*, if he wishes it, three times a day. The food is all served from the galley, and it takes over two hours for all the men to file past and get their "chuck." Men are detailed to help in serving and washing up. Our menu to-day has been coffee and hardtack at all three meals, boiled corned beef and potatoes for breakfast and dinner, and beef stew, commonly known as "slum," for supper. The food all tastes of the galley, and unless a man has a tremendous appetite or else eats as a religious duty, he is apt to go unfed. But I forget the illicit trade with the Steward & Co. After every officers' mess there is a jam of "pie-eaters" around the doors of the saloon and the main galley. Everybody, apparently, from the head steward to the Chinese cook, is willing at the right moment to hand out a bowl full of scraps or a piece of plum pudding or a hunk of bread and butter in return for a piece of silver. I don't know how far this trade is winked at by the officers, but it seems to me altogether bad, as it results in the men's being made still more dissatisfied with their regular fare. We have a delightful bustling little doctor whose fund of enthusiasm and talk and none but impracticable ideas is never failing. When he discovers something to do, he cackles and crows over it like a hen rejoicing at a new egg. To-day his eyes lighted on a bale of very sorry-looking cabbages that had lain by our bunks since we started and had grown unpleasant to smell. He ordered them thrown overboard at once, but on second thought asked to what troop they belonged, and had word sent to the commander that he must eat or destroy said cabbages before sundown. It ended by the crates being broken open and the cabbages eagerly eaten by the men. Another idea that filled the young doctor's head was of having the men eat below decks in the one aisle that was more than two feet wide. Upon this point he asked the advice of some other officers. They thought better not, and so our one air-space was saved to us, and we still eat on deck in the open. But you can't help liking the little man, he is so earnest.

The only special reminders we have had of the day have been the shaving operations that have gone forward on deck, the numerous and prolonged gambling games, and the music from the officers' saloon. To the piano accompaniment several lusty official throats have rendered "Life on the Ocean Wave," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," etc. I am "supernumerary" at guard-mount, which means that I am liable for guard duty if any of the men are taken sick; and to-morrow I go on guard regularly. At supper I was near our genial and profane saddler, Jones He presented me a slice of cheese and half a raw onion which he had procured in some dark and devious way.

July 18.

This has been a day of surprises. The first thing was the announcement that every organization on board would have a half-hour's drill. Two troops at a time, we came on deck for "set-up" drill. The exercise did the men good, and, I think, will do much to keep them fit. Then the water question has been fairly met, and, after due deliberation, we have been allowed to take the water and cool it in our canteens and keep it for drinking. Heretofore there has been a guard stationed over the one fresh-water hydrant we had access to, and the instructions have been that no water could be taken from the premises. All day, and well into the evening, a line of thirsty men has been crowding before the water-tank. But the unpleasant thing is that the water is blood-hot as it comes from the tank; in fact, it is just too warm for a man with an unsteady stomach to partake of. Now a man can fill his canteen, cool the water, and drink it at his leisure. For this change we have our doctor to thank. Another innovation is the bathing apparatus rigged up on deck. Six-foot-square canvas tanks have been suspended from the stanchions above the promenade-deck, and filled with sea-water. Here, in the warm afternoon, the "regular" ducks and splashes to heart's desire. On the main deck there are four shower-baths—two forward and two aft—which, with the "sea-water-tin-basin outfit," completes our washing appliances. There is surely no excuse for the unwashed.

I went on guard at three in the afternoon. A very compressed guard-mount took place on the starboard promenade-deck. There are eight posts on the boat, and the sentinel's duties are principally to keep passageways open, and to prevent wasting of water, and smoking below decks.

Every man has four turns on guard in the twenty-four hours—two hours on and four hours off. The guard is divided into three "reliefs," and each man on guard is known by the number of his "relief." I was No. 1, second "relief." No. 1 has charge of the guard-house, so yesterday I was burdened by guarding two prisoners who were kept in *strict* confinement, being obliged to show up at least once a day, and oftener if desired. The theory of the sergeant of the guard was that they couldn't get away, even if they wanted to. Six temporary bunks have been put in on either side of the hallway, and the four men whom these bunks do not accommodate sleep on the floor. I found my main business was saluting officers going and coming from mess, and, in the early morning, going and coming from the bath in pajamas and slippers.

July 19.

This afternoon the City of Puebla sailed very close to us, and rumor said that there had been trouble on board; the men, being much dissatisfied with the food, had threatened the officers, and several of the ringleaders had been lodged in irons. It is merely a rumor, and we shall not know its foundation till we reach the islands. It came home vividly to our men, as there has been a great deal of talk about the food here. To the popular mind color was lent to the rumor by the fact that after a breakfast of salt pork and a dinner of "salt horse" (canned corned beef) we had good "slum" and *tea* for supper. The men were much pleased, and the wise heads said the officers had taken warning by the Puebla's experience.

July 20.

The day after the "old guard" go off duty they are put on "fatigue," so "old guard fatigue" was the order of the day for me. The work was cleaning the wash sinks and polishing the tin wash-basins and scrubbing out the "guard-house." One felt himself a wheel in the machine that cleans this ship daily and makes it habitable.

This morning some commissary supplies were opened up on the forward deck and sold to the men. There was a great rush to get some of the delicacies the men have been pining for. Canned fruit, jelly, condensed milk, lime-juice, cigars, cranberry sauce, were the principal commodities dealt in. Quite as many went away unable to purchase as got the chance to "blow themselves." K—— and I got two cans of peaches; one we will have for supper and the other will be kept for to-morrow.

July 21.

You have received the last photographs from me, I fear, as I find to-day that some brother has appropriated my camera. I shall make what effort I can to recover it, but I am not hopeful of success. I can only wish that the lens will crack the first time he uses it. I discovered my loss when I was looking for the kodak to snap a view of one of our afternoon deck swimming parties. It would have amused you. We are required to take one official bath per diem either in the deck tanks or a "shower." Last night we slept on deck. It was cool, hard, and refreshing. The China boys drove us below when they came at five to wash down the deck. The wind has freshened yesterday and to-day, and the ship has a steady long roll. In spite of the wind, the weather is increasingly warm. We have had light underwear served out to us, also flannel abdominal belts constructed and presented to the men by the California Red Cross Society. The food has changed decidedly for the better. The tea for supper continues, and we have had soup for dinner twice. The complaints are fewer in consequence. It is reported that we will probably meet the mail boat Mariposa to-morrow. I have written a letter, as there is a chance for sending mail. I doubt, however, if it reaches you before this diary, sent from Honolulu.

July 23.

The day began early for K—— and me. When we were awakened at 4:30 by the genial China boy's foot to clear the deck for scrubbing, we found that there was an excited crowd on the forecastle head watching bright lights that showed off our starboard bow. Gradually the growing light showed the jagged outline of the island mountains capped by low-hanging clouds. There was no more sleep for us. We, the whole "outfit," men and officers, hung on the sight of land, and watched the lovely Pearl Harbor open and spread its arms around us. The pilot, rowed out by swarthy Kanakas, brought us through the narrow channel to the Pacific Mail dock. The native boys were swimming on both sides of the boat as we steamed in, diving for coins in the clear water. On the wharf was a good-sized crowd of men and women dressed in white. This crowd rapidly increased as the boom of the Mohican's guns told the city that the expedition had arrived. The fellows crowding the decks and rigging sent up an eager cheer, and shouts of "Where's the pie-wagon?" and "Give us some fruit!" were answered by the waving of American flags, large and small. The enthusiasm on both sides found expression when the Government band came down awheel and struck up "Hail Columbia," plus a medley of National airs. A good many of the ship's company who had conversed only in monosyllables for the last eight days found a lump rising in their throats. The generous crowd on shore began pelting the ship with bananas and pineapples. The men were more than hungry for the fruit, and showed more greed than manners in their wish for the "free lunch." Breakfast was neglected, the sight of people, men, women, and children, walking and talking on steady ground being altogether too diverting. To my great surprise, I was called to the ship's side to see a lady and gentleman who were asking for me. Mr. and Mrs. P—— introduced themselves, saying that they wanted to welcome me to their home just as soon as I could get "shore leave." It was delightful, this personal welcome to Hawaii. At about ten o'clock half the men (including Troop E) were marched off for a sea bath. The white macadam roads and the tall and short palms and the Kanaka ladies and gentlemen rocked and swayed a good deal to our eyes, but, notwithstanding this, we managed our half-mile walk to a club boat-house. It took about three minutes for the crowd to strip and find itself in the delicious cool water. We were marched back to the ship by a longer circuit, taking in a view of the Government buildings and Nunanu Avenue. After dinner the study was how to get ashore. Many of the soldiers managed it, going and returning via bow and stern ropes; of these a number were caught and court-martialed, or put on fatigue work "till further orders." No shore passes have been issued to-day.

Sunday, July 24.

Yesterday invitations were distributed to the services of the Central Union Church and to the Y. M. C. A. Building. The people have been very kind and generous thus far in their hospitality, though there has not been a great demonstration of enthusiasm. I suppose they are waiting for the "flag-raising."

Our bath came at two o'clock, and yesterday's enjoyment was repeated. A fellow from the Puebla was around to-day and told us of their troubles on the voyage. It seems that the excitement did reach its climax the day the ship sailed so near to us, though the rumors we got were very much exaggerated. The men were pretty sore on the food question when the officers tried two meals per day instead of three. There was a great and general "kick," which had this much of success, that it brought back the three meals and somewhat improved food. The fellows say they didn't get enough to eat. They report one man fined ten dollars and put in guard for thirty days for stealing a loaf of bread. Of course this greatly excites the popular wrath. I was off for a walk in the town in the afternoon, and again with K—— in the evening. Shore leave has been granted to about half of the men from two to eight. K—— got a special pass till twelve. We had our supper at a "two-bit" Chinese restaurant. It was bully! The profit the house made on the meal was small. We stopped in at the Young Men's Christian Association, where the tables were crowded with soldiers writing letters. The Association is doing much for the men in giving them this opportunity to write home. Opposite the Young Men's Christian Association is the public library and reading-room. I found a file of the Springfield weekly "Republican" with full accounts of the Amherst Commencement. It was a treat, as you can think. The town itself is charming. The effect is altogether tropical, and the Japs and Chinese and Kanakas harmonize with the landscape. The houses are for the most part low and surrounded by charming gardens. In the poorer sections the second story projects over the sidewalk, and the light-hearted people hang over the railing and stare down into the street. The narrow-gauge tram-cars are pulled by horses or mules, and move along at a rate slow enough to allow the passengers to greet their friends through the open sides as the car jogs along. The American flag is everywhere. I could count on my fingers the Hawaiian flags I have seen. The stores, except the Chinese, are thoroughly American, the windows are full of American goods, and the boards and fences are covered with American advertisements.

HUNTINGTON.

The Fight of the Rough Riders

By John G. Winter, Jr.

Camp near Santiago, June 25, 1898.

WE were under fire yesterday for the first time; the fight lasted about two hours. I came out unhurt, but about fifty of our boys were killed and wounded and several of them missing, probably captured.

The Rough Riders got aboard the transports about June 7, and from the very first we had a tough time of it. The grub was horrible; we had no freshly cooked food for fourteen days. "Salt horse," hardtack, one-eighth can of tomatoes, and watery coffee constituted a ration. The lack of variety at first made the food disagreeable, then nauseating. I paid forty cents for a pie before leaving Tampa (we lay there in the transport five or six days).

At first openly, then on the sly, the ship cooks sold meat sandwiches for twenty-five cents; they did an enormous business, clearing, I hear, eleven hundred dollars. When the money gave out, a crowd of the fellows would line up before the grimy stokers' and deck-hands' table, and when they had finished make a dive for what was left.

We were six or seven days on the voyage, and off Santiago a day or two, landing after a heavy bombardment of the coast by several of our men-of-war. Innutritious food combined with seasickness and lack of exercise had had its effect upon the men. Many were sick, most were feeling wretched, and all were weak. Few men in my troop were fitted for active work. We slept that night at Baiquiri on our rolls. Next day a forced march of twelve miles brought us to a village on the coast, the name of which nobody seems to know. The cause of this sudden move was soon known. There were extensive rumors that a body of Spaniards were a few miles over the hill, waiting to welcome us. The men knew what was coming. The rainy night kept a good many from sleeping; as for myself, it was a *week* from "taps" to reveille! I calculated the percentage of lost of every battle of the Civil War the statistics of which I knew. All the men in the regiment were eager to get into a fight, and talked about it day and night. The desire of our hearts was to be fulfilled, and I do not think any of us hesitated. By ten o'clock we were seven or eight miles over the hill beyond the village on the coast. Suddenly the column was stopped; the order was passed down to be silent, closely followed by "Load magazines." The rapid-fire guns were hurried to the head of the column. We proceeded cautiously—scouts having been thrown out. Then came in rapid succession the commands: "L troop deploy as skirmishers," "F troop [my troop] second in the agmen column half left double time, deploy as skirmishers." "G" troop followed. I hardly think the others had time to get up before firing commenced. "F" troop hurriedly took its position on the brow of a hill, the extreme left of the firing line. We had hardly done so before the fight was opened by a rapid-fire gun. Imagine now the hilliest country you ever saw, traversed by several V-shaped roads and covered with luxuriant foliage, incidentally including "Spanish bayonet," open spaces here and there with grass waist high, and you have our battle-field. When the rapid-firing gun was heard, the boys were jubilant. "Poor devils!" "Now won't they be good!" were among the expressions of sympathy for the poor Spaniards—it afterwards turned out it was a Spanish Gatling gun! The packers had stampeded with ours. It was by this machine gun that Capron and Fish were killed, and eighteen others from "L" troop killed and wounded. All along the lines the fire was taken up by both sides. Mauser bullets began to whistle around my ears, but with some difference of effect upon the nerves. Represented as well as I can, those high above my head sounded like *zir—ah—ah* (long drawn out); those that came nearer, *zip*.

The Spaniards were somewhere in front of us—that we could tell by the report of the rifles; but they were totally hidden by the thick underbrush and high grass. Our line advanced slowly, sometimes on our knees, then in a crouching position. I was considerably excited, and had the same sensation that I have in hunting rabbits and birds, holding my gun in a similar position, impatiently awaiting order to "fire at will," and vainly looking around for something to shoot at.

After the fight was over, few men had the temerity to say that they got used to or did not fear the bullets. Sheridan said that when he was under fire his natural impulse was to run, which was prevented only by the exercise of his will.

Towards the end of the fight I think I worked more calmly and aimed more carefully, directing my fire towards a house which was supposed to be sheltering some of the enemy, and towards a field apparently unoccupied, but which we thought contained Spaniards hidden in the high grass. At one stage of the fight we were diligently firing directly in front of us, when an officer came running toward us shouting, "For God's sake stop! you are killing your own men! You are supporting the firing line." We were horror-struck, and a groan went up from the men. Acting Lieutenant Haskell ("F" troop) ordered the bugler to sound "Cease firing." For half an hour we advanced slowly, holding our fire. A Spanish officer afterwards captured expressed surprise at our method of fighting, moving against them without returning their fire. The officer had made an error; we were the firing line. At one part of the fight the right flank seemed to have been pressed too hard, and we were ordered to move at double time in that direction.

A man for whom I had conceived quite a friendship during our voyage over was running bareheaded in front of me. Killed and wounded men were scattered around, and I was greatly affected by the sight of them; but the full significance of the phrase "the art of war" burst upon me only when I saw my friend's head shot to pieces by an explosive bullet. He fell with a thud, and I ran past his body. In a short time the enemy retreated to Santiago. Our loss was twelve killed and about forty wounded; the enemy's loss about double that number.

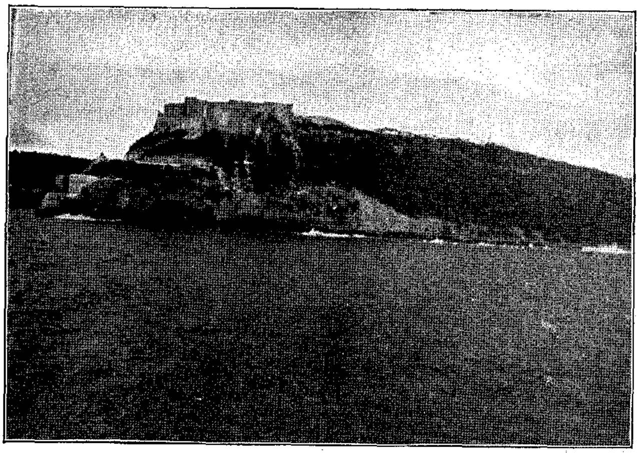
The wounded were sent to a hospital on the coast, and the dead were collected for burial. This was a most impressive scene, and brought tears to the eyes of many. The men, wrapped in their blankets, were laid side by side in one grave. The chaplain read the Episcopal burial service, and the regiment grouped around the grave and sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "Taps" were sounded by the bugler, the grave was filled, and we slowly went back to our tents.

Santiago After the Surrender

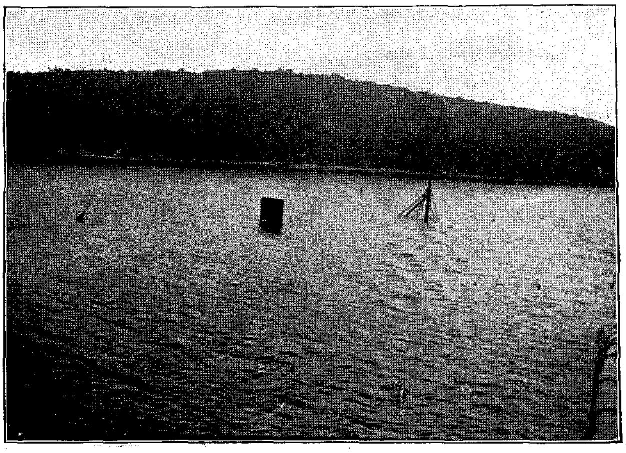
By Anna Northend Benjamin

THE Aransas is a steamer used in times of peace for the mule trade between New Orleans, Corpus Christi, and Havana. In times of war she is used as a transport. She draws four feet of water when she is "light," and in the trough of the sea the progress of her masts from starboard to port and back again is much more rapid than her progress ahead. I boarded her first in the Bay of Guantanamo on July 15, and sailed on her off Siboney, where we drifted about for three days awaiting orders and taking passengers aboard—woe-begone war correspondents, ragged and tired and ill, with their extra clothes, if they had any, tied up in a poncho or a blanket; a few straggling officers on sick leave, and some of the foreign military attachés. There was joy aboard the Aransas when the Captain was finally ordered to steam into the harbor of Santiago, the day after the surrender, July 18, to discharge the freight that she had brought down in addition to the army mules and horses, and to take on coal preparatory to her voyage back to Tampa.

It was about dinner-time that we left Siboney behind us and followed the coast to Morro. So narrow is the harbor's mouth that not a sign of it is visible till the ship stands nearly opposite, and then it seems hardly wide enough to allow a good-sized vessel to pass. We stood on the deck in a row and leveled our cameras at the old castle, and well she stood the bombardment of peace. The little trip through the winding channel, guarded by batteries at every point, with here and there a blockhouse, was a revelation of Cuban life and Cuban landscape. Half way in at the left nestled a tiny village in the green of a hillside. At the right a white *hacienda* gleamed from out a grove of cocoanut palms, some fishermen's huts were clustered below, and back, at the top of the hill, stood a wooden blockhouse. In a few moments more we glided into the glassy water of the large inland harbor—and the city of Santiago lay before us.

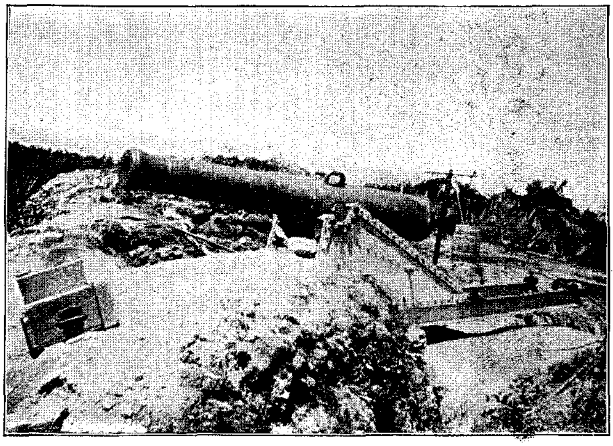


OLD "MORRO"



"THE MERRIMAC"

Santiago lies on only one side of the harbor. It extends backward over the eminence of a hill and there ends; almost every por-



AN OLD SPANISH GUN

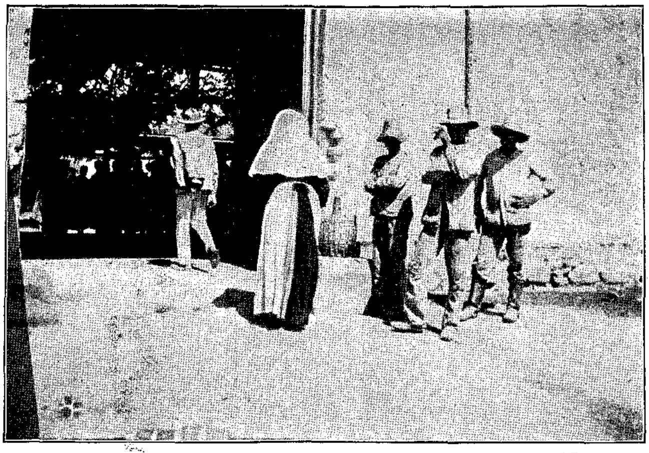
tion of it was visible to us as we stood on the deck of the Aransas. A water-colorist could have blocked down that first impression in light greens, and blues and mauves, with the dark greenish-red gleam of the tiled roofs, leaving glaring white patches here and there, and at the highest point the two Moorish domes of the old cathedral, the Cathedral of Santiago de Cuba. Back of the rolling foothills and surrounding, though many miles away, the entire harbor and its environments, rose the majestic mountains, cloud-capped here and there; the highest land in Cuba.

We pushed up to the nearest wharf and lay alongside what was once a Spanish steamer, now an American prize. Every newspaper man on board the Aransas was on the alert. General Shafter's orders when we left Siboney were rather exclusive. They stated that any one who ventured into Santiago would be shot. The American infantry officer on board the prize was quizzed, and plans were made for a secret midnight sortie. Port-holes were measured to see if they would admit of the passage of heads and shoulders, and finally several of the most enterprising made their escape in a small boat. But they were irately recalled by the Captain and came back looking like school-boys.

At the other side of the long wharf to which the Aransas was now made fast was another prize, a beautiful white steamer with its Spanish crew and officers and a few señoras still on board. A picturesque gateway opened from the wharf into the town. Through this soon came a motley crowd of visitors. A Spanish private soldier was the first on hand. By various signs he made it clearly understood that he wanted something to eat. He had a bright face and an alert eye, and singled out some of our privates who were taking passage in the steerage and were at that time hanging over the rail. It was amusing to see how well they understood each other, and presently one of our men good-naturedly handed out some bread. The Spaniard thrust one piece in his blouse and ate the other as he grinned his thanks. A few small boys with baskets came eagerly to the ship's side. Two garments composed the most extensive wardrobe of which any of them could boast. They were after bread also. They looked inquiringly up at us and then jabbered speculatively among themselves. Some one offered them money, but they refused by a shake of the head and the fore-finger which they held opposite the nose as they shook it. Two Spanish Colonels wandered down to the end of the wharf, smoking cigarettes and talking earnestly; finally they entered the opposite ship. An old negro woman, coal black and of enormous proportions, holding a correspondingly large cigar in her mouth, eyed us curiously.

A GROUP OF SPANISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

Outside the Red Cross warehouse.



AT THE DOOR OF THE SPANISH MILITARY HOSPITAL

We had been coming to the conclusion that if we left the ship nobody would shoot us, and we were now at the point where we did not care if they did, if we could see the city first. So we simply left the ship in twos and threes and marched on the town. Some of us went to see General McKibben, who was Military Governor pro tem., and he gave us the welcome information that the stringent orders had been revoked and we were free to go wherever we would. We stepped forth in the city as a man steps upon ice which he is not sure will hold him up. There was the yellow fever first, but that did not appear particularly evident and we very soon found, what is known now so generally, that the reports of fever within the city were greatly exaggerated. Then it was hard to realize that all hostile demonstrations had ceased. I, for one, had no idea that there were any Spanish soldiers at large in the city, and the thought of mixing so soon among them was not without excitement. Besides the expectant feelings in which we indulged in regard to the inhabitants, the city itself, the houses, the streets, everything about us—except to those who had previously been to Cuba or to Spain—were different from anything that we had ever seen before.

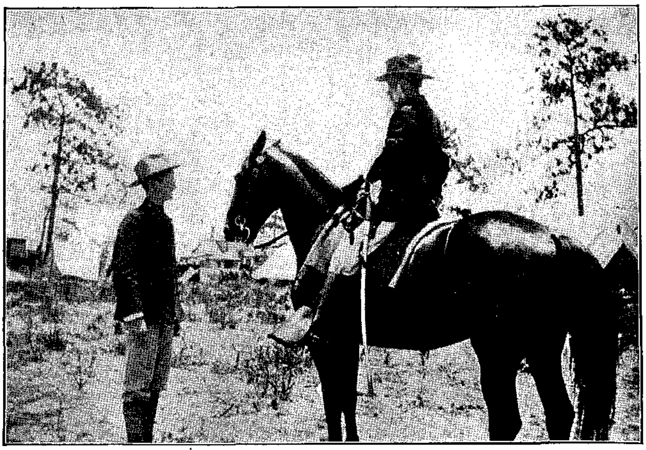
Two wharves away from us the Red Cross ship, the State of Texas, was unloading her tons of provisions. Already she had risen several feet higher out of the water. The boxes, barrels, and bags were being hastily trundled to the great covered warehouse on shore, and a vast crowd of people—who shall say how hungry?—were watching the process with absorbing interest. As time passed and it became evident that no supplies were to be delivered to them that night, they departed one by one to their homes.

My first stroll in Santiago was on the wide street or plaza which runs along the water-front. In the middle is a long grass-plot with a plaster wall on either side. The whole plaza is about one hundred and fifty feet wide. A few benches are placed at intervals on the open side, their backs to the harbor. Opposite is a long row of low plaster houses. It took me some time to realize that people lived in them. They looked like little stables, with their doors and windows so large as to be out of all proportion to the small size of the dwelling, but when I saw family groups seated in front, who eyed us curiously as we passed, I came to the conclusion that they were seated in front of their family mansions. At the end of this plaza is a house in the midst of a little garden in which flowers of all varieties were running riot. A great royal Ponciana rose above the others. I leaned over the fence and plucked a yellow primrose, such as grow in the dear old gardens of New England.

We turned back, and as we did so a group of well-dressed men and women who had

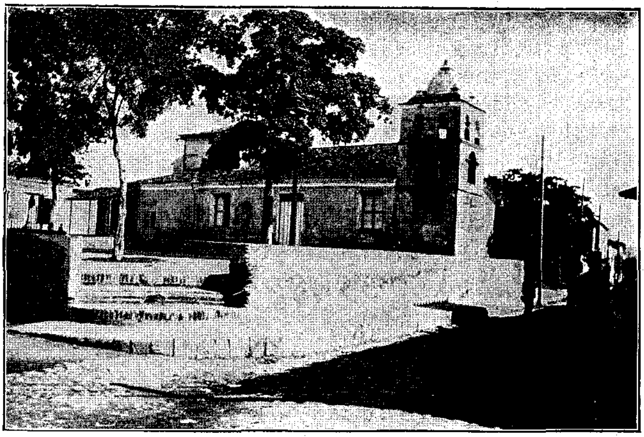
A SPANISH BARRICADE

been talking excitedly near by suddenly became silent and watched us intently as we passed, with an eye decidedly unfriendly. One of the men shrugged his shoulders and cast upon me such a look of hatred that it made me shudder. I mention this because it was the only unfriendly demonstration which came to my notice during the two days which I spent in the city.



GENERAL JOE WHEELER AND HIS SON

We turned into a narrow street which led up the hill to the Cathedral plaza, upon which face also the Military Palace, the Venus Café, and the swell Cuban Club. Several Spanish officers rode clattering past. The streets of Santiago are all paved with large stones, some of which are sinking to join some subterranean geological stratum, leaving their companion-pieces in their original position. The sidewalks—where there are any—are composed of a series of single, flat stones not wide enough for two to walk abreast. The small horses which the Spanish officers ride canter at full speed down streets rivaling in their peril the stone stairway over which our gallant Putnam dashed. But the Spaniard sits back jauntily with a cigarette in his mouth and glances nonchalantly to the right or left, wherever he can catch a glimpse of a pretty señorita. The Spanish soldiers are good horsemen.



THE CHURCH OF SAN THOMAS

The oldest church in Santiago.

The four things which impressed me most in regard to the Spaniards were their small stature and comparative cleanliness, respectability, and intelligence of the men of the ranks. The officers are, in most all cases, gentlemen. The idea in my mind which these latter observations displaced was that Spain had called so often for troops, and more troops, that she had used up her best element and had fallen back largely on her proletariat. Another thing with which I was impressed was the smiling good humor invariably pictured on the face of every Spanish soldier that we met. It was not their war.

We passed by some shops in which were hardly any customers, and every few paces we were accosted by a man, woman, or child begging for "bread." At the Military Palace we found officers of the Ninth United States Infantry. In the doorway sat a Cuban, his wife, and little baby; they rose respectfully as we passed. The Palace is a large square building of stone, with spacious stone-paved rooms, and a small courtyard, with a large fountain in the center. Huge portraits of some of the Spanish sovereigns hang on the walls and gaze upon the present occupants with unchanged expression. Some of the Spanish officials talked together in a corner of one of the large rooms, and stood up with elaborate courtesy as we entered.

There seems to be no twilight in Cuba, or none worth mentioning. It was dark when we left the Governor's Palace. There are some street-lamps in Santiago, and a little boy who was lighting them on the plaza came to us for a match. The streets were not only dark but quiet. The houses are all built close to the street and close to each other. They are of plaster or of stone. The windows and doors are huge. The former are without window-glass, but are heavily barred instead, and most of the doors are so large that there is a small door for ordinary use cut into them at one side. As the darkness falls the inside shutters are thrown open, and the families sit in the windows, or out on the porch, if there happens to be one—it is generally inclosed by shutters—or in the doorway on the side streets. Near the top of the hill on which stands the Cathedral are houses of the wealthier classes, and a number of powdered señoritas—those who had not fled to El Caney—regarded us as curiously from behind their heavy bars as we regarded them.

Half-past six is an excellent hour for a morning walk in Cuba, and we were all abroad at that time the next day. I went straight to the Cathedral. The whole city seemed awake and up, and how different it looked bathed in the sunshine of a cloudless day! The coloring of the houses stood out vividly, as did also the crumbling plaster and the marks traced by the elements of wind and rain on buildings that had stood a hundred years or more. I wondered if repairing was ever done in Santiago, for I saw no signs of it. On the way to the Cathedral we passed the market. As it is on a street which leads up a steep hill, great walls of stone have been built, presenting an unbroken surface to the street, and on the top of this the market rests. The stalls were almost empty, except for a little fruit, yet people hovered about, drawn there, perhaps, by the force of association.

ENTRANCE TO THE PLAZA

There were a few early worshipers in the Cathedral, and as we approached the old bell clanged forth, mellow, deep toned, well seasoned. The few women who were telling their beads were not so absorbed in their devotions that they had no time to regard visitors. On the contrary, all faces were turned in our direction. A priest and a little acolyte in black cassocks stood near by, and finally came nearer in order to observe us more closely. The priests form a picturesque element in Santiago. I had noticed them the night before walking along the lower plaza in long black cassocks and black beaver shovel-hats. They are all typical Spaniards; and for that reason I could not help wondering if the young priest at the Cathedral was filled with resentment or curiosity. We walked inside and pointed to our cameras. He nodded his head, so we set them up and took some photographs of an opposite shrine. Presently the priest beckoned to us to follow him, and we did so, passing a tinsled effigy in the corner of Alfonso Something-or-Other on horseback waving a banner in the air. Behind the high altar we went, and into the sacristry, and from thence to a pair of stairs which led to a balcony overlooking the church, where we took more pictures. In the rooms below which we had passed I had caught a glimpse of some old portraits, so when we went down again we lingered to look. There were the pictures in oil of all the Archbishops of Santiago de Cuba, beginning with the first one in 15—. I cannot call them portraits, because that would imply a certain degree of likeness, and I should be sorry if they bore a resemblance to any of the godly and venerable Archbishops of Santiago. But they were so quaint and flat and altogether fascinating, always bringing into such prominence the archiepiscopal ring, that I could have gazed at them much longer. Most of them were hung in the council room, in the center of which stood a massive old table, and chairs of the same pattern were grouped about it.

A SMALL CUBAN

ONE OF THE SPANISH TRENCHES
With a box of Mauser bullets.

We fortunately ran across an intelligent Cuban who kindly took us in tow and conducted us in the least time to all the places to which we should have gone. First of all, we took him back to breakfast with us and extended to him the privilege of eating our awful ship's fare which, poor though it was, I am sure he appreciated very highly. In all probability he had left an empty larder at home.

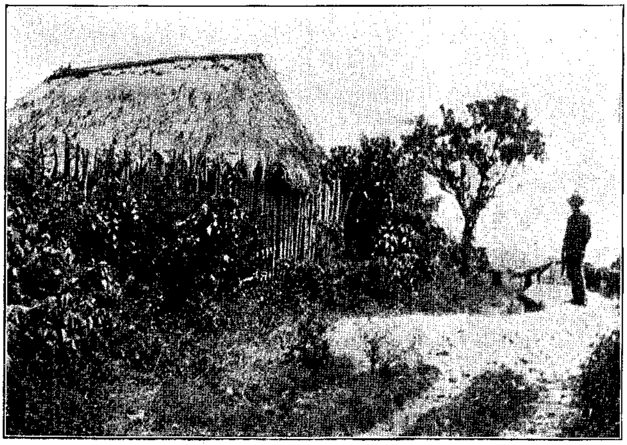
There was only one house in Santiago which was injured very much by our shells. This stands close to the oldest church in the city. The shell fell in through the roof and exploded, going out again at several places and leaving behind it a scene of ruin and confusion. It wrecked two rooms, but the rest of the house is intact. The old parish priest welcomed us at the church across the street and stood benignantly by while we set off a flash-light.

From the church we clambered up a so-called street. There was an open sewer in the middle. Goats browsed near the top and small Cuban children played in the dirt, very lightly provided for as to clothes. The Military Hospital, an enormous low, square building colored a dull terra cotta, lay before us. It was still under Spanish officials, and the smart-looking soldier at the door waved us blandly to enter. Over seventeen hundred Spanish sick and wounded were quartered here, and very comfortable they seemed too. They were waited upon by Sisters of Charity, and many of them had their beds in the court-yard. The officers' private rooms ran along in the outer building. Usually they had a growth of black beard and, in the white gowns provided by the hospital, their racial characteristics were accentuated—they were unmistakably Latins. I was surprised at the general cleanliness and good order. To be sure there were piles of rubbish in a back court and the horns and skin of an ox lay there just as they had been taken off the animal, but there were such things as that on every street of the city—the carcasses of dogs or cats and other refuse too filthy to describe. The odors arising from them were not pleasant and seemed sufficiently strong to germinate almost any kind of disease on the calendar! The people show a supreme indifference—an unconsciousness—in regard to such matters which demonstrates that this condition must be habitual and any departure from it would be hailed with astonishment.

After leaving the hospital we skirted by the Spanish headquarters and entered a street which led us past several barricades to the trenches, the barbed-wire, and the batteries. On either side, in small plaster and brick houses which had been deserted by their owners, a thousand or more of the Spanish soldiers must have been quartered. They literally swarmed over the porches and doorsteps. Some were eating a late breakfast of beans and coffee and mangoes. An orderly sent into the town from our headquarters had stopped to chaff in a language of broken sentences and gestures. Take them as a whole they did not look very dilapidated, not so much so as many of our poor fellows. The Spanish uniform is especially adapted to the climate. It looks like bed-ticking, only it is much thinner. The campaign hats are of straw, sometimes

A TYPICAL STREET

with a cockade at the side. Sergeants had two long red stripes hanging loose from the shoulder to the wrist of the blouse. All the firearms had been given up, but many of the men still carried machetes.



A CUBAN HUT NEAR THE TRENCHES

CUBAN HUTS

On the outskirts of the city.

We returned from the Spanish trenches in time to do some shopping, not much tired by a ten-mile tramp. The city had become alive with Spanish soldiers and they were selling everything that they possessed. The contingent of war correspondents from the Aransas had had no chance for many days to spend money. Bargaining for machetes was going on with the Spaniards on all sides. They were bought at prices varying from one to six dollars. I secured one with a horn handle from a soldier, and a Cross of San Fernando, equivalent to the Victoria Cross of the British army, from another. We walked along the street till we met a soldier who possessed something which we wished to buy. We touched it and said:

"Quantus?"

"Quatro pesos!" would come the answer with the most surprising alacrity, though probably the man had never before considered selling it.

"No, no!" we would say, shaking our heads.

"Si, si!" he would reaffirm.

"Tres pesos?"

"No, no!" with a wave of the finger.

If we could agree on a price in Spanish we handed over just half that amount in American money. In the meantime a great concourse of people would gather about and giggle and frown sympathetically. Buttons off the men's coats were very popular, chevrons, decorations—anything. The stores drove the briskest trade of months. Some of our officers had come over from camp to see about their tents still aboard the transports—which now filled the harbor as it had never been filled before—and stopped to purchase soap and other luxuries! We bought fans, indicating what we wanted by waving our outspread hand back and forth. I inquired for clay water-bottles or "monkeys," and they directed me to a valise store. A tooth-brush was purchased by more pointed gestures.

Many of our number patronized the Venus Café, where they got the best that the city afforded (which was not much) at exorbitant prices. The proprietor had recently been a Colonel of Spanish volunteers, but now he was a full-fledged Cuban and took extreme pains to impress the fact of his new-found sympathies on the "Americanos." There were many Spaniards in Santiago who turned Cuban about that time on short notice.

We went straggling back to the Aransas laden with goods of all descriptions. One man had three great clay water-bottles dangling across his back and an armful of machetes. Another had happened on shawls and mantillas and fans. Some had succeeded in purchasing clothing; this was especially fortunate in the case of a representative of a Boston paper, who had been forced to clothe himself for a fortnight past in a pair of bright pink pajamas.

A crowd still surged about the Red Cross warehouse—Spanish soldiers, Cuban and Spanish men, women, and children, negroes, half-breeds, all mingling amicably together, and kept at a distance by soldiers of the Ninth Infantry, detailed to do guard duty there. Farther up the street, outside of a sort of "diet kitchen" where the food was to be distributed, some thousands of people were gathered waiting, hungry-eyed, for bread.

Santiago had been a surprise to us. We had not expected to find it so full of smiling peace and good humor. Hunger had come, but not starvation, and we were spared any awful glimpses of returning reconcentrados. It seemed as if on all sides one feeling had taken root and grown steadily—that of "good will towards men."

Welcome

By Florence Earle Coates

Come home! The Land that sent you forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits—and waits!

At duty's call she stilled her woe;
She smiled, through tears, and bade you go
To face the death you would not shun.
Brave hearts, return! Your task is done.

Not as you journeyed come you back;
A glory is about your track
Of deeds that vanquished tyranny
And set a tortured people free:

Deeds, sprung of manhood's finest grace,
That envious Time will not efface;
Deeds that proclaim a Nation's worth,
And crown the Land that gave them birth.

America but waits to greet
And bless you, kneeling at her feet,
Your standards fair in honor furled,
The proudest mother in the world!

Come home! The Land that sent you forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits!

AT FRIEDRICHSRUH

Bismarck in His Home

By Susan W. Selfridge

IT was at a diplomatic dinner given in Berlin a few winters ago that the feasibility of an American becoming a guest at Friedrichsruh was brought under discussion. The American Ambassador, to whom I presented an autograph letter from the President of the United States directing him to secure an invitation for me from the Castle, nearly fainted from shock at my audacity; he called in the First Secretary of Legation to support his dictum: "The thing is impossible, unheard of; no one reaches the Prince, who is regarded as greater than the Emperor; he refuses even royalty; every day prominent countrymen and women of mine come here with such requests; they pull every imaginable wire, but the door remains closed. The idea is preposterous. Let me advise you to relinquish it before the disappointment makes you sick, like the frantic society lady we had here from Chicago last year on a similar errand. I am very sorry, but it is absolutely impossible, absolutely hopeless."

"But, your Excellency," I exclaimed, "nothing is hopeless, nothing is impossible."

The situation, however, bristled with difficulties until I held a consultation with a German friend whose mother had been the confidante as well as lady-in-waiting to the old Empress Augusta, to which I summoned the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, than whom there is no more gallant or clever officer in his Majesty's realm. These friends declared that the Prince dearly loved a present, but an almost insurmountable difficulty lay in the selection of what might strike his fancy, for they said the attic of the Schloss was full of gifts in cases which had never been opened, besides any quantity of the more acceptable sort which were distributed throughout the Castle. We paused; we considered; a difficult problem confronted us. Then, like an inspiration, those charming lines of Longfellow came into my thought which begin:

> Thou too, sail on, O ship of state,

Why should I not send the old Prince a noble ship to bear my message? It was soon built. The framework of the ship was three yards long, covered with quilted and embossed laurel and oak leaves, as befitted an old hero. Parma violets made the sails; lilies-of-the-valley formed the ropes; at the two mast-heads flew the Prussian and the American colors. The cargo consisted of great purple grapes, outvying the largest plums in size, and hot-house strawberries sent from Italy in response to a telegram, as at this season of the year this favorite fruit of the Prince was unattainable in Berlin; from underneath peeped the choicest apples of sunny France and the pomegranates of the South, while bunches of veritable acorns were studded here and there among the fruit, an heraldic emblem in the princely coat of arms.

Then the Baroness von Pummer Esche and I sat down to wait in Berlin while the ship was convoyed to Friedrichsruh by special messenger, together with a little letter which I had written, and another, elegant in diplomatic phrase and diction, from the American Ambassador. On his return we learned that the man had been taken into an anteroom in the Castle, whence, while the Old Chancellor and his family were gathered at table, he could peep through the glass door and watch the Prince, to whom the butler at once carried my beautiful "Ship of State." The Prince, surprised, rose to his feet, made a little tour of inspection around the laurel ship, perused the letters which had been handed to him, and called for a telegraph form. The message he then dictated reached me before the man could return to Berlin; after thanking Von Herzen for the *schöne Geshenck*, the message read, "Ich werde mich freuen Sie zu sehen," and asked me to telegraph the date of my visit, as the Prince would order the Hamburg express, which rushes past the Castle, to stop at the Friedrichsruh station—an insignificant place by the roadside. Thus did his Excellency the Ambassador's "utterly impossible" come to pass!

As the carriage, with rather dilapidated blue liveries, drew up before the Castle, several gentlemen and a bevy of men servants stood at the entrance, and barely was there sufficient time to get out of my long Alexandrine coat before Countess Rantzan-Bismarck, the only daughter and lady of the house, entered the garde-robe, and directly behind her stood the Prince!

From that moment through the long hours of my visit, amazement came like a series of electric shocks. I had looked to see an old man, a little bent, a little tremulous, the burden and heat of the day written visibly over face and figure. But as his Serene Highness presented his arm, and, with the great Dane, Tyrus II., close at heel, we swept through a series of reception-rooms to the waiting lunch-table, he seemed like a magnificent running soldier, erect, swift, the personification of physical grace and power, who had come to greet me out of some old Roman world. Instinctive and masterful, he turned to read my innermost thought before he drew back the chair where he placed me at his right hand.

PRINCE BISMARCK

From a photograph taken in 1894.

Around the table, in the center of which stood my seductive gift, gathered his sons and daughter, his physician, Dr. Schweninger, as dark and as handsome as the Mephistopheles whom he resembles, and the handsome young sculptor, Berwald-Schwerin, a son-in-law of the famous Kopf, invited here at the solicitation of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Sterlitz to study the features of his Excellency for a statue he was to model. The Prince, who suffers from an acute neuralgic affection which contracts the entire right side of the face, rendering speech impossible for the time, began the meal in great pain; the sculptor sat in despair for his statue and I for my reminiscences. Soon, however, the contracted features relaxed under the revivifying influence of meat and drink, and the conversation subsided as the Prince began to talk.

Immediately there was a sustained hush, an eager leaning forward to catch every word as if an oracle now spoke, the family manifesting a reverent attention which I fancied was mixed with a good deal of fear and personal dread springing from a close and frequent acquaintance with temper and moodiness. But nervousness and irascibleness are hardly to be wondered at in the great, lonely old man who supported solitarily for long years the weight and the responsibility of the creation of a new Fatherland. He has been the best table-talker of his time, but he loves monologue, and from the mighty ambassador to the tradesman or photographer whom he invariably invites to his table if at the Castle on business, the conversation, except for occasional suggestion, is all on one side. None can desire a greater privilege than to be an entranced listener, nor does the Prince desire better than to win a perpetual attention.

When Bismarck represented Prussia at the Frankfort Diet, he visited Prince Metternich at his Rhenish château, and when the question was asked, how had he gotten on with the old statesman? he replied, "Oh, beautifully. I listened quietly to all his stories, only striking the bell every now and then till

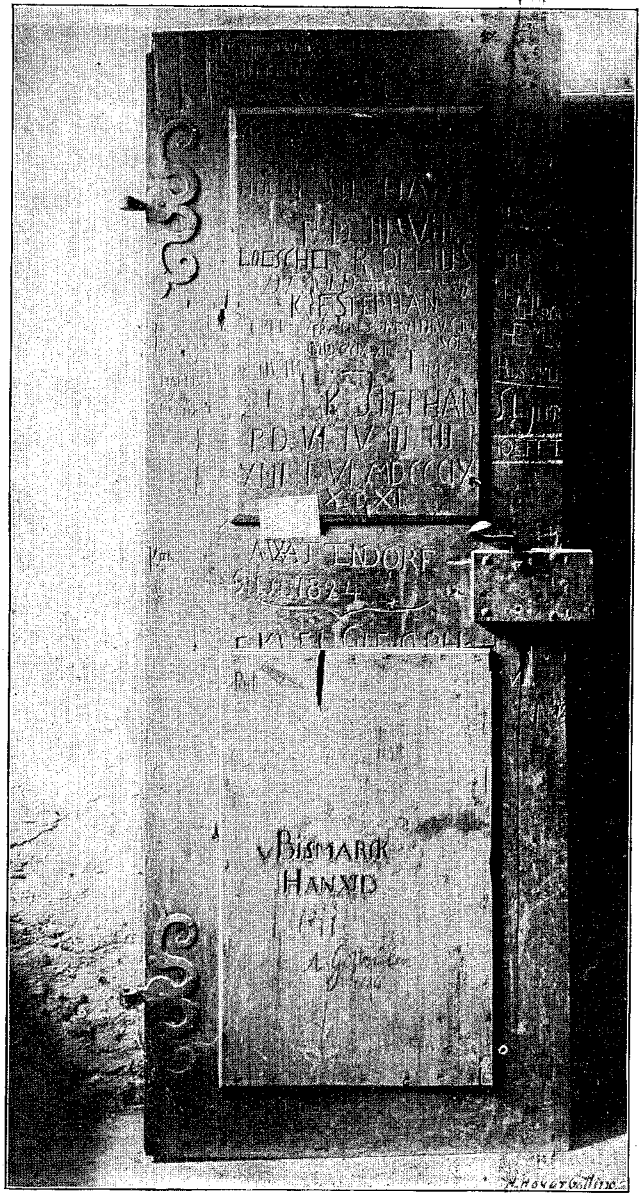
v Bismarck. 7 Juli 1890

it rang again. That pleases the garrulous old gentleman."

His speech was marked by great deliberation and a perceptible hesitancy, as if his mind sought the neatest phraseology to cloak his thought. Each word was freighted to send an echo down the avenue of time. Occasionally his sentences were as terribly involved as an editorial in a German newspaper, and in his parliamentary speeches they have been known to exceed a foot of print.

"But surely, *Durchlaucht*," I said in response to a neat compliment on my knowledge of his native tongue, "you speak English?"

"Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I believe I am more or less familiar with all the languages. As a young man of forty-two, while I was at St. Petersburg, I studied and spoke Russian. That was an excellent school. Among other things I learned there the art of saying nothing in a great many words. I made a practice of writing elaborate articles for our diplomatic bureau, which I polished to the highest degree, and of which neither I nor any one else could comprehend as much as a word: this, we considered, was diplomacy. I was married then, and I remember the smallness of our income did not admit of our entertaining elaborately, so we would invite the people in to pot-luck. I was compelled to expend fifteen or twenty, sometimes even twenty-five, roubles each time I paid the Czar a visit. If I went at the request of the Emperor, it cost even more. The coachman and footmen who fetched me, the house steward and other servants, must all be feed. Then there was the runner with high, round feathers on his head like an Indian, who got five roubles for going before me through the great corridors of the palace to the Emperor's rooms



A BOLD SIGNATURE

Bismarck's name carved by himself on the Carcerthür (prison door) at Göttingen University.

"There was always another coachman to carry me back. We Prussians were wretchedly paid, getting a salary of 25,000 thalers [£3,750], and 8,000 thalers [£1,200] for house-rent. The French Ambassador got £12,000 a year, and charged his Government with the expenses of his entertainments. But we were not expected to live in St. Petersburg beyond our incomes.

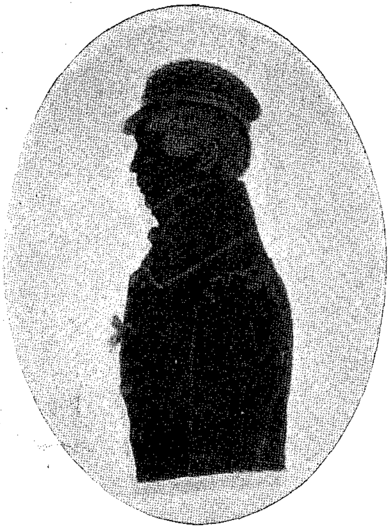
"Diplomatists have the reputation of taking advantage of their position to make money, but political events are not always of a kind to affect the money market at once. Of course matters could be complicated so as to affect the exchange and produce a fall, but that would be dishonorable. A certain French Minister did this, and made a fortune. The only attempt I ever made to speculate in stocks on my knowledge of state secrets was in connection with the Neufchâtel incident, when I was sent from Berlin to Paris, expecting that Napoleon would favor my mission, and, if such were the case, it meant war with Switzerland. So, *en route* for the French capital, I called on the banker Rothschild, in Frankfort, to ask him to sell certain securities he held for me. When he endeavored to dissuade me, I insisted, telling him, 'If you knew what I know, you would say as I do.'

"But the policy in Berlin shifted materially, and I was left to mourn the loss of my valuable securities. Gambetta was supposed to have realized five millions by the war. Napoleon III. is commonly supposed to have saved eighty million francs during his nineteen years' reign, but I do not believe it. The Duke of Morny, who was as unprincipled as he was agreeable, had a curious manner of making gains. I remember that when he came to St. Petersburg as Ambassador he brought many elegant equipages with him for himself; his servants had a carriage apiece, and his secretaries each had two; his trunks were filled with laces and silks and magnificent toilettes for the ladies—everything arriving free of duty; and he sold the entire impedimenta for something like eight hundred thousand roubles. Those were the days when the ability to drink off a large hornful of champagne at a single draught constituted a passport to the diplomatic service.

"My greatest happiness while in Russia was the magnificent sport. At Skiernievice I have shot fallow-deer for five hours, and then hunted hare; and in Finland, where we had superb sport, I have shot elk, bears, and wolves. There was an enormous quantity of blackcock and woodcock which the Fins and Samoyeds used to shoot with small rifles without ramrods, and with bad powder. It may seem an anomalous condition, but I was always well out in the cold air, which is not so bad, for every one is used to struggling with it; it was at the balls and theaters that I caught cold. The company at the house of the Archduchess Helena, who was a great wit, was most agreeable, but it was still more agreeable to go off on the big bear-hunts wrapped in my furs, with high boots, and my big brown juff s leather cloak. We used to keep some young cubs in the house, among whom Mischka was the favorite, and he and some of my pet foxes used to walk about among the plates and glasses on the dinner-table, which amused our guests but frightened the footmen, as they would get every now and again a nip in the calf of their legs."

Talking of all these savage conditions brought a gleam into Bismarck's eye, and I ventured to chaff him about his life as a diplomat; not, indeed, with fair ladies, for, with all the enmity and jealousy inspired among his enemies by his extraordinary career, the most ill-natured has not discovered a spot to point at on his moral horizon.

"Did you never hear it said,' he laughingly asked, "that all Prussian Ambassadors die or go mad? I used to be as fearful of becoming a Minister as of taking a cold bath. But, my dear child, there has always been so much *must* in my life, and so much hard work, I was long ago weary; but God's will is like a great sea that always remains. All other things come and go: man's love and passion; avarice and ambition; war and peace, each its turn at the wheel, and God's ship rides on. *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin.* We should not demand too much, nor imagine that we have conquered the world because we have labored with tightened breath to accomplish our part. If we remain simple, we can hope for peace. The earth seems full of hypocrisy and jugglery. Who is not vain and malicious? I have often felt that so much depends upon how life ripens our nature, which is sometimes like a plank full of wormholes, and rotten, as some people are, to the very bottom. No, no; the only way is to begin life with a purpose.



IN STUDENT DAYS

"Since the begining of my career the north star to which I looked has been to accomplish the unification of Germany, and, that done, to create a constitution that would endure. It seems odd to me now that at Göttingen my whole attitude was opposition to the unity party; yet surely, though unrecognized then, the prophetic stirring must have possessed my soul of what I was later to do and dare. Since I first became a minister I have never belonged to any faction. Seeing only the end in view, I have plowed alike through friend and foe to obtain my purpose, and if it has been said that I sold my soul to the devil, it was at least a Teutonic one!

"I have been hated by all in turn, and have been liked by few. But I was spared the craving for the flower of popularity.

"Through every shadow of sorrow and bitterness I have preserved two articles of faith—belief in God and the final unification of the Fatherland. Why should I have disturbed myself and forced myself to incessant work—always the *Thun und Treiben*—if I had not been possessed with the thought that I must do my duty for Christ's sake? When I have felt as though I could throw off this life like a dirty shirt, the saving thought has always come that belief in God makes it worth while to live."

"What a pity it seems, *Durchlaucht*, that, since you speak English so admirably, you have not been in our country," I said, after a

PRINCE BISMARCK
From a photograph taken in 1885.

moment's pause; for I think every one of us at table felt subdued and impressed by the Prince's honest avowal of his Christian faith.

"Well, a bet very nearly carried me off to your country," Bismarck replied. "It was at Göttingen. I laid a wager with Amory Coffin, an American, for twenty-five bottles of champagne, the loser to cross the seas for it, that Germany would be united in twenty years. In 1873 I remembered the bet and intended going to America for it, but they wrote me that my poor college friend was dead.

"You know I have been in England, and although I spoke the language in my youth, that country was the high school where I perfected myself in English. The journey across the Channel was my first experience in seasickness. The water was very rough and I was very miserable. I was tortured with the idea of being thrown into the Channel, among the currents, to be ground to pieces, and, sinking to the bottom, add to the corpses and wrecks which already strewed the bottom of the sea.

"I consider that a knowledge of English is now necessary to the conduct of the commerce of the civilized world. England has distrusted and disliked me, but I have always refrained from giving her advice, and have only restrained her at times in certain pretensions which were injurious to the legitimate interests of Germany. I was never a *Colonnial Mensch*, and I never disliked the nation, but if I had in the entire course of my life inflicted upon Germany half the ignominy and weakness which Mr. Gladstone managed to inflict in a few short years on England, I would not have had the courage to look my countrymen in the face again. This is particularly true with regard to English influence in Egypt, which I did everything possible to support. I hoped the British Government, by its interference in Egypt, would maintain order there as *negotiorum gestor* of European interests, and take a care of the finances, both in the interests of the country and of the bondholders; however, we did not realize our expectations. But the Lord knows how to turn even our errors to our advantage!"

"You give one the impression, Prince, of not greatly admiring our English cousins."

"Not at all; they are a great people. Summing up the experiences of a lifetime, I believe that people are rewarded with success according to the amount of Teutonic blood in their veins, and only just so long as they preserve the peculiarities of this race. The English are a striking sample of the judicious mixture of races to get the thoroughbred article, be it man or beast. However, they were only a truly great nation while drinking was fashionable among them. Germany could have adopted for her own good many English ways—English fear of God and English respect for the law. The Kaiser has endeavored to introduce the English observance of Sunday among us, but a Sunday spent in England is one of my saddest recollections. Being young then and just arrived, I set about whistling, when a pious neighbor informed me it was not permitted a man to whistle in London on the Lord's day; and this so angered me that I left at once, for I did not enjoy having my liberty restrained. However, in Frankfort, when I was less particular than I am now, we always ate very plain food on Sundays, and I never used the carriage on that day on account of the servants I recall a funny experience with an English family when I was a youthful *Jähriger*. It happened one day that I was obliged to go, all dusty and dirty, straight from duty to the hotel where I took my meals. Chance placed me alongside people who had just arrived, and who, puzzled by my not immaculate appearance, began to discuss me. One of the ladies considered it impossible that I was an officer, and yet she said I had not the hands of a private. I listened in silence to the discussion. Suddenly the lady reached for the mustard-pot, but failed to get it; whereupon I handed it to her, saying in my best English, 'It is empty, but if you wish for some I will call the waiter to bring you another' Tableau!"

Although nearly four hours had elapsed since we first sat down at table, I have no recollection of the dishes served by the retinue of servants or the butler, a complacent-looking Teuton whose seventeen years of service gave him the privilege of wearing a blue serge sack-coat and a large gold chain over his ample breast. There was a momentary interruption as the coffee and liqueurs were placed on the board, cigars were handed to the gentlemen, the Countess lit a cigarette and the Prince, who had been drinking various wines, champagne, and beer, began on a fresh quart bottle of extra dry, while he puffed away at the first of three great porcelain pipes with enormous stems which stood erect in an umbrella-jar now placed beside his chair by the attentive butler.

The visitor's book with pen and ink were put before me, while the Prince took up some photographs of himself, one with arms crossed over his breast exciting his displeasure. "Why was I photographed in such a position?" he exclaimed. "I never assume it;

BISMARCK'S HOUSE AT GÖTTINGEN

(Das Haus in dem Wall.)

my arms are much too short to cross. I am not a *poseur*. No, you must not carry that thing off. You wish me to select for you the photograph I prefer? It is the one, I believe, in the soft slouch hat. [A reproduction of this photograph may be found in The Outlook for August 6.—THE EDITORS.] I like soft hats and pliable cravats in my old age, and unstarched cuffs to my shirts. And now, dear child, this is the first time I have written my name this year [January 13]," he said, handing me the photograph, on which it had given him some trouble to inscribe the name and date.

"I live here a hermit in my last days," Bismarck said presently; "it fatigues me to see people; but to-day has been a great happiness to me. I have liked several of your countrymen. There was Motley, and Bancroft. Bancroft always struck me as the ideal American Ambassador. His scholastic sedateness was all the more agreeable in contrast with the annoyance which the wife of one of his predecessors caused me. This lady considered herself specially privileged. At the receptions of the diplomatic corps she invariably stood in the open space through which their Majesties were to pass. Like a field-marshal in front of his armies, she stood before the diplomatic array; one after another the chamberlains attempted to remove her, but it took an army of them to get her back in line. I can comprehend all races and nations, even the Irish, who are an effeminate people with small brains and immense sentimentality, but I cannot overcome my aversion to the negroes; to me they appear like a caricature of the white man. Hence my great interest in the United States, where they enter with such momentum into the racial question. It does not astonish me that Social Democracy plays no important rôle in America, appearing only in the great centers, where it is readily suppressed, for the population is spread over such tremendous areas. This hot-house plant of our civilization only flourishes with you where the people are closely packed together. It appears to me that both England and America are displaying warlike tendencies; the Chino-Japanese conflict has ushered in this general desire to clash arms. I am astonished by the energy of the Japanese in contrast with the lethargy of the Chinese.

"Some people see in the Chinese a menace to Europe; but the quiescent state of these people for centuries past shows this to be a groundless fear. It is far more probable that Japan must be considered in relation to the injury she will cause our mercantile relations than that China will ever enter the lists as a political power. How man and the hour change! Our century has accomplished much, but not everything; yet what tremendous progress I see in looking back over my life! The change in our ideas, in my own estimate of conditions, is marvelous. For instance, in my youth the Seven Years' War and the War of Freedom appeared very close together, and yet there was an interval of fifty-two years between them.

"What a long time I have lived! I could have seen Napoleon I. Fortunately, fate permitted us to accomplish our work at different epochs. I had a sufficiency with old Nap the Third!

"I am not indifferent to what people will say of me when I am no more; ingratitude in high places has robbed my sun of all its brightness, embittered my latter years, and, like my friend in the Vatican, has made me a prisoner in my Sachsenwald. But I know how faithful was the service I rendered my King, and I declined their pension, for no one shall say that I ended my career by running after a reward like an industrious and conscientious postman on New Year's Day."

Later we came together into the great drawing-room, cozy and old-fashioned, with sofas and arm-chairs dressed in chintz, the lamps burning brightly, and the samovar already steaming in preparation for the tea.

The sculptor, radiant, and seeing visions of a new statue beatified, said he had caught a softened look on the face of his Serene Highness unknown to the fraternity; and the Countess exclaimed in English as in perfect adoration she gazed at her father, "I have never seen papa in a more amiable mood than he is to-day." Then the Great Dane woke from his sleep as we heard the whistle of the approaching train which was to carry me away, Prince Bismarck rose from his seat, and, followed by the dog, we linked hands like little children and in silence walked together to the door.

Bismarck in His Writings

By the Countess von Krockow

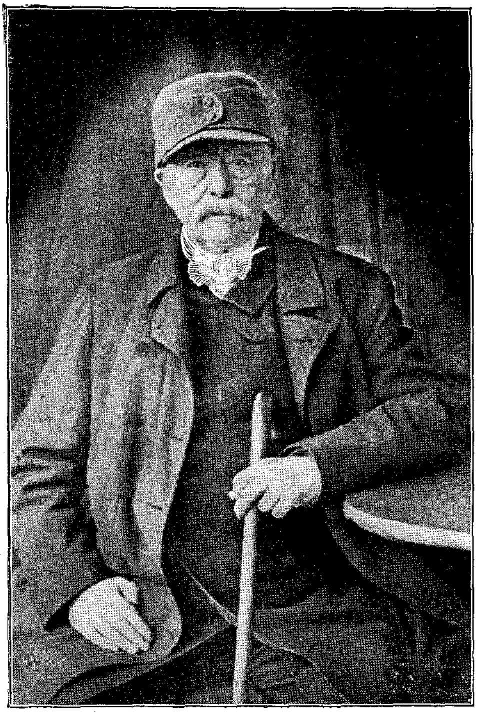
NATIVE authors claim Bismarck not unfrequently for their own field. His writings have the prime merits of good compositions. They are well formed and well defined. They possess marrow, and have shape. Nor are they wanting in a certain kind of polish; such polish, namely, as that which results from hard utterance. He chose his sentences and weighed his words; for which reason many of his sayings are like coins, and bear not only the stamp of nationality, but pass in the popular currency of speech for proverbs and old saws. He had a way of putting things that is inimitable. As he often wrote, moreover, as he talked, his speeches read like his table-talk when pronounced aloud. There is the same swing to both—the swing of deliberate progress towards a point within clear view. The irregularity of passion plays no part in any of his writings. Now and then there is an accent of good fellowship or of contemplation; but the great bulk of his observations are intellectual in origin, and win the mind of the reader without touching his heart.

He uses, in the main, two very different manners of expression. One of these is dignified and elegant; the other, homely and gruff. The first is likewise elaborate, while the second is concise. But they do not succeed each other after the fashion of periods. On the contrary, one intrudes pell-mell upon the other, the elusive blandness of the rhetoric of his official reports being broken in upon by outbursts of plain terms, while the directness of his familiar letters is interrupted in like wise by isolated companies of stilting paragraphs. He employs diplomatic and technical phrases without stint, but seems uneasy until an outright comment is got in somewhere or somehow.

Whatever the manner may be, however, the meaning is always clear. Bismarck's pages are not among those in German literature which baffle foreign readers by the nebulous texture of their sentences. His sentences are long, for the most part, it is quite true. But they are distinct; the members that compose them are divided sharply, and the sequence of the words, like that of the thought, is logical and close.

The diplomatic correspondence contains numerous French idioms and turns of expression. But in the speeches and letters there is plenty of abundant, pure, colloquial German, mingled here and there with primitive phrases analogous to Low-German forms of speech. He quoted from others, both verbally and in paraphrase. The incidents are too rare, however, for a man to think of him as a quotation-monger.

As to how the Prince came to Low German, it may be accounted for, probably, by the associations of his early youth. His birthplace, Schoenhausen, lies in the Saxon district, it will be remembered, where Luther himself was born. His parents quitted it for Pomerania, in 1816—the death of an old curmudgeon of a cousin having made Captain von Bismarck the heir of three estates near Naugard too full of woods and game to be withstood—but in doing so they left one dialect-speaking country for another still more rude. The first sounds, therefore, which the future Chancellor heard spoken, and tried to imitate, thus came to be about the two most primitive ones of all of those which Germany affords in the way of speech. His nurses were stout, Platt-speaking peasant girls, and his train of attendant playfellows, in the home villages, Platt-speaking boys. In winter he was carried to Berlin with the family, to be sure, and in Berlin High German is spoken; but the trouble was, Otto still heard the familiar Platt even here. Indeed, he saw less of life in the city, on the whole, than in the country, his clever, handsome mother, as well as his handsome, simple-witted father, being used to devote the hours to society there which had fallen, in the solitude of Kniephof, to the nursery and park. His school years added English, French, and literary and juristic German to his first childish acquirements, without driving Platt out of his mind, however, for he came in contact with the peasantry on his vacations home. He retained a fondness for Low German always, and liked using it, on occasion, as a landlord to his menials. Of the two tongues, Platt-Deutsch or French, which took up best the essence of his genius there can hardly be a doubt; the query is answered by the fact that no especial diplomatic remark of his ever came into vogue, although diplomacy occupied the best years of his life. If his felicitous condensations of thoughts into words be looked into, they are found to be homely references partaking of Platt ruggedness, and are like farm crowbars, that hoist wayside, common truths on end. The characteristic French axiom, on the contrary, is always a very superfine thing, and poniard-like in direction and aim. The Chancellor could get such off; he could split argumentative hairs, and spin, weave, and brocade a political texture fit to beat the oldest hand at such work. His dispatches and circular notes are confounding as much because of the tight, neat, firm speciousness of their logic as for their audaciousness. But this refinement is the result of labor, not of inspiration. Bismarck's genius lay elsewhere; and in consequence his happy hits lie elsewhere too. They have synthesis, not analysis, for their nature. For this reason he could sum up the case of Friedrich, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, in the one sententious phrase, "The same hands that rear chickens always know how to wring their necks"—a wonderful *multum in parvo* in view of the fact that the Duke was, in truth, a pretender of Prussian incubation, and had his neck wrung, politically speaking, soon after by the Prussian Minister. Very apt condensation lies, too, in the assertion that he "gathered his views from the green land, not from the green table." Then consider the amusing slur cast at Great Britain: "And the hereditary parliamentary kings, who are wont to be led from out behind the coulisses where they are kept when a change of ministry is demanded, in order to sign fresh appointments, and are then made to retire again after having supplied the opposition with a new fortress to storm and new men to point its arrows at."



READY FOR A WALK
From a photograph taken in 1894.

In this connection, furthermore, it becomes noticeable, I think, that the Chancellor's policy is not set forth, like most statesmen's, in selected terms, but gets summed up in single phrases which have himself for their author; "ferro et igni," "might goes before right." These verbal nutshells are characteristic, not merely of the spirit of his statecraft, but of his synthetically mental grasp, and natural style of expression.

The fact is, Bismarck knew the secret of writing well and graphically. Whether he learned the art through precept or discovered it by himself does not appear; but only that he possessed it, and possessed it consciously. "After your departure," he writes to his sister, Malvina, in 1844, "I naturally found the house very lonely. I sat down by the hearth, smoked and philosophized on how unnatural and egotistic it is when girls who have brothers—and above all unmarried brothers—go and marry and carry on as if there was nothing in the world for them to do but follow their affections; a selfishness our sex, and I personally, know ourselves to be happily free from. On seeing how unfruitful these reflections were, I got up from the green leather chair, on which you used to whisper and exchange kisses with Miss and Oscar, and plunged into election affairs, from which I emerged with the conviction that five votes for certain and two uncertainly inclined towards my election, four for Krug's, sixteen to eighteen for Arnim's, and twelve to fifteen for Alvensleven's, so I chose to retire altogether. Now I live here with father, reading, smoking, and walking out, helping him eat lampreys and play at what he is pleased to call fox-hunting. We go out namely with Ihle, Bellin, and Carl in the rain, or with Réaumur pointing as at present to six degrees of cold, encircle, in the greatest silence and with every precaution against giving the wind, a pine knoll which we three are as good as certain contains not a living creature except a couple of old women perhaps, gleaning dry twigs, and Ihle, Carl, and two dogs enter it, giving vent to the most fearful and curious cries, particularly Ihle. Father stands motionless and attentive, with his rifle cocked, precisely as if he really expected game, until Ihle calls out close by: 'Ha la la he he at 'm he he,' in the strangest gutturals, when father asks me innocently if I 'haven't seen anything?' I answer, 'No! not the least thing!' in a tone of astonishment as natural as I can possibly make it. Thereupon we go to some other piece of wood whose certainty of game Ihle knows how to make believe he is sure of, grumble about the weather, and begin the same comedy over again. The thing is kept up three to four hours, without the zeal of father, Ihle, and Fingal cooling for one moment.

"Besides these diversions, we amuse ourselves by looking at the orange-house twice a day, the sheepfold once, the thermometers hourly, and, since the weather has cleared up, have set the clocks striking after the sun in such harmony that only the library clock now gives one stroke after those of the other rooms have finished striking *a tempo*. Charles V. was a stupid fellow! You can easily see that I have no time left over on my hands, after such manifold occupations, to visit the curate; as he has no voice to give for the county council, I haven't been there once; it wasn't possible. The Elbe is full of ice; the wind is east by southeast; the new thermometer from Berlin stands at 8°; the barometer at 28.8. I tell you these things in order to set you an example how to write! Mention in your letters to father more of the small incidents of your life, and it will give him the most infinite pleasure; tell him who have visited you and Curt, whom you have called on, what you have to eat, how the horses are, how the servants behave, if the doors squeak, and whether the windows close tightly; in short, give facts, details."

The library referred to here is shown nowadays, as it may be mentioned in passing, to public sightseers, as is the case, indeed, with pretty nearly the whole spacious house, with its numerous low rooms and chambers—Schoenhausen having been turned into a museum of Bismarckian memorials. In 1844 Bismarck used the books in the two old bookcases a good deal more, probably, than he cares to intimate to his sister. For he was always what a layman would call "a great reader." And in Pomerania, where he was managing Kniephof, at this date, his law studies and one year of military service not having led to anything, chiefly because both inclination and money were wanting—in Kniephof there were no books, or as good as none, which was one reason why he drank and caroused so there. Here, on the other hand, were nearly two hundred, and it would be hard for a man to find more knowledge in an equally small number of volumes. The fact that their number was limited had proved an advantage, rather than otherwise; for their turn to be read came round the oftener, and the contents were remembered the better because of the frequency of the reperusals. How much he had absorbed from the "Theatrum Europæum" he was surprised himself to see on entering into public life. His historical knowledge was not only much completer than most men's, it had a governmental coloring that showed differently from the school-room information of the run of politicians. He fell into traps sometimes, to be sure, for this same reason. For example, he was sitting in the Assembly of the Three Estates, just about three years subsequent to this date, when a Liberal speaker, in arguing for the adoption

PRINCESS BISMARCK
From a photograph taken in 1888.

of a written constitution for Prussia, mentioned the fact of the people having roused themselves in 1813, in order to obtain the promised grant of a constitution; a fact which Bismarck's historical authorities had failed to emphasize. So he rose from his seat and said he objected to that interpretation; the ground of the uprising was the popular hatred of the French occupation of the country.

"You know little about the matter," cried an elder deputy. "You were not living then. The King published a proclamation promising a constitution if we would take up arms; it was posted up in Breslau and here in Berlin." Bismarck was nonplused. But he had always had a way of extracting himself from pitfalls, and knew how to perform it, moreover, in such manner as to damage his adversary more by his liberation than he had suffered hurt by his tumble; and so now. Rising again calmly, he said in substance that "it was true he was not living at the time, and had often regretted it, for he should have liked to fight against Napoleon. He had taken it for granted that it was his despotic yoke which the country was resenting. He had to hear now it was a national one. He was not grateful for the information, and no longer regretted not having lived then."

In Kniephof he had enjoyed ruffling the tempers of his fellow-squires by giving vent to the liberal opinions which he had heard advanced by "Jack" Motley and other chums of his university and Rhineland days, and which, for that matter, were being preached pretty generally by Germans, too, in as far as they belonged to the political parties which were demanding parliamentary government and the unification of German States. But when matters became serious, as they did in this year (1847) and the next, "the blood of nature proved stronger than the water of adoption." He realized that he was "the King's man, from the crown of his head to the calves of his legs," and felt moved to his uttermost depths to work in behalf of the throne. The family were willing to make things easy for him, in the hope of his really doing something at last towards starting into a diplomatic career, which their mother had always said was the one he was most suited for; so he set out for Berlin, from whence he traveled up and down the country, forming tory unions and establishing a tory press. His first journalistic writing was done for such a paper of his own founding, the "New Prussian Gazette," which still survives and is known widely under its popular sub-title "Die Kreuz-Zeitung," a remarkable newspaper, which is as feudalistic in tone to-day as it was fifty years ago, as much an organ of Prussian squiredom, and the credo of monarchical orthodoxy; for which reasons it turned on its founder in the sixties and combated him in the eighties (during the Kultur Kampf), and outlived his disgrace and fall, in the beginning of the nineties. But at this period, in the fifties, Bismarck in his speeches outdoes the "Kreuz-Zeitung" in ultra-monarchicalism, advocating resistance to the popular cry for a Constitution, and objecting to all reforms. When the Constitution was ratified finally in 1850, after the Revolution had been crushed by the steel arm of the military, he expresses himself as being "grateful only for the clause in it which makes the ministers responsible to the crown and not to parliament." He detests parliaments, and a republican reader can hardly read his perorations against popular government without mixed amusement and resentment. But they were reported in Pomerania in those days, as they would be still, by the local Sir Roger de Coverleys with untinctured approbation, and the general gratification of the Pomeranian country-side society was witnessed with rapture by the girl who had pledged her troth to the speaker while he was without credit and unknown. Bismarck certainly reached the zenith of his emotional life, attained the high *niveau* of his intellectual circumspection, and enjoyed the best health he ever had, in "the Frankfort period." It includes the seven years after his marriage with Johanna in 1849, from 1852–59. The beginning is marked in the letters by the confessions to Johanna and longings for moonshine and sonatas from Beethoven; the end, by the Little Book, as it is usually entitled—or a recapitulation of the political relation between Austria and Prussia. The marvelous fullness of the latter is as much the harvest of jealous patriotism as of professional experience. In between lie abundant accounts of numerous journeys, scenes in Hungary, at fashionable watering-places, royal courts and hunting-grounds, all in a strain of humorness and pitch of robust joyousness, such as never appear in his correspondence again.

"I have just come from the steamboat," he writes to Johanna from Ofen, on the 23d of June, 1853, "and am sitting at an open window in a spacious, vaulted hall, the Emperor having lodged me in his hill castle, to which the vesper bells of Pesth are sending up their sounds. The view is charming. The burg lies high, the Danube flowing below, crossed by its iron bridge; beyond it, Pesth, and, in the distance, the endless steppe with its horizon melting into the purple of the evening mist. The journey here would have delighted you, at least the portion between Gran and Pesth. The dark side of the trip was the sun; it burnt, namely, as hot as if Tokay grapes were to be ripened on deck; and the multitude of passengers was great; strange to say, not an Englishman in it; they can't have discovered Hungary yet." The next evening he writes: "Again the lights of Pesth are shining down below. All day I have been in uniform; had an audience with the young sovereign, in which I presented my credentials [Bismarck was on a special mission to Emperor Francis Joseph], and received agreeable impressions. After dinner the whole court made an excursion into the mountains to the 'beautiful shepherdess,' who, however, has been dead a long time—King Matthew Corvin loved her several hundred years ago. A local festival had brought thousands to the spot, who crowded around the Emperor when he appeared among them with deafening *elgen* [huzzahs], danced Czardas, waltzed, sang, played wild airs, climbed into the wood trees, and pressed round the ladies and gentlemen of the court."

A couple of days later he goes to Szolnok, where he deposits his money with Prince W——, and after eating a breakfast under a Schoenhausen-like lime, gets into "a very low hay-cart, with bags stuffed with straw for cushions, and drawn by three Hungarian horses. The Uhlans loaded their pieces [the Prince had insisted on his taking an escort], mounted, and off we set in a furious gallop. Hildebrand and my extra Hungarian valet sat in front on a straw bolster with the driver—a dark, brown peasant with a mustache, broad-brimmed hat, long black hair made glistening with grease, a shirt that reached only to his stomach, where a band of hairy, naked skin was visible, and a pair of trousers, each leg of which was ample enough for a woman's skirt, and extended only as far down as to the knees, where the leatner spurred-heeled boots began. Fancy a firm, elastic soil under you, level as the top of a table, on which nothing is visible for miles round to the distant horizon, except tall well-poles marking the watering-places for cattle; droves of thousands of white and brown-flecked oxen, with horns as long as your arms, shy as wild animals, and watched over by half-naked men, provided with long sticks and mounted on shaggy, poor horses; immense herds of swine, accompanied invariably by a swineherd with an ass to carry his sheepskin greatcoat, and occasionally himself; and great flocks of wild fowl." The party halted for the night at the garrison station Ketskemet, then proceeded southward, as Bismarck "hoped to see something of the robbers, in their heavy fur coats, guns in hand and pistols in belt, and the captains, some of whom are said to belong to the native gentry, in black masks. A few days ago several *gens d'armes* were killed in a fight with them, while two men of the band were seized and shot by court martial in Ketskemet. But no robbers showed themselves. The lieutenant in my escort said they knew before daylight probably that I was traveling under protection; some of them possibly were the peasants who greeted us at the post-stations with the dignified, earnest manner of their caste, uttering their *istem adiamek*, 'Praise be unto God!'"

Five years later, after having visited most of the other countries of Europe, Bismarck went to Denmark to pass a few weeks of his summer vacation, and the same animal spirits which had impelled him in Hungary to seek adventures on the steppes led him here into a party of courtly sportsmen, bound for "a wilderness four hundred miles square. The very land of my dreams!" he writes; "sixty miles distant from the last post-station, and a hundred to the next, at this wild spot where I should like to build a cottage; the country between is sprinkled with swamps, and has forests of birch, cedar, pine, ash, and oak, sometimes too thick, almost, to penetrate, sometimes very thin with only scattered trees, but the whole everywhere close covered with stones of all sizes, from that of your hand to rocks as big as houses."

A day later he is laid up with a sprained leg, his foot having turned on one of these loose stones; and the accident, with its subsequent spell of invalidism, proves to be the beginning of notices of bad health, which recur from this time on, both in the private letters and the accounts of public reports and speeches. He became liable to fits of suffering from swollen veins in the once sprained leg; and to this evil a facial neuralgia associated itself, which he attributes sometimes to the cold seasons he spent in St. Petersburg, sometimes to the wearing worries and vexations of office, and sometimes to the exhaustion attendant in the wake of social attendance at court festivities.

There are up-flickerings of the old humor and zest in life throughout the rest of the letters, it is true, but the large, major note of sustained propulsiveness is no longer in them to the same exuberant extent as before; so, if a stranger must make a choice, let him leave the rest, and grasp instead the one volume descriptive of the Frankfort days. This volume contains more of the *man* Bismarck than all of the later volumes put together, and the essence of the patriot, the diplomatist, and the statesman besides.

In Frankfort his political views clarified and systematized themselves. "Nobody, not even the most malicious skeptic of a democrat, would believe that charlatanism and pretension compose the substance of the diplomacy carried on here," he writes to his wife at the commencement; and, behold, the keynote of the whole historic period that follows is struck for once and all! Bismarck masters the charlatanism and practices the pretentiousness. His watchword becomes, *Nur dreist und consequent*—Be persistent in audaciousness and all will be well; and this does not change again. There had still been enough of the raw young country squire in him when he came down to the Diet at first to incline him loyally towards the Emperor Franz and Austria, they being the liege lords of the King and Prussia. A perception, however, of the fact that such fealty is one-sided, that Austria regards Prussia as a young vassal to be used without compensation, and restricted, by means fair or foul, in her lusty young instinct of aggrandizement, suffices to transform him at once and fundamentally. A resolve ripens in him promptly to defy Austria; and thenceforward diplomatic opposition is what he practices at the Diet, and political opposition what he advises at Berlin, where spirits are divided, Roon and the war party, the members of which are likewise ambitious, taking sides against the traditional head of German affairs, while the pious and timid preach the feudal gospel of traditional allegiance. The King wavers, and this situation continues till the end of the story, it being the same at bottom whether the monarch occupying the throne goes by the name of Frederick William IV., William I., or Frederick III.; and whether the opposing parties at his right hand and left be Bismarck and Roon against Gerlach and Queen Elizabeth, or Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon against Prince Frederick William, Empress Augusta, and the Crown Princess. When the situation did change, and the occupant of the throne stepped from the golden middle ground of moderation, when, in other words, to Frederick III. succeeded William II., Bismarck's occupation was gone.

In order to influence the King in favor of alliances with western powers against the one which is blocking Prussia's way to greater might, he goes so far as to write apologies for revolution and republicanism; he goes further, and favors national parliaments; and still further, and lends an ear to the popular demand for the union of German States. "The demand offers a means for winning popular allegiance to whatever State will take it up," he reasons with Manteuffel. Later (in the final volumes) he is reported as having assured a deputation that "he had worked and lived in order to give his faithful German countrymen unification and so fulfill their patriotic dream." The true dash of spirit, the bold maneuvers, the restless, resistless forces of will and mind, are in the early volumes, I repeat. In these there lies more between the lines than the later interpretations afford in all their thousand pages. One is meat and core; the other palaver and shell. He lived for power, not ideas, and for power only. If that had incurred to Prussia from disunion, disunion is what he would have wrought for. Little cared he for dreams. He was an incarnation of the pioneer soul of his northern Fatherland, and stretched out for room and empire, as the great Elector had done before him, and Frederick called the Great. If he turned out to be an agent of the national life, it is one example more in history of how much greater is life than the disposition of the mightiest of men.

At the Diet, meanwhile, the intuition of his secret enmity to Austria growing into certainty, his colleagues urged his being recalled, and the King, yielding, thought of making him Prime Minister, but, wavering as usual, sent him first to St. Petersburg for a couple of years, and then to Paris as his Ambassador. Then, however, mustering up all his courage, he took the decided step of calling Bismarck to Berlin. The year was 1862. And, sure enough, the expected took place, for in little less than ten years Bismarck had let the Prussian army loose with its "mailed fist" against the cuirasses of Denmark, Austria, and France, and knocked them hollow—perhaps, indeed, they found them so. Bismarck asserts that they were; that corruption prevailed in all States but Prussia, and in all the army administrations save that of Germany.

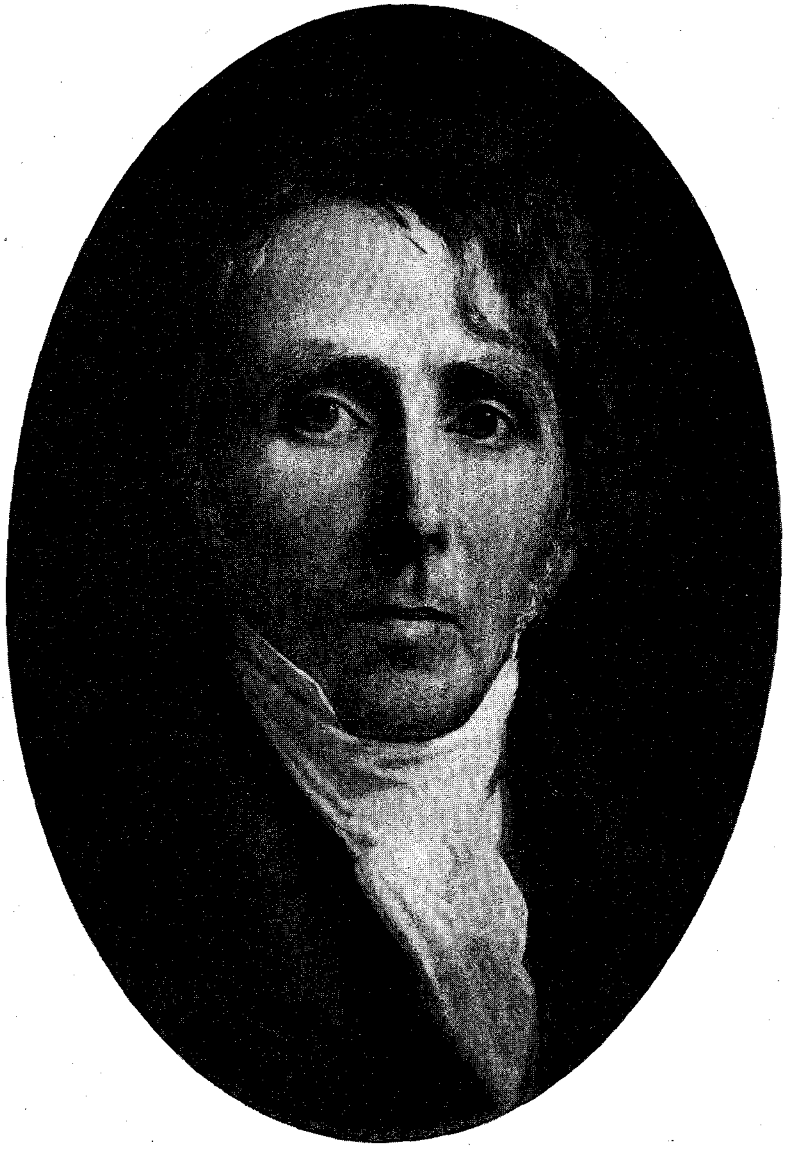
One bit of romance is opened in the account which Bismarck gives of his impatience over the delay of the King in signing the declaration of war with Austria in 1866. He represents himself as "walking up and down the garden of the Ministerium at night too agitated over the uncertainty he is kept in to go to sleep," and takes a respite underhand by dispatching Herr von Gablentz to Vienna to propose to Emperor Franz their turning their swords on France and taking Alsace mutually, "since their swords are unsheathed"—a nocturnal picture which has its pendant in the figure of King William, who, at the same time, is pacing *his* chamber, drawn one way by the representations in his thoughts of Bismarck and Roon, and another by the pleadings of his Queen and the sacred Past: the tension of both men being suddenly put an end to by a bullet which is fired at the Minister one day by a fanatic enemy. The shot misses, but it brings the old King to his knees and a decision; God's having spared the Premier being interpreted by his pious heart as a hint that He means Bismarck to live and have his way. And forthwith, in the pages, the silent pacing in the garden is replaced by the sound of thundering cannon rolling into Bohemia and the tramp of shouting troops.

As for realistic bits, here is Bismarck's account of the morning of the 2d of September, 1870, at Doncherry:

"Yesterday evening, after coming here at your Majesty's royal command, in order to take part in the negotiations concerning the capitulation, the same were interrupted towards one o'clock after midnight by a grant of time for reflection, besought for by General Wimpffen, after General von Moltke had declared decisively that no other condition would be given save that of their laying down their arms, and if this were not fulfilled in the meanwhile, the bombardment would begin again at nine o'clock in the morning. Towards six General Reille was announced, who told me that the Emperor wished to see me and was already upon the way from Sedan. The General then returned immediately in order to inform his Majesty that I was following, and a short time afterwards I found myself face to face with the Emperor at a spot in the neighborhood of Frenois, about midway between Sedan and here. His Majesty was sitting in a carriage with three officers of high rank, and an equal number of others were on horseback. I recognized the generals Castelnau, Reille, and Moskwa—who seemed to be wounded in the foot—and Vaubert. Arriving at the carriage, I dismounted, strode to the side where the Emperor sat, and asked what were his commands. The Emperor expressed the wish to see your Majesty, apparently thinking that your Majesty was in Doncherry. After I had informed him that your Majesty's headquarters were twelve miles distant at the moment, in Vendresse, the Emperor asked if your Majesty had fixed upon a place for him to resort to, and what I thought about the matter. I said I had come to the place where we happened to be, in the dark, and did not know anything, therefore, about the vicinity, and offered to place the house which I was occupying in Doncherry at his disposal, saying I would vacate it at once. The Emperor accepted the proposition, and drove slowly towards Doncherry; stopped, however, several hundred paces before the Maas bridge, in front of a lonely cottage and inquired if he could not alight there.

"I had the house examined by Count Bismarck-Bohlen, Secretary of Legation, who had followed and come up with me, and, upon his announcing that the rooms were small and poor, but free from wounded men, the Emperor got down and invited me to accompany him inside. Here, in a small chamber containing a table and two chairs, I had an interview that lasted nearly an hour."

In a letter to Johanna he says the Emperor alighted before the village because "he shrank from the gaze of people;" but to his royal master he is strictly objective and makes no comment. Yet comment is one of his strong points, and he indulges in it occasionally, even in communications to the King, as instance the celebrated letter of complaint against Count Arnim. Every volume of his writings will be found sprinkled thickly with comment, and while those on things may "go," the reader is apt to be more amused over what he says of persons than credulous. A good deal, in fact; the trouble being that Bismarck's estimates of men are all so similar. Nature surely shows up more varieties of human creatures than Poschinger's and Rohl's "editions," which seem to know of only two—fools and base knaves.



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

From the portrait by Gambardella. The Outlook is indebted to Mr. F. J. Garrison, of Boston, for the privilege of reproducing this and all other illustrations in this article from Mr. Garrison's remarkably extensive collection of portraits and documents relating to the Abolition period.

Anti-Slavery Days

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

NO one can really understand the great anti-slavery movement of the early years of this century who thinks of it merely as an agitation, a discussion, a series of public meetings, or a set of tracts. It was in reality a cult, a moral organization, a tie akin to freemasonry. With a minimum of visible or potent machinery, it had a maximum of cohesion; without technical grips or passwords, it afforded a tie which united men and women of all ages, colors, races, and religions. When its members met and made acquaintance with one another, it was like a meeting of early Christians or of French Huguenots. They had the comradeship of minorities; a thing incomparably more vital and real than the alliance of majorities. When the anti-slavery lecturer found himself in a house whose walls bore the picture of Garrison or Whittier, he knew himself to be at home. Grades of education were as nothing; people met because they "saw eye to eye" or "had the root of the matter in them," these being frequent phrases of the Abolitionists. Race was nothing, or nationality; Germans were usually of the faithful; Englishmen often; Irishmen rarely, but when they were so their strength was as the strength of ten, because of their zeal. Social distinctions were nothing; Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman had the bearing that might befit a line of duchesses; Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy were pointed out by an English visitor who was standing in George Ticknor's window when they passed up Park Street, as "the only men he had yet seen in America who looked like gentlemen." Side by side with them, on the platform, were fugitive slaves, perhaps still clad in their plantation rags, still walking heavily as if clogged with Virginia clay at every footstep. One of these, whom I well recall at his first clumsy arrival, afterwards ripened into the magnificent presence of Frederick Douglass.

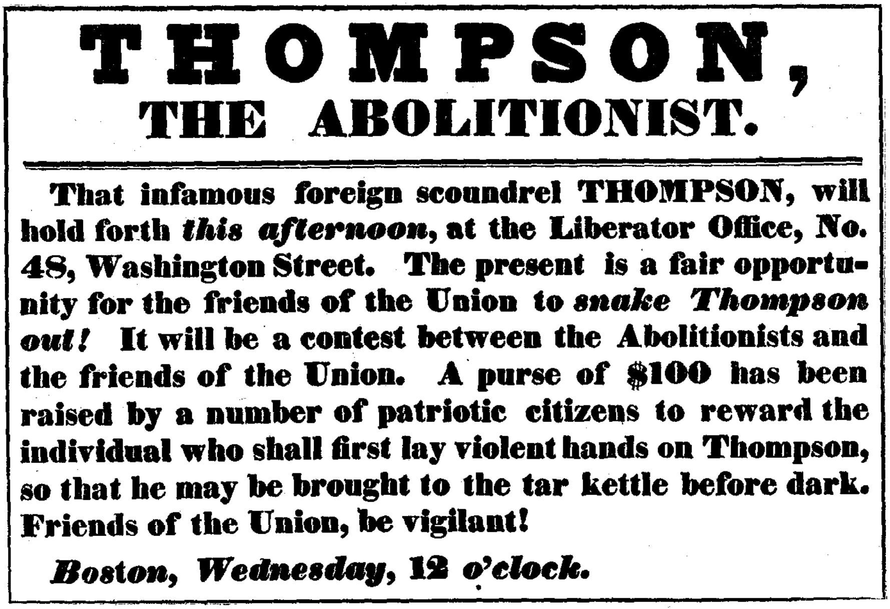
LUCRETIA MOTT

From a photograph taken at about the age of 75.

Yet not even cohesion through a great principle can bind people to see precisely "eye to eye," after all; and this body of reformers was rent more than once by divisions into which the participants threw themselves with the whole fire of their natures. The main line of cleavage was between the Garrisonians or Disunion Abolitionists and the voting Abolitionists, called by their opponents "New Organizationists," and by themselves "Liberty Party" and then "Free Soilers" and finally "Republicans." The feud was complicated by business questions, of which the transfer of the "Emancipator" newspaper from the Garrisonian side to the "New Organization" was the chief; and it was in connection with this that the calm and moderate Whittier spoke to me of Garrison as having acted the part of Robespierre, telling me also that he had personally seen a letter from Mrs. Chapman, Garrison's firm and able ally, in which she used the expression, "As to Whittier, the only question is whether he is more knave or fool." These phrases hint at those bitter internal hostilities of the early days of abolitionism which have been preserved with only too much detail in the elaborate and very carefully written life of

Garrison by his sons, on the one side; and in the life of William Birney by his son, and in Goodell's "Slavery and Anti-Slavery," on the other. I need only say that, in my judgment, neither side was wholly free from blame, and that both parties kept, on the whole, higher laws than they broke. I have repeatedly spoken at meetings held by both wings; and while the voting Abolitionists or "New Organization" had always to offer the stimulus of actual participation in elections, yet the Garrisonian meetings, where such action was eschewed, had a freedom, a vigor, and a variety which made them far more attractive and more stimulating. Their tone may have been narrow, but it was the narrowness of the lightning flash. We cannot, of course, say that slavery was formally abolished by them; of course it was not, nor by any band of Abolitionists as such. Slavery was destroyed, not by their direct, but by their secondary, influence. When Abraham Lincoln said to ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina (April 6, 1865), "I have been only an instrument; the logic and moral power of Garrison and the anti-slavery people of the country and the army have done all," he summed up the whole history of abolitionism, and made no mistake as to the leadership he recognized.

No sentences yet added to American literature, it seems to me, are surer of a permanent hold than those words in which Garrison threw down the gauntlet to the pro-slavery or indifferent community, "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." In direct moral force, in absolute integrity, Garrison fairly won the leadership he held; and what was sometimes called tyranny by such strong leaders as Whittier and the Grimké sisters was not so much a spirit of autocracy as an inexorable purpose, combined with some want of that imaginative or dramatic element which enables one to do entire justice to another's point of view. Garrison was not reluctant to do this justice, but only slow in doing it. After Dr. W. E. Channing's death, for instance, and on reading his memoirs, Garrison for the first time discovered that he was neither a cold nor nor a timid man. Yet Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, a firm supporter of Garrison, editing one of the recognized newspapers of his own organization, while he edited the other, discovered without difficulty, aided by a woman's keenness, the qualities to which Garrison was

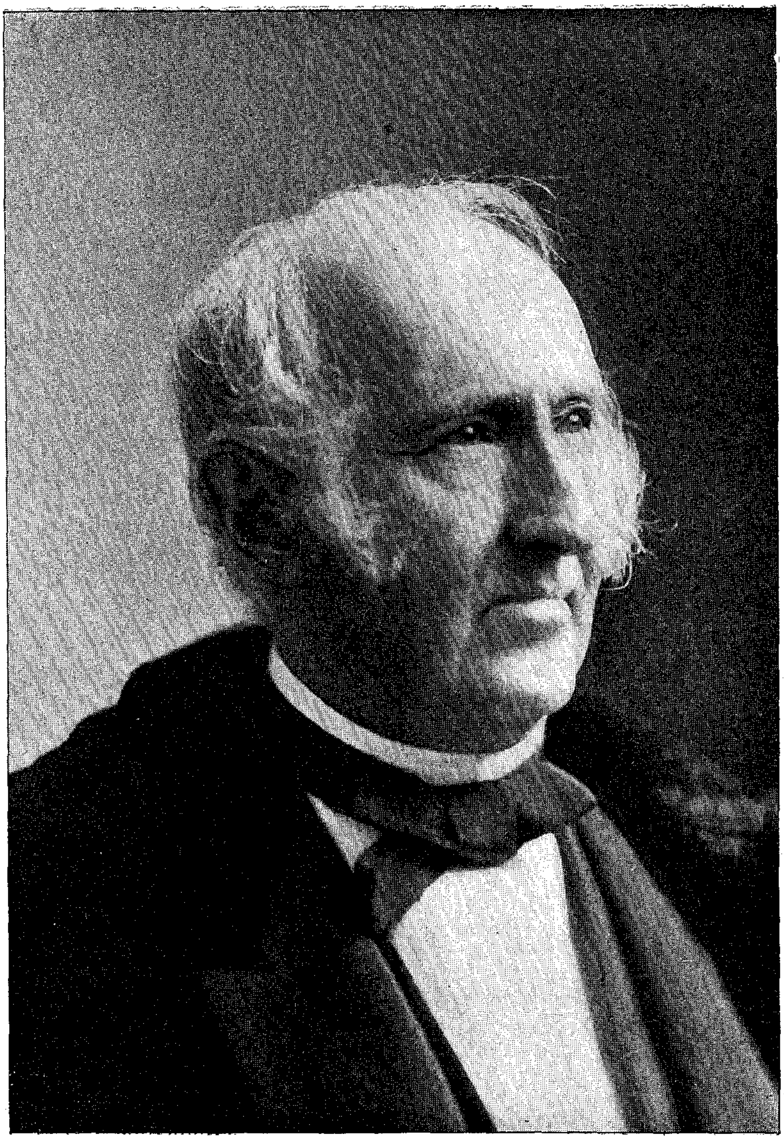

THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.

That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 48, Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of $100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

PRO-SLAVERY HANDBILL

This was printed at the office of the Boston "Commercial Gazette," under the direction of the proprietor, James L. Homer, on the 21st of October, 1835, and was directed against George Thompson, who was then causing great excitement by his eloquent addresses against slavery. The poster was set up and run off on a hand-press by two apprentices of Homer, one of whom was George C. Rand, subsequently a master printer of Boston and the first printer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." These two boys then distributed them among the bar-rooms and barber-shops of the business section of the city, with the result that by two o'clock a raging mob of 5,000 people was gathered about the anti-slavery office, and shortly after laid violent hands upon Mr. Garrison, in the absence of Mr. Thompson, who was out of the city.



WENDELL PHILLIPS

From a photograph by Sarony, of New York, taken about 1880.

so long blind. She says of Channing, "At first I thought him timid and even slightly time-serving, but I soon discovered that I formed this estimate merely from ignorance of his character. I learned that it was justice for all, not popularity for himself, which rendered him so cautious. He constantly grew upon my respect, until I came to regard him as the wisest as well as the justest apostle of humanity. I owe him thanks for helping to preserve me from the one-sidedness into which zealous reformers are apt to run. . . . Some zealous reformers misunderstood this, and construed into a love of popularity what was, in fact, but a fine sense of justice, a more universal love of his species."[1]

Garrison's criticism of Channing touched, moreover, on a question of justice—the only point on which, as I think, the Abolitionists were liable to criticism. Garrison says of Channing that while "he saw with great clearness and deplored with much sincerity the horrors of slavery and the injustice of slaveholding," yet "he did not like to hear slaveholders denounced, and regarded many of them as worthy of Christian recognition."

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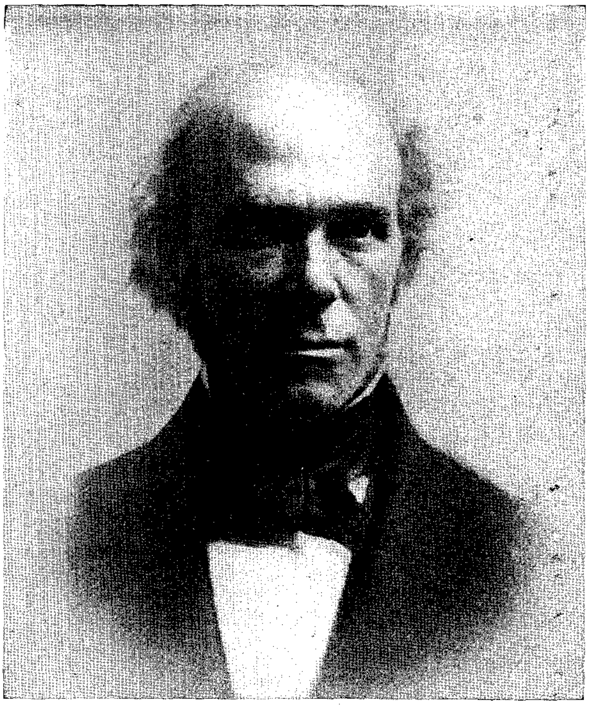
[1] Clarke's Anti-Slavery Days, p. 132.



THEODORE PARKER
Photographed from a daguerreotype. Date unknown.

This brings the question back to what is always the point most difficult of solution in any moral reform—the allowance to be made for the individual sinner. That the anti-slavery agitation needed to be made personal, within just limits, is unquestionable; but the only point on which it seems to me, in looking back, that the Garrisonian Abolitionists sometimes went beyond actual justice, and therefore beyond the truth, was in their construction of these limits. I remember one occasion when Stephen Foster—"the reviled and pelted Stephen," as Lowell called him; personally one of the noblest and most loving natures among them all, whose deep, rich voice had in it more of mellow benignity than any voice I ever yet heard—was arguing with one of the stray slaveholders who sometimes came, chivalrously enough, upon the anti-slavery platform to argue their cause; and I recall how Foster bluntly contradicted some statement by his opponent. "Do you think I would lie?" asked the indignant Southerner. "I can't tell as to that," pursued the indomitable Stephen; "I *know* you steal." This was a bit of ready and merciless logic such as sweeps away an audience, yet brings it no nearer to the truth. Doubtless a speaker must not shrink from going beyond abstract truth to its living applications; but such applications have not always an accurate or precise justice. Suppose, as was perfectly possible, that this young man had inherited slaves in a State where, as in Georgia, emancipation was absolutely prohibited, and where the laws expressly provided that any slaves found without a master were at once to be sold at auction to the highest bidder;[1] suppose that this young man, impoverished by slavery itself, was absolutely unable to transport the whole body of his slaves to a free country, even had the law permitted; and what utter injustice to call him a "man-thief," or to say that he "stole" his slaves! To liberate one's own slaves, as Birney and Palfrey did, was of course a simple duty; although even in Palfrey's case this could only be done by obtaining a special act in Louisiana, where the laws were milder; but what could a man do, situated as I have described this imaginary young Georgian, except to remain where he was and be a humane slaveholder? That Channing should regard such a man as "worthy of Christian recognition" does Channing honor; and although such men were doubtless in a very small minority, it was precisely that which made their case the hardest. It was this aspect alone of the matter which the Abolitionists failed to meet quite squarely, in my opinion, either in their publications or on the platform. Mrs. Stowe was more discriminating; St. Clair hated slavery, but could do nothing about it because his slaves belonged really to his wife, who had no such feeling.

Of all the public meetings I ever attended, those of the Anti-Slavery Society were for many years the most interesting. They were never tame, never trammeled, seldom weighed down by long-winded or tedious speakers. The predominance of the non-resistant element made them liberal as to points of order; and the experiment of forcibly expelling the two unquestionably insane intruders—Father Lamson and Abby Folsom—was very rarely tried, and was stoutly opposed by many of the faithful. There was no monotony of opinion, because there were many speakers who—like Theodore Parker, Henry Wilson, Francis W. Bird, and latterly myself—were voters in theory and practice and yet sought the society of these non-voters as more stimulating than any other. Sometimes, in the very height of the disunion theory, a single member among the faithful—Stephen Foster in particular—would introduce some new subdivision of a logical point within which a new political party could be organized, although even then Foster could not join such a party himself. but could only indicate it to others, while his courageous wife, Abby Kelley Foster, perhaps repudiated it altogether.

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[1] In North and South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi the laws were almost equally restrictive. See Stroud's "Slave Laws" (1827), pp. 146-9.

Meanwhile no one met criticism more readily or welcomed them more cordially than Foster, while he retaliated with equal explicitness. "I love my friend Higginson," he once said in a speech at a convention in Worcester; "but if there is anything I loathe, it is his opinions." He was a farmer born and bred, and, as Mr. Garrison once said to me, had put all his combativeness into a rough farm near Worcester, and had made it one of the best. In building stone walls he characteristically excelled, and those of his construction bid fair to last as long as those of the Romans. Once I said to him, unthinkingly, "I should think that, with your love of farming, you would like to have a more productive soil to deal with—in some Western State, for instance." "I should hate farming in the West," he said, vigorously; "I should hate to put my spade into ground where it did not hit against a rock."

Another commanding specimen of the indomitable type was Parker Pillsbury, "brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury" as Lowell called him, who has only lately died after a life devoted to radicalisms, the extremer the better. He was dark, strongly built, picturesque, with a deep voice like one of the old prophets; and he, with Foster, had been mobbed in town halls, had scaled pulpits and trampled on their cushions, growing always more antagonistic with his self-discipline. He was originally a wagoner; worked his way through Andover Theological Seminary and was refused indorsement by the Faculty unless he gave up speaking in anti-slavery meetings. Never was anything more vivid than Lowell's picture of him, in his description of the Anti-Slavery Fair of 1846:

Beyond, a crater in each eye,
Sways brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury,
Who tears up words like trees by the roots,
A Theseus in stout cowhide boots.

. . . .

A terrible denouncer he,
Old Sinai burns unquenchably
Upon his lips; he well might be a
Hot blazing soul from fierce Judea,
Habakkuk, Ezra, or Hosea;
His words burn as with iron searers,
And nightmare-like he mounts his hearers,
Spurning them like avenging Fate, or
As Waterton his alligator.

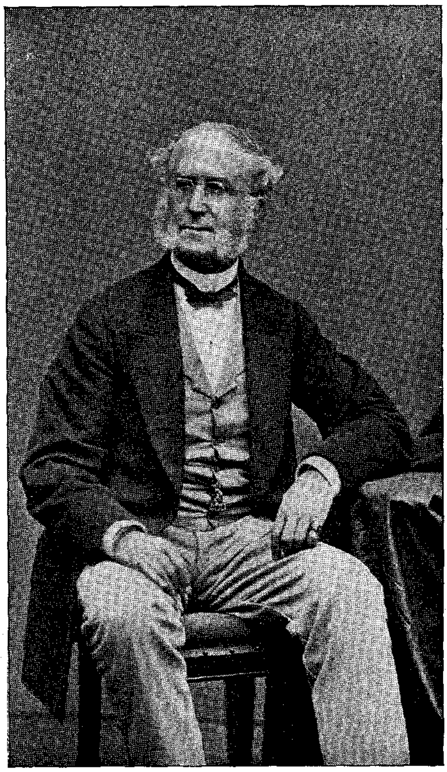
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN
From a daguerreotype taken about 1856.

This last is an allusion to the celebrated Charles Waterton, whose picture mounted on an alligator had already got into the schoolbooks. Never was a more masterly delineation of any man than this by Lowell—"the crater in each eye" and all.

In Pillsbury, as in Garrison, one felt the full force of a Calvinistic training and of a mighty knowledge of the Old Testament. Their denunciations—as Dr. Holmes said of the practice of profane swearing—were all traceable to the Puritan pulpit. I can recall no impression profounder than that derived from one occasion when Pillsbury was tearing to tatters some unfortunate orthodox deacon whom he had heard reading, at a prayer-meeting, Watts's fine hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" I still recall the thrill with which his deep voice rolled out the words:

> Are there no foes for me to face?
>   Must I not stem the flood
> Is this vile world a friend to grace,
>   To bear me on to God?

When Pillsbury paused at each solemn phrase to hold the poor deacon up to it as if searing him with a red-hot iron—"What foes had he faced?" "What flood had he stemmed?" "What had this vile world ever done to secure grace for him?" it brought back the fierce old Calvinistic images of the Deity holding the sinner over the flames of hell and dropping him in; and none of Scott's Habakkuk Mucklewraths or Crockett's Cameronian hill-folk could have left a more inexorable stamp upon the memory of the hearer.



EDMUND QUINCY

From a photograph taken about 1875.

I dwell on these minor figures, because that of Garrison has been delineated by his sons with wonderful detail and keenness—though, as I think, with something of that one-sidedness which it is perhaps better that a first biography should possess. Phillips also has been frequently discussed and delineated, by myself among others; while Edmund Quincy, the twin of Phillips in social antecedents and sacrifices, but not in oratorical power, has passed far too much out of sight. Coming of a race in which political leadership was and is hereditary, fuller than Phillips of a natural fastidiousness which made the storms and extremes of the platform distasteful to him, Quincy yet did his duty with absolute and unshrinking fidelity; took the fatigues of the convention without its laurels; was readier than any one to make the difficult opening speech before the audience got settled; and was an admirable and patient presiding officer. Always scrupulously dressed, in the blue dress-coat and brass buttons of that day; an exquisite critic on all points of pronunciation, of manners, of language—knowing his Horace Walpole and his Sévigné by heart, and able to solve any problem of European court usage—he had just laid all public life aside, even to his commission as Justice of the Peace, because he believed the Constitution pro-slavery. Nothing could be more curious than the difference between his later years and those of Phillips; when slavery fell, Phillips simply shifted the harness for service in other reforms; while Quincy, like a tired steed, merely shook himself and dropped the reformer's equipment altogether; utterly denied that there was anything left to fight for, and pronounced woman suffrage, for instance, a case in which there was "no grievance." He simply became a reformer *emeritus*, in the university phrase; was for the rest of his life a brilliant and delightful *flâneur*; went to the theater with the constancy of a Parisian; became Secretary of the learned societies which had rejected him in earlier days; resumed, in short, that life of the cultivated Bostonian which Howells has so well painted in his "A Modern Instance" and elsewhere.

The same course was followed in later days by that superb woman, Maria Weston Chapman, whom Lowell, with his usual unerring touch, delineated in his description of the same Anti-Slavery Fair of 1846:

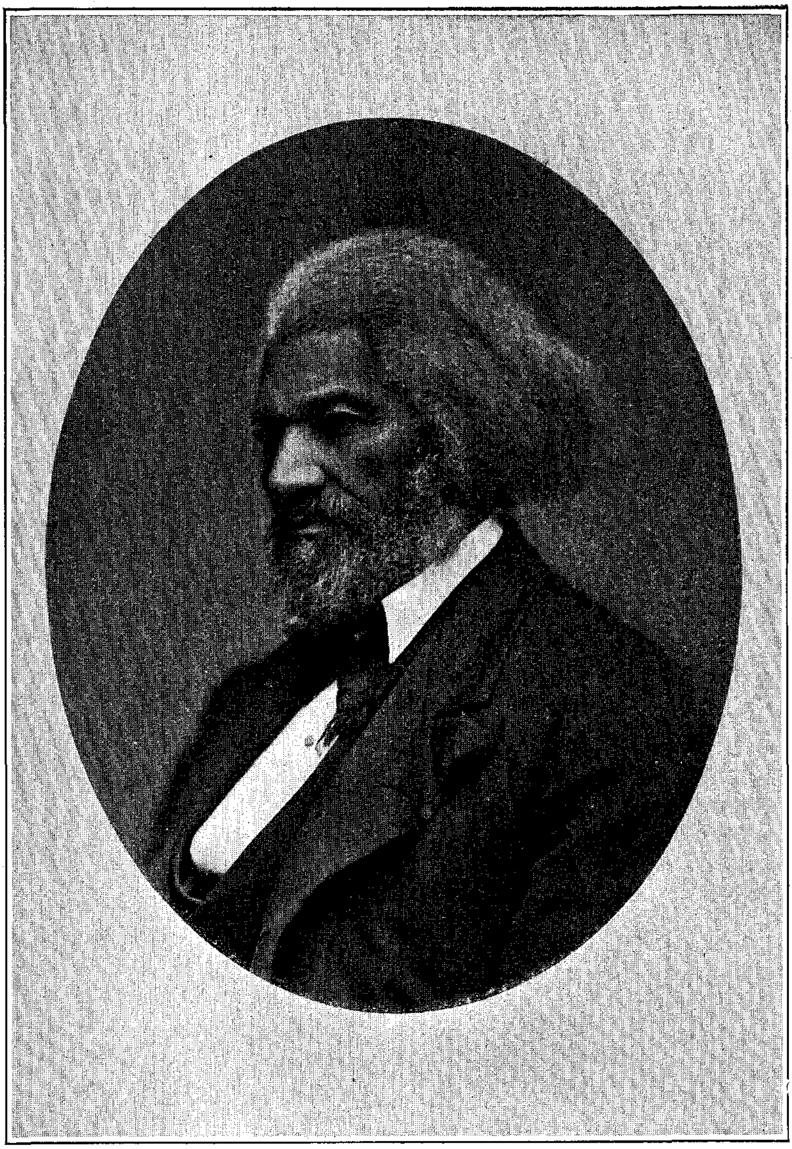
> There was Maria Chapman, too,
> With her swift eyes of clear steel blue,
> The coiled-up mainspring of the fair
> Originating everywhere
> The expansive force without a sound
> That whirled a hundred wheels around,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

From a photograph taken by G. K. Warren, of Boston, in 1876.

Herself meanwhile as calm and still
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill;
A noble woman, brave and apt,
Cumæa's sibyl not more rapt,
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn,
Herself the Joan of our Ark,
For every shaft a shining mark.

Mrs. Chapman has written herself down for future ages—strong, fearless, self-devoted, unforgiving—in her life of Harriet Martineau, with whom she had much in common. With a beauty which Miss Martineau ranked first in the Boston world of that day; with an energy inexhaustible; with an organizing force which made her more influential than any one man after the great leader in the counsels of the Abolitionists—she was never perhaps more herself than when she faced in absolute fearlessness, on that day of the Garrison mob, the rioters to whom Mayor Lyman conceded, by way of tub to the whale, the privilege of tearing down the modest sign of the Female Anti-Slavery Society. "Ladies!" said the agitated Mayor, "I call on you to disperse this meeting." "Mr. Mayor!" was the reply, "we call on you to disperse this mob." Lowell did not overstate her Joan of Arc temperament, nor yet the "coiled-up mainspring" quality, to which I can fully testify. For instance, I used to go in, with



FREDERICK DOUGLASS
From a photograph taken about 1876.

other young people, to assist in decorating Faneuil Hall for the great anti-slavery fair, to which England and America both contributed. One year, I remember, I arrived to find everything in seeming confusion—boxes and barrels to be unloaded, wreaths to be woven and arranged, tables to be spread, rugs to be laid, teamsters and expressmen impatient, plenty of people to do everything, yet nothing done. The answer to every inquiry was, "Mrs. Chapman has been delayed on the railroad." Ten minutes after the appointed time she appeared, placid and inexorable; her queenly figure erect, her "fair tresses" waving and worn high after the fashion of those days. In two minutes more she had taken her stand with a little note-book in the middle of Faneuil Hall; the teamsters and expressmen had laid down their loads and were being paid and discharged one by one; the wreaths were being made and placed; the tables were being spread, every wheel of the clock was in motion, and when the hour of opening came the fair was ready. Sheridan at Winchester did not more instantaneously reveal the leader. Yet when slavery was abolished, she, too, found her work done; and so far as she prolonged its quarrels and jealousies into her memoir of Harriet Martineau she appeared, as I have already intimated, to the least advantage.

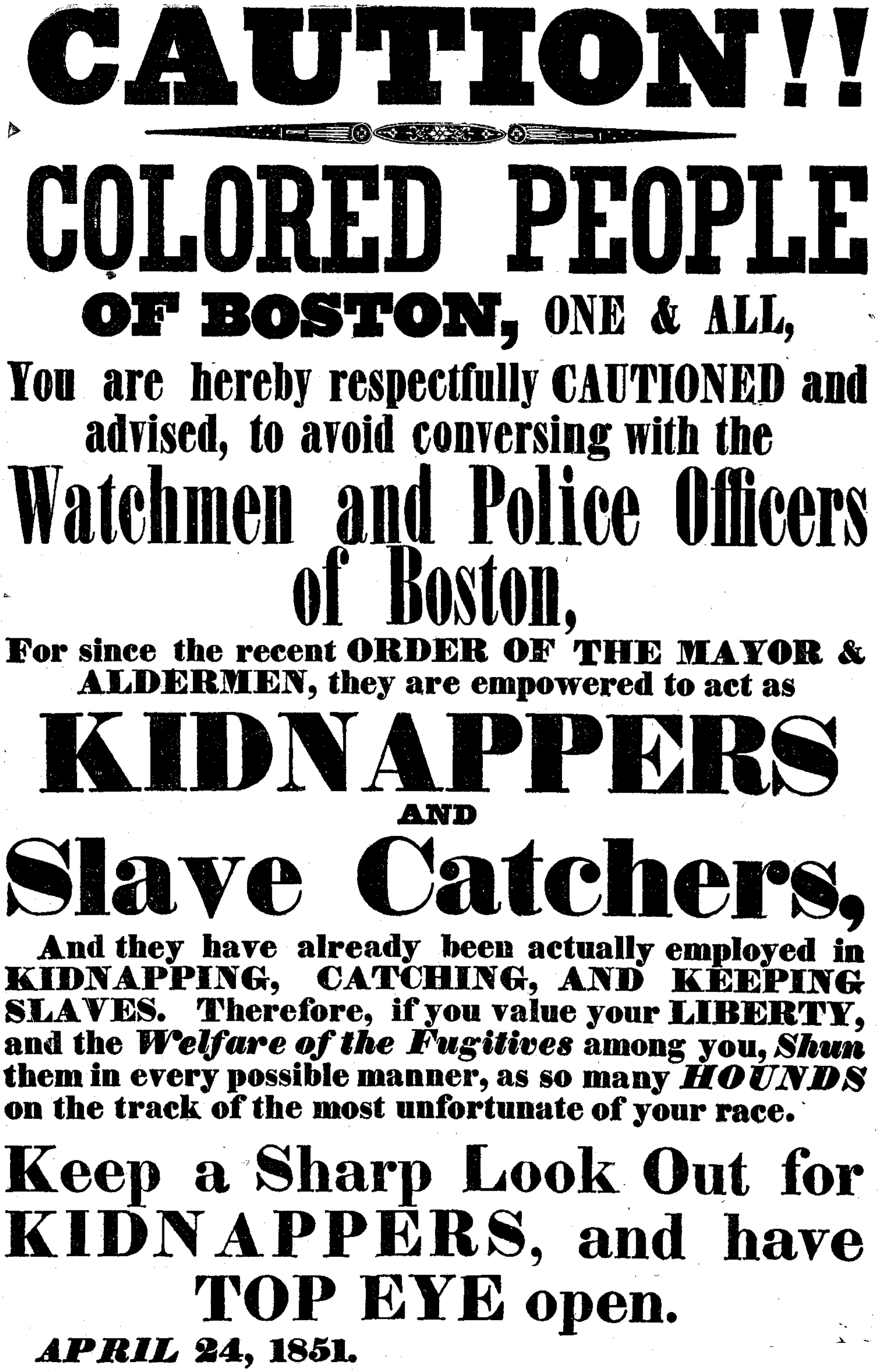
I have often asked myself whether it is really true that the Garrisonian or Disunion Abolitionists were really a superior type of reformers to any other which I have encountered, or whether it is in part a glamour which my youth threw around them. Yet I was not much older when I became intimately acquainted with Social Reformers or Fourierites, with Temperance agitators, with Woman Suffrage advocates; and I have never had quite the same glamour about them. With admirable individuals among all these, yet the collective tone has never seemed to be pitched quite so high. Still less have I found any such elevation of standard among clergymen, for instance, or college professors, or men in public office. I can only explain it by remembering that the anti-slavery reform was, of all such movements, the most absolutely disinterested, with the largest proportion of sacrifice and the smallest of personal benefit. It had undoubtedly in it that possibility of moral danger which even a small body may hold in the way of internal ambitions—as, doubtless, all the tumults of jealousy may rage within the limits of a parish sewing-circle; and some of its leaders were undoubtedly placed by it in a position of higher social prominence than they would otherwise have obtained, and thus gratified their ambition, if such poor ambition they had. For others again—as Phillips, Quincy, and Mrs. Child—it was a life of absolutely pure self-sacrifice; it separated them from the friends, the career, the pursuits which they would otherwise have chosen. The ideal of Phillips's existence, as I have often heard him admit, would have been the Senate or the Bar; and nothing but the purest self-abnegation led him to substitute for this the toilsome career of a wandering lecturer, a life he always hated. He honestly disliked, I think, to hear speeches or even to make them, and yet he gave his life to this arduous work until it became a second nature. More than once, in going to a meeting with him, I have heard him say: "What strange infatuation takes these people to hear public addresses? There is that respectable-looking pair across the street; they must have a happy home, probably with books, pictures, and music. Why do they leave it to hear somebody talk?" No doubt

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

From a photograph taken in 1865 at the age of 63.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER

From a lithograph by Grozelier about 1858.



CAUTION!!

COLORED PEOPLE

OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,

You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and advised, to avoid conversing with the

Watchmen and Police Officers of Boston,

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS

AND

Slave Catchers,

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the *Welfare of the Fugitives* among you, *Shun* them in every possible manner, as so many *HOUNDS* on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

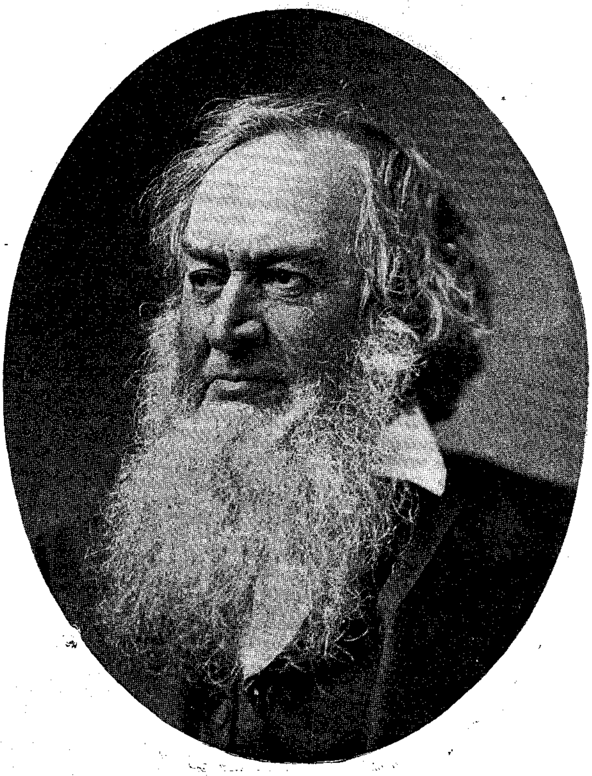
APRIL 24, 1851.

THEODORE PARKER'S PLACARD

Placard written by Theodore Parker and printed and posted by the Vigilance Committee of Boston after the rendition of Thomas Sims to slavery in April, 1851.

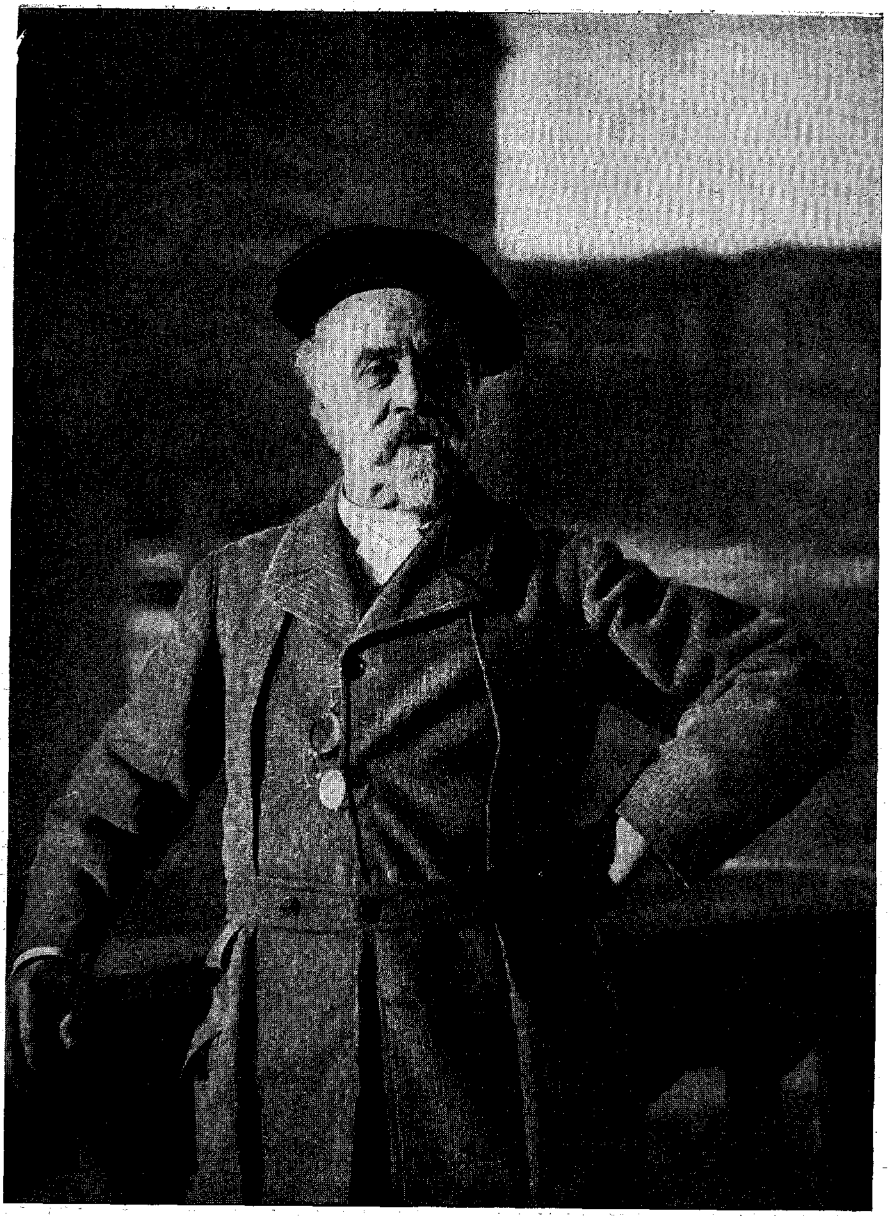
when he came upon the platform he warmed to his work; yet not always even this: young men sometimes went into the gallery to hiss, in order to see his eyes brighten and to hear his voice resound. He had, when off duty, the constant fatigue of beggars and petitioners; for both he and his invalid wife were generous to the last degree. It is to be remembered, too, that neither he nor his allies ever saw the bulk of those for whom they labored; the millions in bondage were beyond their sight, and those at hand were often discouraging. Phillips had not, so far as I know, a trace of that instinctive color-phobia which I have heard admitted by Emerson and by some younger anti-slavery men; and he recognized that intrinsic self-respect and dignity which marked the free colored families of Boston in those days and perhaps still; but he often lamented the want of solid and serious purpose among the colored youth, while allowing fully and magnanimously for their manifold disadvantages. On reflection, I am inclined to revert to my first impression, that the peculiar unselfishness of the anti-slavery reform was that which created a peculiar type of character among its votaries. Of course, in proportion as it mingled itself with political life, temptation came in; and it can hardly be said of the Republican party that it has kept the promise of its youth.

But, whatever may be said of the tone or quality of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, history will accept as final the precedence accorded them by Lincoln in respect to the overthrow of slavery. On the other hand, when they assumed, as they often did, that they were the only type of Abolitionists, they claimed too much. No definition of that word can be permanently recognized that shall include Garrison and Phillips and yet exclude Channing and Parker, Whittier and Sewall, Sumner and Wilson, Palfrey, Gerrit Smith, and James Freeman Clarke. None of these were ever disunionists, either as a matter of policy or principle. Technically, as a policy, disunion undoubtedly failed. It must always be remembered that it was not advocated merely as an abstract point of moral consistency, irrespective of consequences, but as a legitimate working policy to be pursued. Wendell Phillips, in his speech at Music Hall, in Boston, January 20, 1861, argued for it as "the best possible method of abolishing slavery," and advised the North to "build a bridge of gold to take the Slave States out of the Union." Had his advice been followed, it is altogether probable that slavery would be existing to-day, or else that it would have been abolished only through a war severer than the Civil War of 1861–65. There is no question that, while the principles of the Garrisonian Abolitionists ultimately triumphed, yet this was in one respect over the ruins of the precise policy they advocated, the destruction of the Union. It was first pointed out, I think, by Carl Schurz, that, while they were right both in principle and motive, and while Webster, in motive at least, may have been finally wrong, yet it took Webster's influence also to establish, through love of the Union, the final success of the very principle he seemed to sacrifice.



GERRIT SMITH

From a photograph by W. Rurtz, New York, about 1870.



WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

From a photograph by Mr. Waldo Story.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

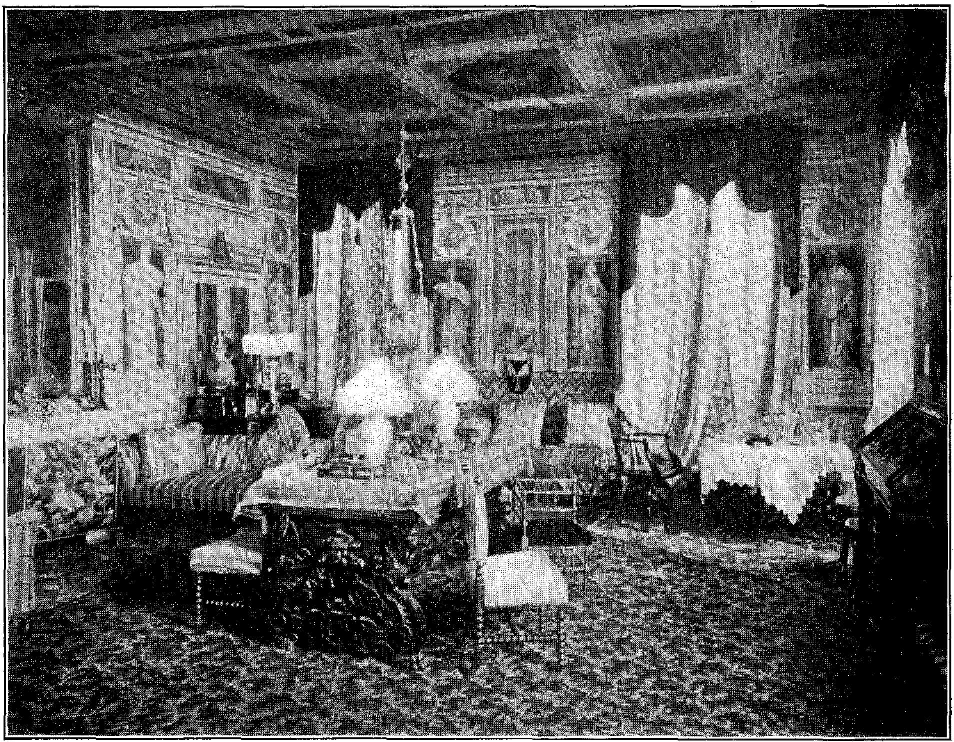
By Edward Everett Hale

XII.—TWENTY YEARS OF HARVARD

MR. LOWELL'S real connection with the daily work of the College ceased in 1876, when he accepted the offer of the mission to Spain. It covered the period when he wrote most, and when, as his cousin has said so well, in the passage I have cited, his work in prose and poetry proved to be most satisfactory to himself. His duty afterwards as a diplomatist, in Spain and in England, was of value to the country and of credit to himself. And his life as a man of letters had prepared him for such work. But, all the same, it is as a man of letters that he will be most generally remembered.

During the twenty-one years from 1855 to 1876 the College was going through the change which has made it the University which it is. If, by good fortune, any one can recollect what has been already said of the College of Lowell's boyhood, in the second paper of this series, that reader will see, from the letters of Lowell's which have described the years of his professorship, that it had not only enlarged in the number of pupils, but that the purposes and range of all persons connected with it widened with every year. This change from the "Seminary," as President Quincy used to call it, to the University of to-day has not been wrought by any spasmodic revolution planned by either of the governing bodies at any given time. It has come about, healthy and strong, in the growth of the country—let us even say in the improvement of the world.

We have already printed in The Outlook a capital picture of the Presidents of Harvard College in whose administration the beginning of this change was made. After the close of that series come Thomas Hill and Charles William Eliot, the present incumbent, to whose energy, foresight, and courage so much of what may be called this revolution is due. I have already made some notes here of Mr.



MR. STORY'S SALON IN THE BARBERINI PALACE, ROME

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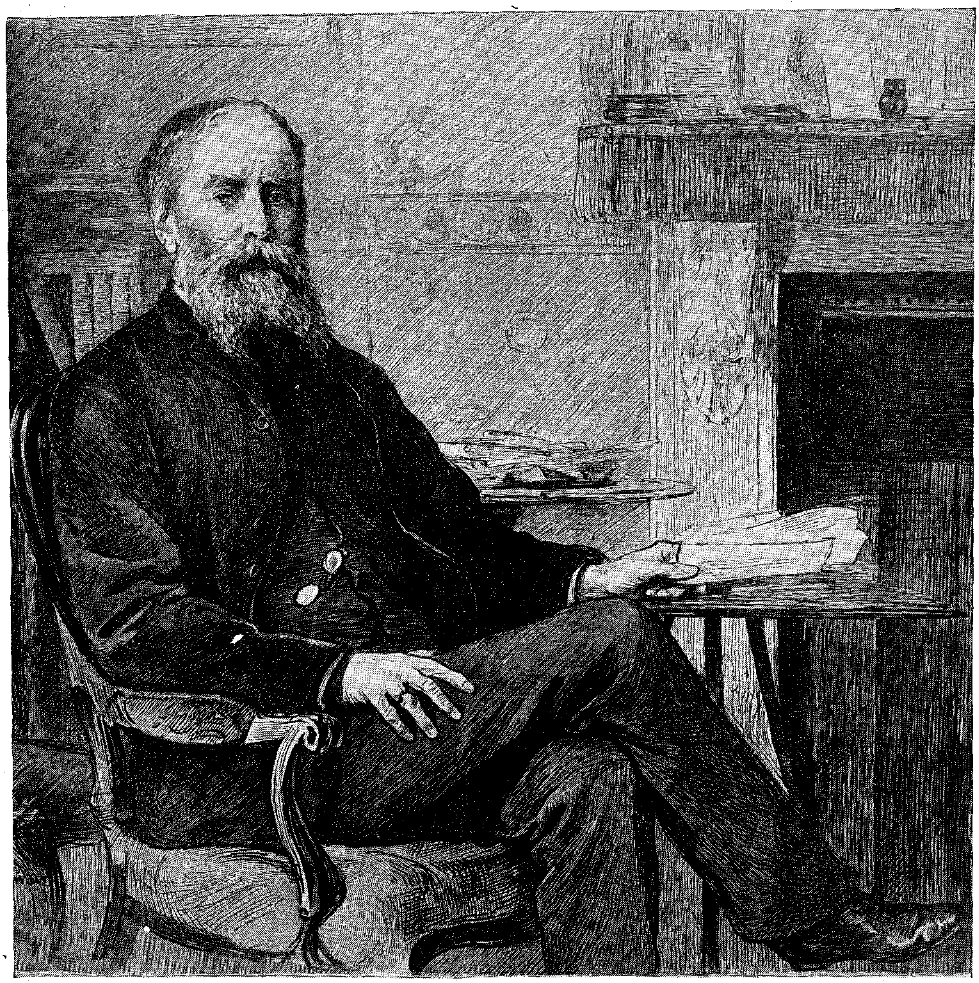
[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

Quincy and Dr. Walker. It was in Walker's administration that Lowell returned to the College as Smith Professor.

Cornelius Conway Felton, who succeeded Dr. Walker, had been the Greek Professor, and had distinguished himself in his place as an editor of Homer and in papers on subjects of Greek literature. Perhaps he soon wore out his hopes for a class of school-boys. Certainly in my time and Lowell's, when we were undergraduates, he made little or no effort as a teacher to open out the work of the Greek poets whom we read. Alkestis or the Iliad were literally mere text-books. All the same, the boys believed in Felton. I remember one scene of great excitement when he was a professor, when we thought we were very badly used by the government, as perhaps we were. There was a great crowd of us in front of Holworthy, and Felton appeared on the steps of Stoughton or at a window. Somebody shouted, "Hear Felton! hear Felton! he tells us the truth," and the noisy mob was still to listen. A man might be glad to have these words carved on his tombstone.

When with other men of letters, Dr. Felton was charming. And his kindness to his old pupils till they died was something marvelous. The published Sumner letters, the Longfellow letters, and other correspondence of the men of that time, with many of his careful reviews, and an occasional pamphlet, perhaps on some subject of controversy now forgotten, show how highly he was prized in his day and how well he deserved such esteem. For



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a portrait by Mr. Blake Wirginan.

many years he was one of the most acceptable writers for the "North American Review." He died, suddenly, after less than two years of service as President.

President Felton's successor, Thomas Hill, was a graduate of Harvard, as all her Presidents have been since Chauncy died in 1672. Dr. Hill was of a noble family—if we count nobility on the true standards—who were driven out of England by the Birmingham riots of 1791, and settled near Philadelphia. Dr. Hill was appointed President of Antioch College, Ohio, in 1859, and, after a very successful administration there, he was inaugurated at Cambridge in 1862. At Antioch he had succeeded Horace Mann in the presidency.

Dr. Hill's health failed, and he resigned in 1868, leaving behind him charming memories of his devotion to duty and of the simplicity of his character. I called upon him once, with Dr. Newman Hall, when he was in this country. It was delightful to see the enthusiasm with which Dr. Hill spoke of the pleasure he expected in the evenings of the approaching winter, from studying, with his charming wife, the new text of the Syriac version of the New Testament, which had then just been edited by Cureton. He was one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his time. After his death, Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody acted as President until the appointment in 1869 of Mr. Eliot.

I have already spoken, in one connection or another, of the professors to whom Lowell was most closely drawn—with one or two exceptions. Dr. Asa Gray, the distinguished chief of botany in America, made his home a center of all that was charming and interesting in the delightful circle of Cambridge society. Nothing could be more interesting than the simplicity of the spirited conversation of this most learned man, and the ease with which, while he really knew almost everything that was worth knowing, he spoke with utter absence of effect or visible erudition. Where a working gardener would tell you with delight that this or that plant was the "*Tomfoolaria eruditissima*," Gray would say, "Oh! that's one of those Australian sandworts." When he was still as fresh and cheerful as a boy, I heard him say, "It is great fun to be seventy years old. You do not have to know everything."

Another of his colleagues who gave distinction to the College, in America and in Europe, was the late Josiah Parsons Cooke, whose position as a teacher and in the ranks of original students in chemistry is so well known.

Lowell's own charming poem to Agassiz will be recalled by every one who cares for his life at Harvard. Not long after Agassiz had been invited from Switzerland to lecture before the Lowell Institute, he was appointed to a professorship in Cambridge, and he accepted the appointment. He lived in Cambridge from that time until he died—loving and beloved—in 1873. Mr. John Amory Lowell, the cousin of our Lowell, in his plans for the Lowell Institute (which has been already described) engaged Louis Agassiz to deliver one of their courses in 1847. His arrival in America may be spoken of as marking an era in education. Indeed, if the Lowell Institute had never done anything else for America than it did when it "imported Agassiz," it would have a perpetual claim for our gratitude. With his arrival there was ended, once and forever, the poor habit of studying Nature through the eyes of other observers. Men learned again the lesson which makes them see where they look. For it may be fairly said that Agassiz created here the school of original study which has for a generation past directed the progress of natural science in America. I believe I ought to say that the phrase "imported Agassiz," which I have ventured to quote, is Lowell's own. In his address at the Quarter-Millennial of the College he had the hardihood to say that Harvard had not yet developed any first-rate educator, "for we imported Agassiz."

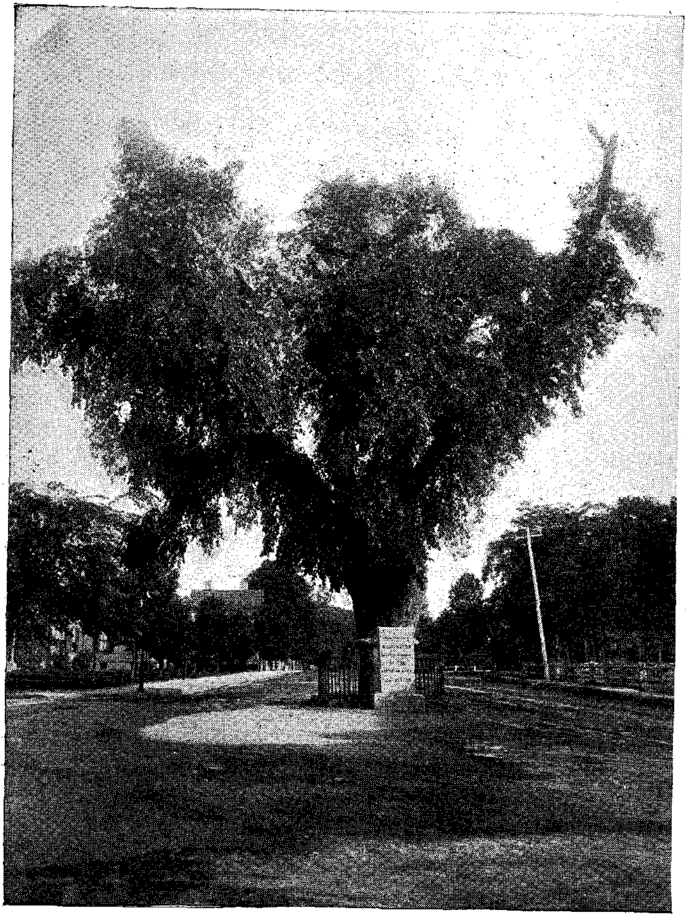
I have never forgotten the enthusiasm of Agassiz's audience the first time I ever heard him. His subject was the First Ascent of the Jungfrau, the maiden mountain which had never been scaled by man until Agassiz led the way. He told us, with eager memory, of all the preparations made for what men called the hopeless invasion of those untrodden snows, of the personnel of the party, of their last night and early morning start at some encampment half-way up; and then, almost step by step, of the sheer ascent at the last, until, man by man, one after another, each man stood alone, where two cannot stand together, on that little triangle of rock which is the summit. "And I looked down into Swisserland." As I heard him utter these simple words of triumph, I said that Mr. Lowell might take credit to himself for bringing before our audience the noblest and best specimen, so far discovered, of that greatest species of mammalia—long studied but as yet little known—of the very finest type, from the widely scattered genus of the race of MAN.

The simplicity of Agassiz's mode of address captivated all hearers. He put himself at once in touch with the common-school teachers. He had none of that absurd conceit which has sometimes parted college professors from sympathetic work with their brothers and sisters who have the first duty, in the district and town schools, in the infinite work of instruction and education.

Agassiz's Cambridge life brought into Cambridge a good many of his European friends, and broke up the strictness of a village coterie, by the accent, not to say the customs, of cosmopolitan life. To say true, the denizens of the forest sometimes intermixed closely with the well-trained European scholars. There used to be a fine story of a dinner-party at Dr. A. Guyot's when he lived at Cambridge. An admiring friend had sent Guyot as a present a black bear, which was confined in the cellar of his house. Another friend had sent him a little barrel of cider, which was also in the cellar. As the dinner went on upstairs, ominous rumblings were heard below, and suddenly an attendant rushed in on the feast announcing that the bear had got loose, had been drinking the cider, had got drunk, and was now coming up stairs. The guests fled, through windows and doors. I am not sure that Lowell was one of them, but the anecdote belongs in notices of his friends.

I should not dare speak of a "village coterie," nor intimate that at Cambridge there were men who had never heard of Fujiyama, or of places, indeed, not twenty miles away, but that these anecdotes belong a generation and more ago.

One of Lowell's fellow-professors told me this curious story, which will illustrate the narrowness of New England observation at that time. There appeared at Cambridge in June of 1860 a young gentleman named Robert Todd Lincoln, who has since been quite well known in this country and in England. This young man wished to enter Harvard College, and his father, one Abraham Lincoln, who has since been known in the larger world, had fortified him with a letter of introduction to Dr. Walker, the President of the College. This letter of introduction was given by one Stephen A. Douglas, who was a person also then quite well known in political life, and he presented the young man to Dr. Walker as being the son of his friend Abraham Lincoln, "with whom I have lately been canvassing the State of Illinois." When this letter, now so curious in



THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE

See "Under the Old Elm." From a photograph by Mr. J. Olssen, of Cambridge.

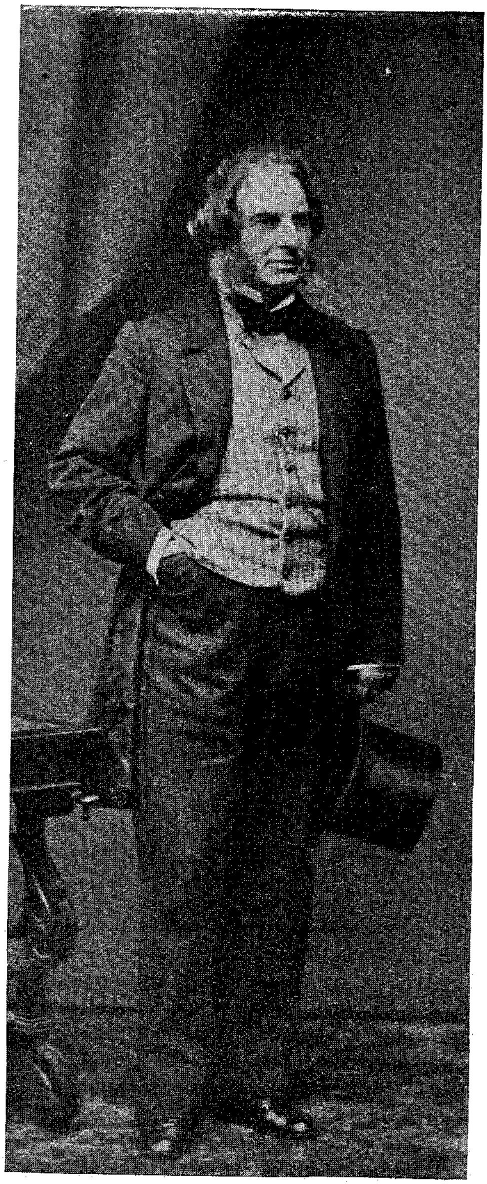
CAMBRIDGE: THE WILLOWS

From a photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston, of Cambridge. Lowell wrote

"This willow is as old to me as life;
And under it full often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore."

history, was read, Lowell said to my friend who tells me the story, "I suppose I am the only man in this room who has ever heard of this Abraham Lincoln; but he is the person with whom Douglas has been traveling up and down in Illinois, canvassing the State in their new Western fashion, as representatives of the two parties, each of them being the candidate for the vacant seat in the Senate." What is more, my friend says it is probably true that at the moment when this letter was presented by young Robert Lincoln, none of the faculty of Harvard College, excepting Lowell, had ever heard of Abraham Lincoln. The story is a good one, as showing how far it was in those days possible for a circle of intelligent men to know little or nothing of what was happening in the world beyond the sound of their college bell.

It would be almost of course that, in a series of articles which are not simply about Lowell but about his friends, I should include some careful history of the Saturday Club, which has held its regular meetings up to this time from the date of the dinner-party given by Mr. Phillips, as described in the July issue of The Outlook. But that story has been so well told by Mr. Morse in his memoir of Dr. Holmes, and is so well illustrated there, that I can hardly do more than repeat what has been said before. In his "Life of Dr. Holmes" there are two pages of admirably well selected pictures of some of the members best known. When the reader sees the names of gentlemen who have attended the Club more or less regularly in forty years, he will readily understand why Emerson and Holmes and Lowell and others of their contemporaries have spoken of the talk there as being as good talk as they had ever heard anywhere. Holmes's list, besides himself, was Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Whipple, Whittier, Professors Agassiz and Peirce; John S. Dwight, Governor Andrew, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Charles Sumner, Presidents Felton and Eliot, Professors Norton and Goodwin, William H. Prescott,



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From a photograph taken in 1860.

T. G. Appleton, J. M. Forbes, J. Elliot Cabot, Henry James, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, William M. Hunt, Charles Francis Adams, Francis Parkman, James Freeman Clarke, Judge Lowell, Judge Hoar, George F. Hoar, and Bishop Brooks.

Mr. Lowell's sympathetic habit and his thorough interest in everything connected with the College, his easy oratory, and the certainty that he never spoke without saying something worth hearing, made him of course a favorite officer in all college organizations. He was the President of the Harvard Alumni in the years 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1886. He was the President of the Harvard branch of Phi Beta Kappa from 1863 to 1871, and again in 1886–67. In such capacities he presided with admirable skill and good taste, and among the pleasantest recollections of his life are those of the happy addresses which he made at such times, almost wholly without premeditation. From two of these addresses I have already quoted in the fifth paper of this series.

One of the last times when I saw him and Emerson together was on the 18th of July, 1867, when Emerson delivered his second Phi Beta Kappa address. It had never happened before, I think, that the same orator should have spoken twice before Phi Beta Kappa with an interval of thirty years between the orations; nor is it probable that such a thing will ever happen again. In 1837 the word Transcendentalist was new, and it was considered "good form" to ridicule the Transcendentalists, and especially to ridicule Emerson. Yet he had his admirers then, especially his admirers in college, where the recollections of his poetry and philosophy, as shown when he was an undergraduate, had not died out. A few years ago I printed his two Bowdoin prize dissertations, written when he was seventeen and eighteen years of age, and they are enough to show that the boy, at that age, was father of the man. When he spoke in 1837, the oration was received in a certain patronizing way by his seniors. Mr. Cabot says, "He was regarded as a promising young beginner, from whom a fair poetical speech might be expected," and the address was spoken of with a gay badinage such as could not be called criticism. I remember, at the frugal dinner-party of Phi Beta Kappa after the oration of 1837, Mr. Edward Everett, who was an enthusiastic Cambridge man and college man and Phi Beta man, said, with perfect good nature, of the Transcendentalists that their utterances seemed to him to be compounded like the bolts of Jupiter,

> Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
> Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri,

and made this extempore translation:

> Three parts were raging fire, and three were whelming water,
> But three were thirsty cloud, and three were empty wind!

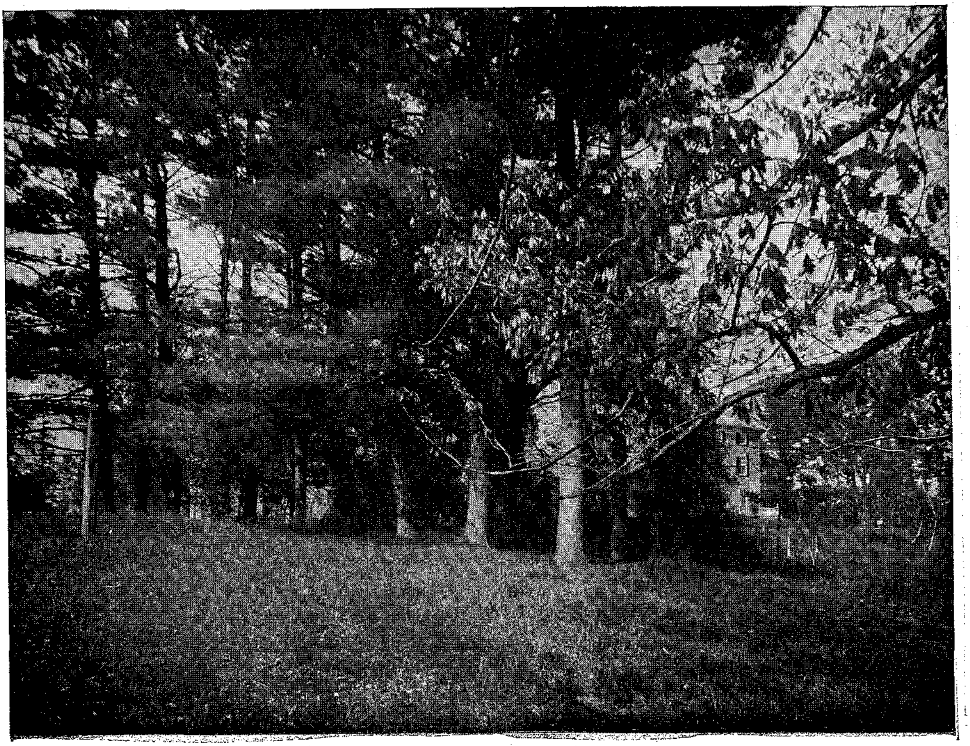
Emerson was too young and too modest, and had too much real regard and respect for

Everett, to make the reply which one thinks of now: "Whatever the bolts were made of, they were thunderbolts; and from Vulcan's time to this time, people had better stand out from under when a thunderbolt is falling." I can see Emerson now, as he smiled and was silent.

After thirty years, people did not say much about "thirsty cloud" or "empty wind." Emerson was in the zenith of his fame. He was "the Buddha of the West"—that is Doctor Holmes's phrase. He was "the Yankee Plato"—I believe that is Lowell's. And Phi Beta made amends for any vague questioning in the past by the enthusiasm with which it received him for the second time.

A queer thing happened on that morning. Emerson had a passion to the last for changing the order of his utterances. He would put the tenth sheet in place of the fifth, and the fifth in place of the fifteenth, up to the issue of the last "extra" of an oration. It was Miss Ellen Emerson, I think, who took upon herself the duty of putting these sheets in order on this occasion, and sewing them so stiffly together that they could not be twitched apart by any sudden movement at the desk. But the fact that they were sewed together was an embarrassment to him. What was worse was that he met his brother, William Emerson, that morning. I think they looked over the address together, and in doing so it happened that Waldo Emerson took William Emerson's glasses and William took Waldo's. Waldo did not discover his error till he stood in the pulpit before the assembly. Worse than either, perhaps, some too-careful janitor had carried away the high desk from the pulpit of the church, and had left Emerson, tall and with the wrong spectacles, to read the address far below his eyes. It was not till the first passage of the address was finished that this difficulty of the desk could be rectified; but the whole audience was in sympathy with him, and the little hitch, if one may call it so, which this made seemed only to bring them closer together.

The address will be found in the eighth volume of his works, and will be remembered by every one who heard it; but, on the whole, what impresses me the most in memory is the hearty thoroughness and cordiality of Lowell's congratulations when Emerson turned round after finishing the oration. "*Par nobile fratrum*," as one said; and one felt glad to have seen two such men together on such



LMWOOD; THE PINE GROVE BEHIND THE HOUSE

a day. Lowell himself said of it, a few days later:

"Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere; and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it, except that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could not help feeling that if you waited a while all that was nebulous would be hurled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha! to the sound of trumpets!'"

On the 9th of July, 1872, Lowell and Mrs. Lowell sailed for Europe, without any plans, as he himself says. They remained abroad two years. They landed in England, but early in the winter he established himself, for six months as it proved, in Paris. They were in a nice little hotel there, where he is still remembered cordially—the Hotel de France et Lorraine. Here they lived quietly from November to the next summer.

He was in Paris in the last years of M. Thiers. The interests of politics centered on the relations between President Thiers and the Commission of Thirty—long since, I am afraid, forgotten by this reader. Lowell writes of Thiers's resignation, which closed his long career of public life, "I think it was the egotism of Thiers that overset him rather than any policy he was supposed to have."

Of this sojourn in Paris, a near friend of his gives me the following pleasant note:

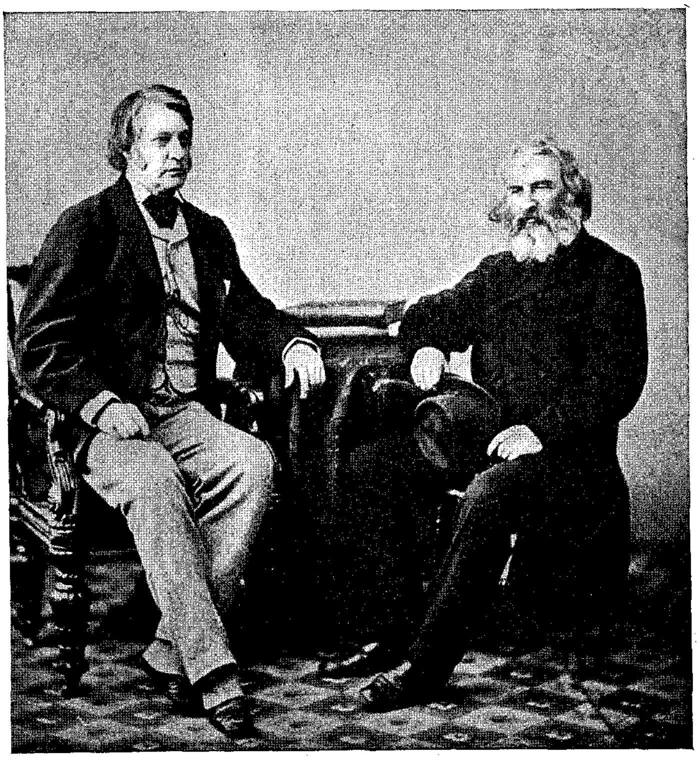
"In the little office of the Hotel France et Lorraine, Rue de Beaune, Paris, hangs a fairly good likeness of James Russell Lowell, a large photograph, I think, taken some years before his death. It is, and has been for twenty years and more, the presiding presence of the little sanctum where Madame and Monsieur sit and make out their (very reasonable) bills and count their gains. The hotel is still a most attractive retreat for a certain class of us, who like quiet and comfort without display. Rue de Beaune is a narrow little street leading off the Quai Voltaire, which runs parallel to the Seine. On the opposite shore of the river are the fine buildings of the Tuileries and the Louvre; between flows the steady stream, covered with little steamers, pleasure-boats, bateaux-mouches, tugs. The great Pont-Neuf crosses the river, very near Rue de

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
From a photograph taken in 1862.

Beaune, to the Place des Pyramides through the gardens of the Tuileries. It is one of the prettiest though not the gayest parts of Paris. The bridge and adjoining streets are crowded with life on foot and on omnibus; but take one step into Rue de Beaune, and you find silence, peace, and repose.

"In the winter of 1872–73 Mr. and Mrs. Lowell were living at this modest but well-known hotel, in its grandest apartments *au premier*. Somewhat dark and dingy even then, more so now, but neat and comfortable. The house must be very old. It is built round a little *cour*, or rather two little courts; and a winding staircase leads up through the principal part to the landings of the several stories. There were two parlors, if I remember, communicating. The walls were lined with bookcases, filled with Mr. Lowell's books, and other furniture of the cozy, comfortable order, when they established themselves in these congenial quarters.

"Here they lived, read, wrote, talked, enjoyed themselves. Mr. Lowell was probably writing something of importance, but he had at that time no public or official business, no pressing engagements. He was, in fact, doing just what he pleased all the time. Of course his acquaintance was large in the American Colony and among the best French society of Paris, but I do not think he troubled himself about it much. He delighted in prowling about the book-stalls which abound in the Quai Voltaire, where old rubbish in print is displayed along the parapet of the river in tempting openness, and where a real book-worm may rummage and find something really valuable among apparently hopeless stuff. He loved a quiet little dinner (in their rooms) *à quatre*, or, still better, *à trois*, where the food was good enough, and the talk excellent; his cigar came afterwards. Mrs. Lowell, his sympathetic and congenial companion, sat smiling and interested at such times, like the proper wife of a good talker, not talking much herself, but showing in her pleasant, refined face that she appreciated and enjoyed the fun. Although her health, even then, was delicate, she was strong enough to share his life and interests. What they both liked the most was the quiet of their own fireside, and the unmolested pursuit of literary pleasures, stimulated by all the resources of the great city, without any parade, or the burden of a crowd of engagements. They might have been any humdrum couple of small means, passing the winter in the most delightful city in the world, with all the resources in themselves of wit, intelligence, and mutual affection."



CHARLES SUMNER AND HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

While Lowell was in Europe, King Amadeo, the Italian sovereign of Spain, abdicated, and the Republic of Castelar was born. Lowell was in Venice in November, 1873, at the time of the Virginius massacre. But he does not seem to have known, better than any others of his countrymen in Europe, how near we were to war with the Spanish Republic. Yet in that month Mr. Fish had instructed Mr. Sickles to break off relations with the Spanish Government unless they

CAMBRIDGE: THE CHARLES RIVER MEADOW

An Indian Summer Reverie. Lowell wrote of this scene

"Below, the Charles, a strip of nether sky,
Now flickering golden through the woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his next turn beyond;
A silver circle like an inland pond,
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

could reform their Cuban administration. "If Spain cannot redress these outrages, the United States will." Such were the words in his telegram to Madrid of November 15, 1873.

Lowell had once and again visited his old friend William Story in his residence in Italy. The Storys had visited America in 1865. With Mrs. Lowell he now had an opportunity to visit them in Rome.

Since Mr. Story went to Rome with his wife in 1847 he had been devoting himself to sculpture, but he had never forgotten his American friends; and his light pen kept him in the memory of many of those who did not see his statues. His Cleopatra had won general approval. When the Lowells visited Rome in 1873, the Alkestis was new, and Lowell writes of it with genuine pleasure. "It was so pleasant to be able to say frankly, 'You have done something really fine, and which everybody will like.' I wonder whether I shall ever give that pleasure to anybody." This, observe, dear reader, as late as 1874.

Lowell returned to America in the summer of that year, arriving in Elmwood on the Fourth of July.

I do not myself believe that a long residence in Europe is of great help to an American gentleman or lady so far as an estimate of one's own country goes. They are apt to read the London "Times" view of America, or that contained in Galignani's newspaper, or possibly the Paris edition of the New York "Herald." These utterances from day to day are not encouraging; but if they were true and adequate, one need not complain of discouragement. The truth is, however, that they are not adequate, and therefore they are not true. For one month when I was in Europe in 1873 the daily American dispatch in the "Times" was confined to the fortunes of some wretched Modoc Indians in California, who were hiding among their rocks and were being killed one by one by sharpshooters. For the rest there was practically nothing—nothing which showed me that brave boys were growing into brave men, that good girls were growing into pure women, that universities and libraries and Chautauquas and summer schools were giving a liberal education to half my country, that merchants were telling the truth and acting the truth, and inventors were renewing the world.

I go a little out of the way to say this, because I observe that Mr. Augustus Lowell, in his admirable notice of his cousin's life, suggests that his stay in Europe in 1872–73 to a certain extent modified his notion with regard to America and American politics. Mr. Lowell uses the following words:

> During his stay in Europe Lowell had been distressed at the condition of politics in this country, and annoyed at the expressions of contempt for America it had called forth on the other side of the Atlantic. On his return he was horrified by the lack of indignation at corruption in public life, for the intense party feeling engendered by the war was still too strong to permit independent judgment in politics. He expressed his disgust in a couple of poems in the "Nation," called "The World's Fair" and "Tempora Mutantur." The verses were not of a high order of poetry, and at first one regrets that Hosea Biglow did not come out once more to do battle with the spoils system, as he had with the slave power long ago; but the subject was not one that made it possible. Among the archaic sculptures buried on the Acropolis after the sack of Athens by Xerxes, and recently unearthed, is a fragment of a pediment representing Hercules and the Hydra. The hero is on all fours alongside the monster in a cave, a fitting type of the way political corruption must be fought at the present day. The war with slavery, like that of Perseus with the dragon, could be waged on wings with a flashing sword; but the modern reformer must go down on his hands and knees and struggle with reptiles in the dark.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON

Whether Lowell were right or wrong in thinking that a new wave of Philistinism had overwhelmed the administration of America is of no great importance to us here. I think he was wrong. I think that the American people govern America, and that the intrigues or devices of the men who "run with the machine" are of much less importance than very young people suppose, who read very poor weekly newspapers. However that may be, this country has received great advantage from Lowell's determined interference and interaction in our politics in the years which followed his return in 1874. So vigorous were his writings that he was recognized as a pure public leader. I have always found that the "machine" is eager to join hands with any man of literary, inventive, or business ability who is willing, as the phrase is, to "go into politics." Certainly this was so in Lowell's case, and in the autumn of 1876 he was asked to take a seat in Congress which we call in Massachusetts the South Middlesex seat. It was the seat which Edward Everett had captured years before, in the face of the machine of his time. It was the seat which William Everett afterwards captured, by fine audacity, although he was not even a resident in the district. Lowell might have gone to the Congress of 1877 if he had chosen. He declined the position, estimating, I rather think, correctly his abilities and inabilities as a member of a legislative body. But, with the same desire to show that men of character and ability were interested in the Republican party, the nominating convention made him an elector for the presidency.

It was in the famous election after which Hayes was declared to be President by the Electoral Commission. I will say in passing that, as President of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, it had been my business to see to the transfer of two or three thousand voters from the North into Florida in the years after the Rebellion, and that it was no matter of surprise to me, therefore, that the Electoral Commission pronounced that Florida had given a Republican vote. I believe Florida would give such a vote to-day if there were any chance of its being counted.

When it was clear that the election of Mr. Hayes would depend on a single ballot in the Electoral College, there were intriguers so mean as to suggest that possibly Mr. Lowell might be persuaded —I suppose by considerations which such men understand better than I do—to give a vote for Mr. Tilden. Any such hopes as these Mr. Lowell very promptly suppressed, as such a man can. That little correspondence, however, called attention to his name, even in the somewhat dark council chambers of the people who distrust "them littery fellers."

Fortunately for America also, in all turns of our politics, there has been the same sense of the value of literature and of the sphere of men of letters which has given the world about all the good diplomacy which the world has ever had. Somewhat as Franklin was sent

LOUIS AGASSIZ
From an early photograph.

to France because the French had heard of him before, quite as Motley was sent to Vienna because he knew something about history and could speak the language of Germany, exactly as Mr. Irving had been sent to Spain as our Minister, the new Administration made advances to Mr. Lowell to ask him if he would not represent us at one of the European courts.

The following notes may be published now, for the study of annalists, as most of the people who are referred to are dead:

(April 13, 1876.) "What I meant to say was that if, when the Russian embassy was offered me, it had been the English instead, I should have hesitated before saying no. But with the salary cut down as it is now, I couldn't afford to take it, for I could not support it decently."

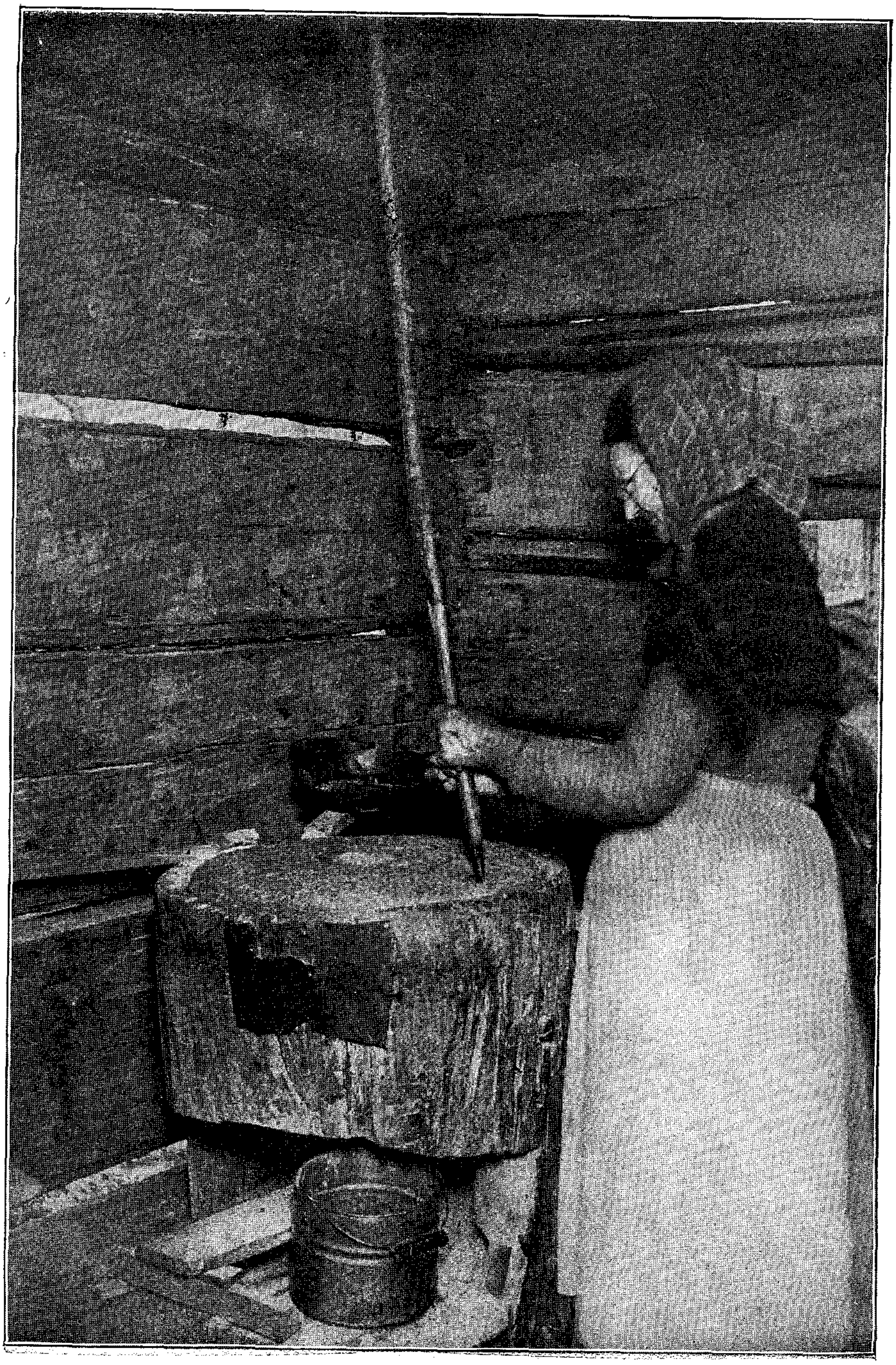
(April 19, 1876.) "I return Mr. Fish's letter. There is no more chance of their sending me to St. James's than to the moon, though I might not be unwilling to go. On the old salary I might manage, and it might do my health good. I have little doubt that it was offered to L. with the understanding that he would decline. I have not seen him for a few days. But it is too large a plum for anybody not 'inside politics.' It is the only mission where the vernacular sufficeth. Meanwhile, you will be amused to hear that I am getting inside politics after a fashion. I shall probably head the delegation from our ward to the State Convention."

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

President of Harvard University. From a photograph taken in 1869.

Four foreign missions were offered him. He declined all, but in declining said, perhaps without much thought, that if they had offered him the mission to Spain he would have gone. Mr. Evarts was Secretary of State, and it may readily be imagined that he was able "to manage it." And so it was that this professor in Harvard College, who had kept his eyes so far open that he knew of the existence of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, was appointed to represent the United States in Spain.

[To be continued in the October Magazine Number]



HAND MILL

University Extension in Kentucky

By William Goodell Frost, Ph.D.

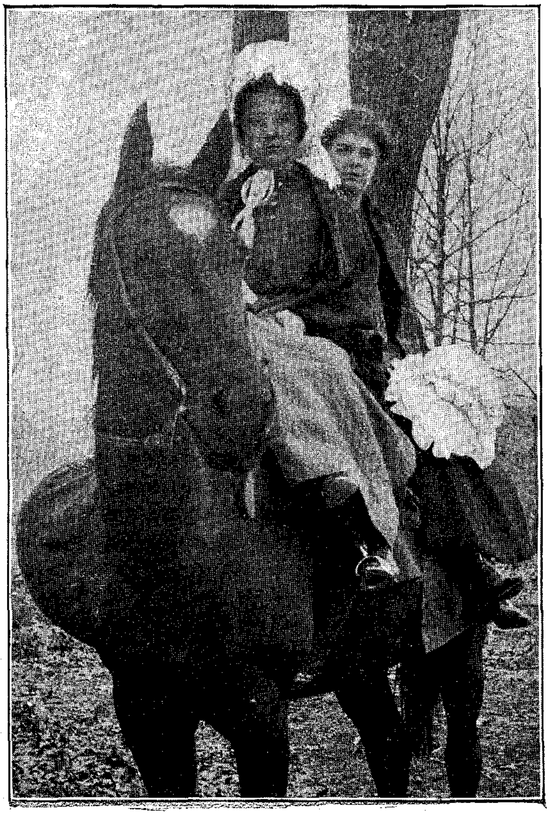
THE picturesque adventures which we are to describe are somewhat of a satire upon the dignified work known as university extension, but they have the same purpose—to bring the best elements of civilization within reach of the people—and they have the primal pedagogic quality of adaptation.

To estimate the success of this adaptation we must know the country and the people. How shall the ideas which characterize a modern university be interpreted to the family of a moonshiner on "Hell-fer-sartin Creek"? Externally the inhabitants of the Southern mountains are not, at first glance, prepossessing. Their homespun garb, often in tatters, rude speech, and shuffling gait, might lead us to class them with the "poor white trash." But there could be no greater mistake. The landless, luckless "poor white," degraded by actual competition with slave labor, is far removed in spirit from the narrow-horizoned but proud owner of a mountain "boundary." The "poor white" is actually degraded; the mountain man is a person not yet graded up.

The mountaineer is to be regarded as a survival. From this point of view his variations from the regulation type of the American citizen are both interesting and instructive. In his speech you will soon detect the flavor of Chaucer; in his home you shall see the fireside industries of past ages; his very homicides are an honest survival of Saxon temper—in a word, he is our contemporary ancestor!

The causes which have retarded his development are not far to seek. Take the circle of Southern States east of the great river, and each of them, except Florida and Mississippi, has a mountain back yard of large proportions. Bunched together, these mountain fractions constitute one of the largest horseback areas on the globe. From Harper's Ferry to the iron hills of Birmingham, two hundred miles and more in width—"knobs," caves, ridges, forests—stretches this inland empire which we are beginning to recognize by the name of Appalachian America. It has no coast-line like Greece, no arms of the sea like Scotland, no inland lakes or navigable rivers like Switzerland. Is it any wonder that pioneer conditions have lingered in a country where the only highways are the beds of streams? The whole South has been very slow about "coming to town." The Governor of one of these States recently said that a quarter of the people had never seen the court-house in their own county. And the people on "Cutshin" or "No Bizness Branch" have a good excuse. Progress must be slow in a land of saddle-bags.

Our extension work began with a preliminary tour five years ago. Our mountain guide was an old soldier who had moved to Berea to educate his family. "Children was all gals—all but the least one—and there was a better show fer 'em to teach in the mountings than to raise craps." He could find some



MOUNTAIN GIRLS COMING TO BEREA

MOUNTAIN PREACHERS FROM THE BLUE RIDGE

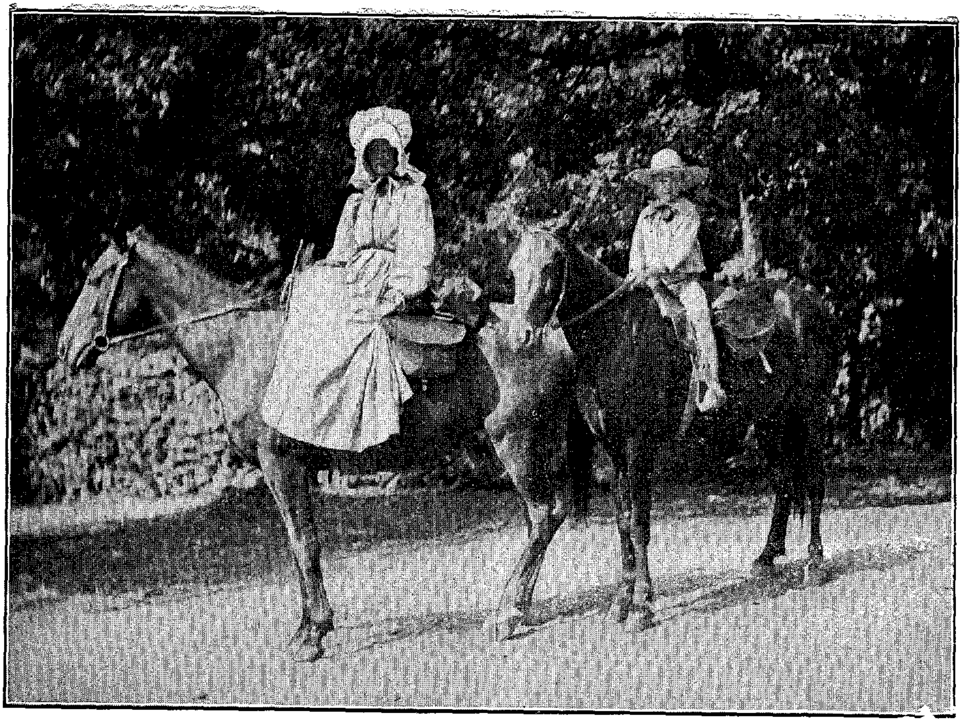
kinsfolk or an old comrade in nearly every county.

The time chosen was August, when the roads are least forbidding, and the mountain schools in session. The outfit was a saddle, saddle pockets, extra woolen shirt, rubber blanket, insect powder, comb and tooth-brush, pocket knife, five dollars in silver dimes, a Testament, package of postal cards, and a few leaflets.

The general plan was to speak at the school-houses, sending a boy ahead to "norate" the people the day before. We could visit a school-house as early as eight o'clock in the morning, and by hard riding reach a second school-house by eleven. Here, after the "speakin'," we would be invited to "come by" with a neighbor, and take a "snack." Another ride would bring us to our third school-house, where we would speak, take supper in the neighborhood, and preach at "early candlelight." Our "gaited" horses, with their "running walk" or "single step," never fatigued us; invitations were plenty, chickens abundant, and week after week we kept up our four meetings a day. Saturday was set apart for rest, and on Sundays we planned to strike some "Association" meeting, or funeral.

The mountain funeral is a survival from the time when preachers were scarce. It rarely takes place at the time of interment. It will be remembered that the boy Lincoln had a funeral sermon preached for his mother long after her death. In the mountains it is a convenience to have this ceremony at a time when the roads will be passable, and there is likely to be a large gathering of kinsfolk. Several memorial sermons will sometimes be preached on the same day. The prominence thus given to funerals during the months of good roads assists the fatalistic doctrines of the preachers in giving a very somber cast to their religion.

The Association meetings are held in the summer for the same reason. In one thing it must be confessed the mountain people have degenerated—they have lost the great Protestant idea that a minister must be an educated man. A few of their preachers aspire to greater knowledge—several have moved to Berea and entered school. But the majority rather glory in their ability to speak "as the Spirit gives them utterance." And their utterance is loud. The present writer was invited to preach at one of these associations, and in the middle of his discourse one woman nudged another, with the remark, "I wish he'd quit talkin' and go to preachin'!"



MRS. YOCUM STARTING ON EXTENSION WORK

And it is sad to see that this class of preachers is still being replenished. One young man, persuaded to attend a Southern theological school, was back in three months fully equipped.

"Yas," he said, "the Seminary is a good place ter go and get rested up, but 'tain't while fer me ter go thar no more 's long as I've got good wind."

Meeting a young man unusually well dressed at a mountain "court day," we asked if he was a teacher.

"No," he answered; "I couldn't get nary certificate."

"What are you doing, may I ask?"

"I'm tendin' some churches," was the unabashed reply.

And in proportion to their lack of education is their sectarian assurance. We found four kinds of Baptists, each refusing to recognize the validity of the ordinances as performed by the others.

In order to appeal to their strong religious sentiments, and yet avoid sectarian entanglements, we confined our preaching pretty closely to the Ten Commandments and a few undisputed but neglected truths and duties. If we preached to Baptists, they paid us the compliment of saying, "That's good Baptist doctrine." If we were among Methodists they, too, claimed us. On one occasion they came to our guide to ask to what "persuasion" we belonged. His answer was diplomatic: "If you air a preacher, and hev got yer Bible, and then can't spot yer man when ye hear him, I hain't a-goin' ter tell ye."

Following our tour of observation, we sent out a quartette of singers—a Berea teacher, a student of mature years, and a man and his wife who had been born in the mountains but educated in Berea. This "troupe" gives two entertainments on successive nights in the same place, and a varied programme of songs and addresses. They are followed from place to place by crowds of young people on horseback. The entertainments are given at night, and during the day the quartette disperses to visit schools and homes. Hospitality is unbounded, and many of the most important lessons are given at the fireside. Not infrequently the people will keep us awake till a late hour with questions, and sleep on the floor to give us a bed.

And this reminds us of the surprising propriety with which a dozen people of both sexes can sleep in the same room. Such an arrangement is expected on the occasion of all great gatherings, and is the regular way of living in most households. A lady of our party once went alone to lodge with an old couple whose children were all married and gone. The lady was shown into one of the two rooms of the house, and the hostess kindly said, "Now there air plenty of beds in this room. Me and my ole man generally sleep in the other room, but if you air the least mite lonesome we will come in here and sleep."

Each year the work has become more systematic and effective, and with increasing acquaintance we can profitably make a longer stay in each place. This makes the work much less arduous, especially for our ladies. One way of unobtrusively correcting the grotesque ideas disseminated by the mountain preachers has been to send a lady teacher to give "Bible readings." There is the utmost reverence for the Bible, and while religious teaching by a man would be watched for points of controversy, and religious teaching by a woman would be considered out of place, the reading of select portions of Scripture, with natural explanations, meets with nothing but open-mouthed and grateful attention. Mrs. Yocum, of our Normal Department, accompanied by her little son, rode above five hundred miles the past summer.

As our illustrations show, there has been opportunity for not a few observations of mountain life which have been instructive and exciting to the lecturers themselves. Known to be "preachers or as good as preachers," they move among the roughest people with entire safety, and even find permission to photograph a moonshine still. And many are the tales of adventure connected with the late war—border tales that remind us of the Revolution—recounted by our friendly hosts. The mountain people were divided, though the greater part were steadfast in loyalty to the old flag.

"Were you in the war?"

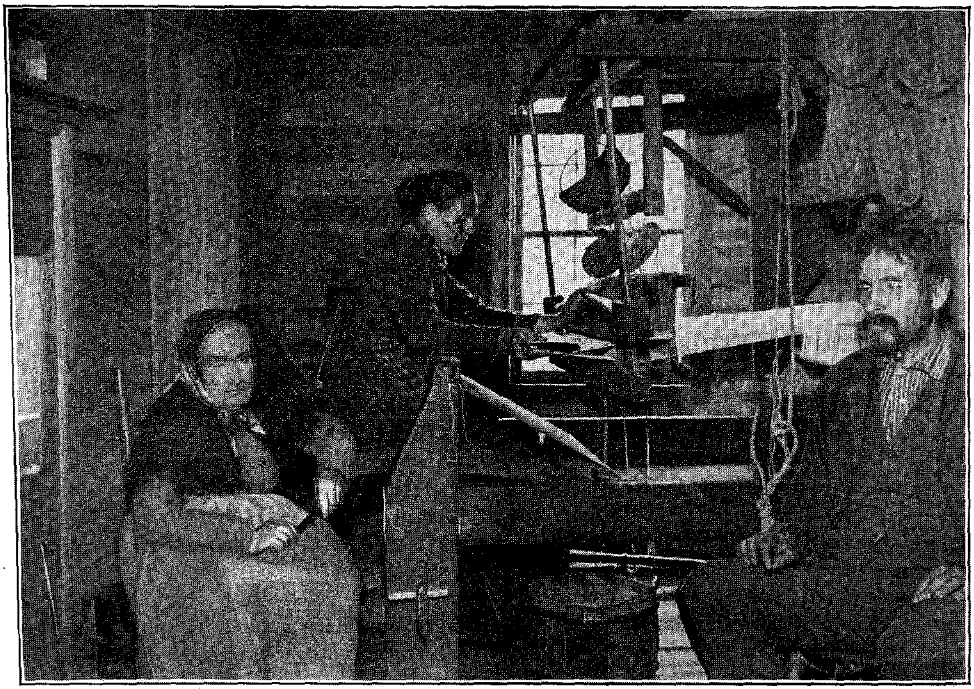
"Yes, sir; I was one of Morgan's horse-thieves."

"How fast could you ride when the Yanks were after you?"

"Well, I couldn't ride fast enough, fer they caught me and sent me up into Ohier."

Jackson County, Kentucky, claims to have sent more men into the Union Army in proportion to its population than any other county in the Nation. It is one of twenty contiguous counties without a printing-press. They adjourned court there to listen to a talk on education, and at its close one of the natives said, "Stranger, I could understand right smart of what you was a-tellin'. We had an officer in our regiment from New York or summers what spoke the same dialect as yeou do!"

The characters of the Craddock tales are easily verified in these excursions as types of



HAND LOOM

AMERICAN HIGHLANDERS

real life, as well as Abe Shivers, and Easter, the lovely heroine of John Fox's "Mountain Europa." Mr. Cable has touched mountain life only in "John March, Southerner," but his pictures are very characteristic. Lillian Bell, in her "Little Sister to the Wilderness," has given a picture of similar life in western Tennessee, and a word from her preface justly describes some of our highland friends:

"I have been led by the cry of the inarticulate, of that large, not-to-be-ignored portion of humanity whose thoughts need an interpreter; who, with womanish, nice perceptions. lack equally nice distinction in terms to enable them to express the fine shades of meaning which it is their gift to feel.

"They belong to that vast majority of people who, when you have taken pity on their hesitation and finished their sentences for them, cry out to you in gratitude."

The native refinement of some of the mountain folk is surprising. The women commonly wear knitted woolen mitts at all public gatherings, even in the summer-time, as a tribute to conventionality. Many a girl who has come to us barefooted, and without so much as a night-robe or an "individual comb," has been transformed within six months into a neat and self-possessed young woman, whose humble origin would not be suspected.

The extension work has not been merely a series of excursions. We feel that there has been too much "touring" and "exploiting" of the mountains even by well-meaning preachers, who have made no provision for permanent results, and who seem to the people rather irresponsible. The university extension work has been purposeful from the start. It has proceeded from one well-known center, and the people have felt that "that thar College at Bereer what old Fee and Cassius Clay started before the Wah, is a-sendin' these speakers." It has been made personal and "friendly" by the acquaintance of a few Berea students even from the most remote counties.

And the lines of effort have been well defined. The problem is to make the belated dwellers in the hills sharers in the best elements of our civilization. This is quite unique as an educational undertaking. There has never been such a problem before. We had, to be sure, a great Western frontier, but its pioneer settlements were always furnished with some proportion of educated men, and were closely bound to the older parts of the country. But in the case of this vast mountain region

LOG SCHOOLHOUSE ON BUFFALO HILL

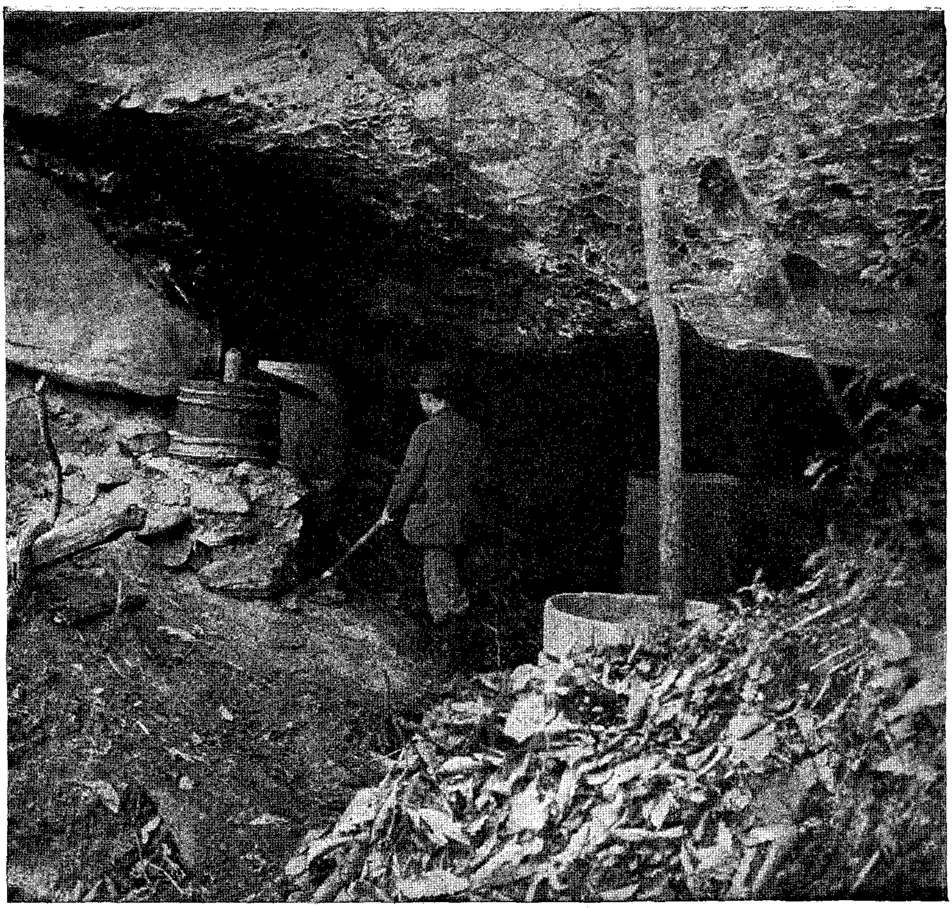
Attended by thirty-five pupils.

there is no such leaven, and no such bond of communion with the rest of the world. There has never been a clearer call for the intervention of some intelligent guiding force.

Two principles have been kept steadily in mind: In the first place, our aim has been to give the essential rather than the accidental elements of civilization—to make the people sharers in the best things, but leave them unsophisticated. We will not teach them to despise the log-cabin, but to adorn it. And, in the second place, we respect their sturdy independence and endeavor only to help them to help themselves. The work is interdenominational—we co-operate with all Christian bodies. Instruction in the arts of life—hygiene, forestry, thrift, etc., is provided to give them at once new motives and new resources. And, above all, we propose to teach them to make the most of the common schools, which are barely in existence but have in them the germs of all good.

The States concerned in Appalachian America are all poor, inexperienced in popular education, and wholly unable to deal with the mountain problem. In many localities the school-houses are so far apart that half the population is practically debarred. The schools are so short that little learning is possible for the pupil, and little professional equipment for the teacher. And, finally, there is no one in the district who has an ideal of what a school ought to be.

To meet these conditions extension work seems more practicable and useful than great "conventions" or "conferences." The conference brings together those already interested; the extension work wakes up the people who are indifferent. Various forms of instruction are adopted. The popular lecture "The Ladder of Success" has been given hundreds of times. Talks on United States history are enjoyed by young and old. Discourses on how to make the most of the



A MOONSHINE STILL

The lecturer was led to this spot blindfolded, and the proprietor of the still prudently turned his back.

free school, the duties of school trustees, etc., and special meetings for farmers, for housewives, for preachers, and for teachers, are examples of the varied adaptations. Not least important is the discourse on "Arbitration," or "How to Settle Family Feuds without Bloodshed." Extension libraries and extension publications have been used as freely as our means would permit, and have helped to make the long period of "bad roads" less a time of mere hibernation in the mountains.

Very considerable results are already apparent. The people begin to understand what education means. New topics of thought and conversation are introduced. New standards are set up. The tone and even the outward appearance of many communities has been noticeably changed. And a very furor of desire for more of the same thing has been awakened.

Our lecturers not only give but gather much useful information, picking up old English ballads with interesting variants, and collecting countless "specimens" of old-time customs as well as other fossils from the hills.

We cannot allow our clients, the mountain people, to be called ignorant, for that term implies a certain moral delinquency. Rather let us paraphrase it and say that, like the patriarchs, they are unaware of the distinctive features of modern life.

Nor are they to receive this service at our hands simply because of their need. We need them also. What does America need so much as Americans? And here they are—vigorous, unjaded of nerve, prolific, patriotic—full of the blood and spirit of seventy-six. For many years they will not need a university; but if they are to be set in step with the world, and saved from the corrupting influence of the baser elements of civilization, they must have the sympathetic and skillful guidance of this university extension work.

The Map of the Country

By Alice Brown

A LONG-DELAYED hour had come. It was the night before their marriage, and they two stood alone in the still parlor, free yet from the scent of flowers, its solitude unbroken by the feet of coming guests. She stretched her arms high above her head, and the white sleeves fell away from them, leaving their roundness bare; the sapphires of his bracelet gleamed dark upon her wrist, a pledge and a promise. She looked like a young priestess exalted beyond belief, and moved supremely by the anticipated rites before her.

"Oh," she breathed, passionately, "I am saying good-by to my lover!"

He stepped forward, and brought down her arms to lie about his neck.

"Good-by?" he repeated, "and to your lover? You are binding him to you forever. A word from us both, and it's done."

She looked at him, and her mood broke up into a very charming audacity not unmixed with mirth. She was still exalted, but now, from some emotion purely human, she would balk at nothing.

"Come and sit down," said she, "here in this window-seat. Tell me, have I been a good sweetheart—nice, fine, dear?"

"You are wonderful, perfect; and you always have been."

"I thought you thought so. Now I'll tell you the secret of it all. It's because I'm wise enough to order my ways. I haven't lived in Vanity Fair for nothing. Moreover, I know how to be the very perfectest wife under heaven; so perfect that you'll find yourself lonesome as death when I die and you take unto yourself another."

"Don't, love! That's blasphemy, to-night, especially. But I'll forgive it you. Of course you'll be a perfect wife. It's your nature."

"No, no, it's not my nature! It's by grace. I'm like all the rest, and to-night I prove it. I saw my plan of action, and I followed it, all through courting-time; and now, when the field's to be won, I turn traitor. I show you my chart of warfare; woman-like, I betray myself."

He frowned, but only from perplexity. She had seemed so simple! Other folk had called her clever. Other men stood admiringly aloof; but he had known she was soft and smooth as unsnarled silk. Now she spoke like a changeling, and he looked about him for his own good child.

"I can't have you talk like that," he said. "Warfare? betrayal? One would think we were enemies."

"Oh, no! oh, no! only antagonists. There's antagonism between us—old as sex. That's why we long for each other. That's why we keep our orbits, drawn and yet pushed apart. Oh, it's a heavenly track, but don't make the mistake of thinking it can be held without the force of all the hands in all the universe. Listen, my dear, my lord! You know I love you?"

"Yes, yes! I know you do."

"I love you so much that, if I could, I'd efface the Me in me to make you happy. If I could! I know exactly how, and yet *I shall not do it.* We must go the way of all the others, running violently down a steep place into the sea of dreary common-sense."

"Oh, come now, that's not fair! Think of all the happy people we know—your father and mother, mine. It's easy enough to say the bitter thing about marriage—mighty cheap talking—but it's not fair."

"All the happy people we know! I can summon six. That's a good many. The rest have built them solid houses on the boulevard. Their castles tumbled down. But I can make you happy. Dearest, I will; still, being, as I said, a fool to-night, light-headed, dizzy, with much thought, I throw prudence to the winds and tell you the straight road. Do you know why you've seemed to love me so in all these months?"

"Seemed? Why, because I do. Because you are you, and I am I."

"Yes, that; I'm not denying the divinity of the thing. You've loved me indeed; but you've seemed to love me, too, and for one reason only. Because you are a man, born to the pleasures of the chase. I liked it, too. I was pursued; I exulted in it. To-morrow I am caught, labeled, put in my cage. I shall have fresh water and lots of sun; but the chase is over. You won't continue running when there's nothing to catch."

"But, dear love—"

"Nay, why should you? Why, indeed! But that's where the subtlety of it comes in, the irony we never guess till late. You see I like being pursued, and I shall keep on liking it. I shall look round me on the big, big downs, and say, 'Where's the footfall I used to hear?'"

"Margaret! Margaret!"

"Now, 'List to me, my only love!' Here is something that women have learned and men have not. I'll tell it to you, and then you'll be the only man who knows. Won't that be grand? To you, all of you, marriage is an attainment; to us, it's a progress. You marry, and settle down with your pipe by the fire; I'm just as nice and just as fair as when you found new beauties in me every day, but now you judge me *au large*. You don't make inventories and read them aloud: item, one sweet temper; item, one bit of grace; item, one round cheek. I am a part of you, and it would be sore conceit thus to admire yourself. But if you did keep on idealizing me, if you did wrap me round with illusions, why, all our dreams would come true. You'd make an angel of me; and as for me, God knows I'm only too eager to call the archangel out of you."

"Suppose I don't! Suppose I go 'the way of all the rest.' What then? What will you do?"

"I individually, or I the perfect wife?"

"Both! You are the perfect wife."

"I'll tell you. I shall find out, one day, that life has got to be a little comedy, and that I am the star. I shall say, "You don't want the inner part of me? You don't want to be bothered with the loves and doves that made your courtship bright? Very well, my lord, choose you!' And I shall be what you will: docile, sweet, unchanging, and you will never know you've lost me."

"Lost you—you, Margaret?"

"Yes, the real Me inside me, the one that longs to tell its hopes and fears and whims and fancies. For the life of the soul is real—real as oatmeal and clear coffee in the morning."

"Go on, Margaret. I like this. What else will she do, the perfect wife?"

"She will stifle lots of the natural impulses of her nature, and one especially. She will never say, 'Do you love me?' Never! never! She will stand listening at the door of your heart in still mornings and dark nights, hoping for it, hoping, hoping, wondering why it brooded over her solitude in the old days, and now nests far aloof—but she'll never, never ask."

"But, Margaret, my child, you'll know I love you! Every day will show you. How can you doubt?"

"I shouldn't doubt. But I should want to hear. Do you stop saying your creed because you've learned it? For love will mean something else then. Now it says, 'I've chosen you. I want you.' Then it would be, 'You are all I thought; yes, more! You are sweeter, fairer. I am grown closer to you.' But you won't say it, and I, if I'm clever, shall never beg you to."

"Not say it? Why sha'n't I say it?"

"Truly, Tom, I don't know! Just because men don't. I've observed them. They can't, after twelve months. It's morally impossible. You get used to joy as you do to the sunset. I notice you don't write poems to the clouds in the west. You just take your pipe out of your mouth long enough to remark, 'By George!' and then go on smoking. But you prize the sunset just the same."

"I see. I'm not clever, but I can understand. Some men do talk about the sunset. They make poems, and gabble everlastingly. You don't like my kind, that's all."

"Not like your kind? I adore it. You're just plain man. Them's the jockeys for me. (Oh, don't look at me owlishly, with your grand air! It's a quotation, and I'm stark mad to-night. I'll quote what I please, if it hits the prayer-book.) I love your kind, and you supremest. But I don't expect you to be articulate. You won't be. You can't."

"Now, it's no fair. I won't play. It seems to me I've spent the last ten months in telling you that one thing—I love you. And I'm ready for the home stretch: ten years, twenty, sixty!"

"Dear one, how good you are! But it won't avail us. You think you'll go on saying that baby catechism; but you won't. That's the A-B-C; you'll clamor for Third Readers. And believe me, I wouldn't have you other than your kind. Marry a pioneer? Not I! The van of human-racing's not for me. Only, as I say, you shall be left to your silence. You sha'n't be nagged. Not you!"

"What next? Read us the prohibitory statutes."

"Margaret enlightening the world! Well, I will. I'd tell you the scheme of creation to-night, if I knew it. Rule two: I shall never criticise you."

"Then how shall I know when I offend?"

"You won't, but we must both put up with that, both of us. It will be more or less stultifying, and we sha'n't breathe quite so freely, living in a fog. But that's of course. You must criticise me, you know, and I shall change—like a chameleon. That's woman's way. It distinctly isn't man's."

"Do you mean to tell me a man can't stand up and listen to his faults, and—yes, by Jove, be glad to listen?"

"My lord, no! not from the creature nearest him. Perhaps it savors too much of a house divided against itself, and he dreads the roof about his ears. I've observed that, also. If somebody who is not your wife reproves you with a pretty pout, you say she's fastidious, and it makes you fain to climb. But madam! she's a shrew. Away with her to the pond!"

"And so there is not to be the most perfect confidence between us? We are not to think aloud, lay our hearts bare."

"Not by any manner of means! We are to live in little citadels of rose-colored reserve. I'm to say to myself, 'In all the big things of life—all the things that matter—he's perfection. Let the little ones buzz about my ears like gnats. They won't sting me—*much*—and if they do, pray Heaven he doesn't see the scar!' A fair cheek or no favor! But do you know what will happen?"

"An earthquake, I should hope. Or thunder! Anything to clear the air."

"We shall live together fifty years in unbroken tranquillity, and you never will know you've married a whirlwind. Then some day I shall do just what I have to-night. I shall say, 'Tom, I hate, *hate* to have you wear side-whiskers.'"

"But I don't!"

"Child, that's only an illustration. I wasn't born literary, but I hope I know where to find a metaphor at need. 'I loathe your great-grandmother's picture. I'm unspeakably nervous when you play the fife after ten o'clock. I detest your habit of plaid trousers!'"

"And all these things could have been amended fifty years before, if you'd only spoken up, and said so!"

"Yes, Tom, so it appears to you now, and so it would appear to me then, or I shouldn't speak at all. I should be deluded by the strange thing we call a sense of justice, that rises up in us and cries, 'You have no business to let me be bothered by the midges you could sweep away with a breath!' And next day, bewailing my lost bower, what do you think I should do?"

"I'm at the point now where I don't know what anybody would do. Go on, you queer woman-thing!"

"I should curl up close to you, and tell you I was nervous and had a headache. And all the rest of my life I should try to make you forget."

"But all that isn't fair, Margaret. It isn't square dealing between man and man."

"Ah, but it isn't man to man. It's man and woman. That's what complicates it."

"I don't care. There ought to be rules to hit our common humanity; they should work both ways. You expect me to know things by intuition, and do things I can't see. Is it fair?"

"Not a bit. But I'm going to do things I *do* see, for reasons I want to kick over the moon. It's as broad as it is long."

"What reasons?"

"Well, reasons I respect awfully in the main, but which are like sackcloth in the wearing. You see, really and truly, Tom, I do reverence you beyond belief; and that reverence must go into the detail I hate. It must even keep me from revolt when you stroke my fur crosswise. It must make me finely courteous to you—always—always. It must make me vow I will exact nothing."

"But suppose I think you've a right to exact?"

"Ah, that shows how dear you are, but it makes it no more possible to do it. If I am a wise woman, I shall refrain. The soul is an awful goddess, Tom. We don't talk about her much, but she's there just the same. Stay outside the veil, and she'll whisper to you all day long; but invade her shrine, and she slips away. Worship her, and she'll follow; hunt her home, and you've lost her. It's because she's so shy and sweet that when you seem to change to me, I sha'n't say, 'Why?'"

"When I change! How queer it sounds!"

"When you *seem* to change! When I've lived near you so long that you forget whose breath it is, they mingle so. Then I shall stay beside you very softly, never once saying, 'You used to do thus and so.' I shall realize you're turning, growing, stretching up, and pray the Almighty, who contains us both, that I may grow too, and that our new branches mingle. You shall be free, dear one. There shall be no shadow of a bond."

"But I want bonds. I exult in them, when it's you. I demand them."

"Ah, so do I! and the outer ones—the

ones of inner honor, too—we shall reverence beyond words. We shall keep every jot and tittle of the sacred law. But, nevertheless, we shall guard the soul inviolate. She shall have her wings."

"So there are days when we do not really meet!

"Yes; days when you, monsieur, do not appear at the rendezvous. It's woman's sneaking habit to be always there. And on those days, when you are five-sixteenths indifferent to me, I shall become—another Margaret. I shall put on doublet and hose. Do you know, I've always wanted to write an essay entitled 'Concerning the Art of Being a Man'? For we've that to learn of you. When you are in trouble or perplexity, and your castle falls about your ears, what do you do? Go out into the world, and try to forget. But we! we sit and mull at home, growing sodden with tears. We think it a species of disloyalty to put our grief in a precious box and hand it back to Almighty God to keep for us, while we try to beguile our minds. But I have learned the formula. I know! When you drop away from me ever so little, I shall go out—out—anywhere; under the sky, among people. I shall try to find some joyance with my kind, and then, if I come back and we renew ours together, so much the happier I."

"Margaret, you have put me miles away."

"Yes; isn't it cold and dreadful—for a minute? But that doesn't last. It's the only way to be near together. If we clutch and cling, we sha'n't get anything but the air. If we reverence each other—serve each other—why, some day we shall realize that, as much as two souls can be, we are fused into one."

He sat looking at her in amazement. Her face was white and passionate. The hands he held had grown very cold.

"Margaret," he said, "how do you know all these things? Marriage—*my* marriage—is a simple enough state, full of happiness, content. You've been studying the internal polity. Where did you get your data? Does it come to round, silky-headed things unsought?"

The woman-look came into her eyes, the look of brooding and perhaps premonitory pain. She shook her head sadly, and smiled.

"We know lots of things we're never told," she said—"things like these. Sometimes I think we evolved them through all the generations when you went to war and we stayed at home and mused over the cradle. It's our kingdom, really, you see, Tom. You're only Prince Consort. Don't you know that's why we're so pathetically different? It's a wonder we can speak a syllable of the same language. Our life has been all within for so many years that we keep the habit of secret, complex living yet. You must be patient with us. We spend our days hewing out our own crosses; you must come and give us drink."

She shook her head, with a very solemn look from far away.

"There's one pitfall," she said, "from which not even wisdom shall save me. Have I not learned the fallacy of wholesale betrayal? Have I not seen the woman sink and fail who throws away restraint and owns her worship? If she had kept one little fortress of reserve! If he had thought there was some inch of her he could not win! But no, poor princess! She pours her dowry down before him, and then walks beggared. If I could convince you that I should live if you deserted me! But no! I've told you I shall not, and I shall tell you yet again."

Silence fell between them, and in its hush she seemed to waken from another state—an unfamiliar one. She looked at him apprehensively; she shrank a little from his glance.

"And after all," he said, at last, "I haven't known you a bit. I didn't guess you had these thoughts, half-fears, half-tremors. Why, Margaret, you make me wonder whether you really will be glad!"

She stopped him, not by a word, but a swift curling up against his breast. He forgot what he was beginning to think, and gathered the whole sweet burden of her into his arms. She laid her cheek against his, and whispered to him divinely:

"What did I say, love? Forget it. These things don't matter. Nothing does but you. I'm not myself to-night. My head aches a little, and I'm nervous."

The formula rang familiar in his ear. It seemed to him he might have heard it, not long before; yet, when he looked down into her eyes, they were clear wells of shining light, and he found only his own image there. But as they sat thinking over the dear new world to be born to-morrow, another thrill of memory wakened in his brain. The tendency of their talk looked to him all of a piece.

"Dear!" he said. "Dear!" Then he stopped. Something was glimmering before him, vague though palpable. Suddenly the outlined vision rose and took its shape to his mind's eye.

"Margaret," said he, "seems to me we've both been trying the boot on one foot. My faults, and how to weather them! I don't want to say it, but—how about *your* faults, dear?"

She pushed herself back at arm's length, her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes widened in a lovely and unreasoning terror.

"Why, Tom," said she, "you said—you've often said—I haven't any!"

He put her hands passionately to his lips.

"And it's true," he vowed. "It's God's truth. You haven't one."

They sat there still, knowing the unknown country was before them, and they were not afraid. At least the man was not; but the woman shivered a little, now and then. She was not adventurous, and she had chanced upon the bones of other travelers.

The Seven Ages of Man: Old Age[1]

By Lyman Abbott

IN the memorial window at Stratford-on-Avon the seventh and last age of man is represented by a picture of Isaac propped up in his bed, while Jacob is deceiving him. I would rather have chosen the life of Moses, his natural force not abated, his eye undimmed, although many years had passed over his head and much service he had rendered, going out alone from his people, and entering into that loneliness which is characteristic of old age when one after another of the companions of life have dropped off from him. Or I would have taken the appeal of Samuel to the people, Have I defrauded any of you? have I taken any bribes? have I rendered any unjust judgment?—and receiving the generous testimony of all the people to his faithful and undeviating service. Or I would have taken the old age of David, recounting in that memorable psalm of his the mercies of God which had accompanied him through all the years of his pilgrimage, forecasting death, and giving directions how the government should be administered after he had gone from the earth. Or I would have taken, perhaps best of all, the old age of Paul, the missionary of the Gospel, chained to a soldier in Rome, awaiting his martyrdom, gladly looking back in memories over the past, peaceful in his captivity and his confinement in the present, and joyously anticipating his redemption and his glorification in the future.

For youth is not the happiest time of life, but old age the happiest, if youth and manhood have been well spent. You are not to think that to-night I am addressing old men only; if I am to tell you how to grow old gracefully, I must tell you at the beginning of life; for no man can grow old gracefully unless he begins early. He may grow old submissively, resignedly, patiently; but he cannot grow old gloriously and joyously, so that his last days are his happiest days and his best days, if his youth has been wasted and his manhood misspent.

A graceful and blessed old age must have three elements in it; a happy retrospect, a peaceful present, and an inspiring future. And old age cannot have either one of these three if the youth has been wasted and manhood has been misspent. "I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, for I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness"—a blessed retrospect, a peaceful present, an inspiring future.

Let us look at them separately.

The graceful and happy old age must have a happy retrospect. A man may indeed enter into old age and in oblivion forget somewhat of the past, but not if his memory is preserved to him. The old man lives in the past, and if his past is full of wasted hours and misspent opportunities, then those memories must be full of bitterness. It cannot be otherwise. The happy old man looks back along the path of gladness; the memories of that past gather round him and inspire his heart with rejoicings. So the old man looks at life as David looked at it and recounts the mercies of God that have accompanied him all his way-so he looks at it as Samuel looked at it, and remembers with gladness that he has been faithful to his trust, to his people, and turns to his children and to his grandchildren, and appeals to them to bear witness to his fidelity; so he looks upon it as Paul looked back upon his, with the sense of a service faithfully rendered to the Father whom he loves and to the Saviour whom he follows; so he looks back upon it as Moses looks back, and, looking forward and seeing that his children and his grandchildren will enter into the inheritance into which he cannot enter, nevertheless rejoices that his service has prepared that inheritance for them.

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[1] A series of Sabbath-evening sermons preached in Plymouth Church, stenographically reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author. For previous sermons in this series see issues for July 23 and 30, and August 6, 13, 20, and 27.

A man may face death as the penitent thief faced it; the memories that come out of the past may come hounding him like ghosts; and still the voice of Christ may break a way through them, and give deliverance. But that is not the graceful old age. It is only an old age that can be endured. Even the old man who looks back on a faithful life will remember blunders, but he will allay regret because he will be able to say, I have learned wisdom by my mistakes; his sins will rise up against him, but he will be able to allay remorse, because he will say, Though I fell into sin, nevertheless I fought against it. So his memories of the past will make his last days rich days.

And his present will be a blessed one. He will not have wasted his substance in his youth; he will have laid up something for this time of old age, so that he will not have to toil as though he had not made provision. He will not have wasted passions and appetites, and nothing else; he will have gotten control of the appetite and the passion; so there will come the peace, not of a man whose life has died and left nothing but ashes, but of one who has become victor over his enemy and made his enemy itself his servant and friend. He will have fought a good fight. And the doubts of his youth will have flown away as the ghosts fly at the crowing of the cock. For our doubts are the product of our spiritual ignorance and unculture. He who has had many years pass over his head, and in those years has been living for the world, will have been laying up for himself a greater skepticism when age comes upon him. But he who has been living in the eternal world, he who has been making the world serve him, he who has been keeping his heart open to the Eternal and the Infinite, he who has been walking with his Father, will find the riddle of life less a riddle, the perplexity of life less a perplexity—he will perhaps know less than he thought he knew when he was a boy, but life will be clearer and better. In the summer the leaves hang on all the boughs, and as you stand in your country home you can get but a glimpse of the river or mountain that lies beyond the river; but when the fall has come, and the leaves are withered, and the winds have come and swept them all away and the trees stand bare, the river lies shining before you and the mountains rise up clear-marked in the autumn air. So when one after another of the things in life that did shield and surround you, and that you rejoiced in, have been swept away, and the trees in which your life is lived stand skeleton-like, if you have lived a life that has given you insight and outsight, you will see all the clearer because life seems barren, and the river of life will shimmer before you and the mountain of God stand clear-cut against the sky.

And so this man who has lived this life of temperance and probity and honor and service, and has all the flocking memories ministering to him, and has in the present all the sweet consciousness of God and immortality abiding with him, he will look forward into the future without fear, nay, with hope. "I am already being offered." If one's life has been one long self-sacrifice, why not rejoice when the sacrifice comes to its consummation and we see that it has not been offered in vain? If one has been living that life of Christly consecration and self-sacrifice, then this word, "I am already being offered," will come as a celestial anthem. He will live in the future; he will live in his children and in his grandchildren; he will project himself into them, as it were. Sometimes men in middle life grow impatient of children; but good old men never. They love the little children; and the grandmothers are more indulgent to the grandchildren than as mothers they were to their own offspring, because the old men and the old women come back again into their children and live their lives over again in them. But, more than that, God will renew his old man's youth. This old man will look forward and upward, and the life that is beyond will become near, and his heart will be more exhilarated at times than ever his heart was in his childhood. Do you remember those four pictures of Coles?—the Voyage of Life? The first, the babe in the cradle coming out from the mystic cave, with an angel holding the tiller in the hand; the second, the young man standing in his boat and holding the tiller himself, while before him there is that impossible castle in the air which his imagination has built, toward which he is looking; the third, the man in middle life coming to the very edge of a great cataract, the clouds above black and the lightning flashing out of them, while he stands firm and strong, with a courageous hand upon the tiller; and, last of all, the boat upon the smooth bosom of the river, as a child rests its head upon the bosom of its mother, and before him, not the dreams of childhood, but through the rift of clouds the angels calling him up and on. Only he grows old gracefully who has seen that vision and steered toward it, and in the time of tempest and peril has kept a firm hand on the tiller and a courageous heart in his bosom.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Is this Shakespeare's view of life? No! It is Shakespeare's representation of the cynic's view of life. And you might almost class it with the words of that other dramatic cynic, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Yes, it is to the cynic. But not so does Christian faith view life. It sees the child in the bulrushes, God's special care; it sees the boy brought up to the Temple and there given to God; it sees the youth kindled with love by woman's love, and first beginning the real full life when woman has taken him to herself and enriched his life with her love and crowned him therewith; it sees the soldier going forth like Joshua, not seeking bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, but armed with courage for God and his native land; it sees the man of middle life judging justly, learning experience from all the past and giving experience to others; it sees the patriarch gathering the children and the grandchildren about him and making a hospitable home, foundation and center of all life, fruitful in all love; it sees the old age that is birth into a new life, the happiest of all, glorious in memories of past achievement, the present all peaceful, the future all radiant with hope awaiting coronation in the world to come. God grant that we may so live our life that we may thus grow old gracefully!

In Many Ways

God speaks to hearts of men in many ways:
Some the red banner of the rising sun,
Spread o'er the snow-clad hills, has taught his praise;
Some the sweet silence when the day is done;
Some, after loveless lives, at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's gaze;
And some have found him where low rafters ring
To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers;
And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years;
And some not less are his, who vainly sought
His voice, and with his silence have been taught,—
Who bore his chains who bade them to be bound,
And at the end in finding not have found.

—*The Spectator.*

Books and Authors

Tolstoï's "What is Art?"[1]

Tolstoï's "What is Art?" is presented in the English translation, the author tells us, "for the first time in its true form." The editions issued in Russia, he says, have been so much mutilated by the censor that the author requests all who are interested in his views to judge of them only by the work in its present shape. The mutilations which it has previously suffered have been not merely in the exclusion of expressions which he had used, but also in the insertion of some which he had not used. What he had said upon "church religion," for example, was so worded as to seem to refer to the Western Church only, and not the Greek Church; while his disapproval of luxurious living was made to apply, not to present queens and emperors, but to the Cæsars or the Neros. So with his remarks about the private ownership of land; he was allowed to condemn such concentration of ownership as exists in England, but not such as exists in Russia. These alterations, however, did not, so far as we can see, affect at all the essence of his doctrine respecting art. The usual definitions of art, as he points out in his introductory chapters, nearly all center in the beauty which is exhibited or the pleasure which is afforded. Tolstoï shows that much of the highest art does not exhibit beauty or afford pleasure in any natural use of those words. Véron's definition that art is the expression of emotion through external manifestations comes nearer the mark, he thinks, but misses it by classing as art expressions of emotion which fail to kindle the same emotion in others. "Art," says Tolstoï, "is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are affected by these feelings and also experience them." Whatever is rightly called art, whether in literature or in music or in painting or in oratory, has this common characteristic, that through it the artist has expressed an emotion in such a way as to awaken it in others, and unite them with him in a community of feeling.

From this fundamental and satisfactory definition Tolstoï logically goes on to declare that the art which communicates to others the highest and best emotions is the highest and best art; and that that which communicates to others the lowest and degrading emotions is bad art, and unworthy of preservation among men, no matter what beauty it depicts or pleasure it affords. This deduction is really the core of his teaching, for his book, though nominally upon art, is really upon morality. The creed "Art for art's sake" he condemns with all the vigor of his moral nature; over against it he holds up his ideal of art for humanity's sake. Art, he says, brings men into a community of feeling, and the true mission of art is to bring the human race to a sense of its unity with God, and the unity of all its members. Any art which does not directly fulfill this mission he regards with the same religious distrust as did the Puritans and the Quakers in the days of their primitive zeal. Mere delight in beauty seems to him, as to them, an emotion that may lead men away from that which is best. Art should be the expression of religion, and the true art of our day should express that which is vital in the religion of our day. The essence of the religious life of to-day, he says, is the recognition of every man's sonship with God and brotherhood with his fellows. The term Christian art, therefore, can be applied only to art which unites men with God and with one another. Most of the art which now passes for such, especially the ecclesiastical art, he declares to be neither Christian in the primary sense of uniting men with God, nor in the secondary sense of uniting them with one another. It does not unite them to God because the artists have not themselves felt the emotion which their art should awaken. It does not, as a rule, unite men with one another, but rather unites those of a class, to the exclusion of the great mass, and thus serves to separate men from one another. Many of the illustrations which he gives of his artistic creed are full of penetrating criticism and inspiring suggestion. Sometimes, however, as was inevitable, his personal crotchets mar his presentation of his doctrine, as when he condemns the art of Wagner by declaring that Wagner's predetermination to adjust his musical work to the demand of his poetry destroyed all possibility of creative power and necessarily resulted, not in art, but only in imitation of art. That Tolstoï himself does not think this is made clear upon another page, where, after speaking of the religious meaninglessness of Vasnetsoff's ecclesiastical pictures, he declares that the little picture which Vasnetsoff drew for Turgenief's story of the crane, expressing the father's pity for the bird he had killed, is true art. In this picture, as in Wagner's music, the story made a demand upon the artist; but because the artist expresses a feeling into which Tolstoï entered, he pronounces it art, whereas in Wagner's case he does not.

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[1] *What is Art?* By Leo Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian by Aylmer Maude. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending August 19. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Labor Co-partnership, by Henry D. Lloyd, is a spirited account of that portion of the co-operative enterprises in England in which the workmen share in the ownership and management. The extent of these enterprises is a matter of which the best-informed economists have had little conception. When we read, in Mr. Lloyd's account, of towns of five thousand families where there are four thousand co-operators, it seems as if industrial democracy were nearer than we have dreamed. Unfortunately, Mr. Lloyd begins his book with chapters upon co-operation in agriculture. The experiments here are described at second-hand from official reports, or speeches at co-operative congresses, and give no insight into the co-operative spirit among workers necessary to the vitality of the movement. Indeed, this agricultural movement (which, Mr. Lloyd frankly states, has had nearly as many failures as successes) seems to be co-operation in which the workingmen have done singularly little co-operating. The experiments inaugurated by Mr. Plunkett in Ireland (though they have sensibly covered the field of dairy-farming) have the flavor of philanthropic undertakings rather than movements from the laborer, for the laborer, by the laborer, which labor co-partnership is supposed to indicate. When, however, Mr. Lloyd comes to describe the co-operative works at Kettering, where great undertakings, managed by the laborers, have grown out of the soil, we have a vision of something which may transform industrial life. Mr. Lloyd's style also rises with his theme, and here we have work on a par with that wrought in "Wealth Against Commonwealth." At Kettering, "co-operation" went through its normal growth, from co-operative stores to co-operative workshops, from co-operative workshops to collectively owned homes for the operators, and, finally, from collectively owned homes to a co-operative farm, from which their homes might receive their supplies. The great successes in these enterprises came out of great sacrifices at the beginning for the accomplishment of what seemed very humble ends. The chapter is one to inspire workers in every kind of reform. In a natural way, the success of labor co-partnership has led to imitations in which the form appears but the spirit is lacking. Thus, one of the London gas companies, in its effort to defeat the labor union and make the laborers more dependent upon itself, has established co-partnership features, such as the election of two well-to-do workmen among the directors of the company. Mr. Lloyd's book will furnish encouragement to all who have hope for industrial democracy. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Paternal State in France and Germany, by Henry Gaullieur, is a book written to show that the demand of the working classes for State interference in industrial affairs is a demand for the same kind of paternalism that has kept the working people of France and Germany upon a lower level than those of England and America. Mr. Gaullieur was born in France and educated in Germany, and he speaks with knowledge, with feeling, and with power of the lack of enterprise, the lack of spirit, the lack of intelligence, the lack of manhood, that have been the outcome of the omnipresent direction of the individual by the State. His chapters upon Germany are written with strong feeling, and should be read by those who are preaching that German civilization is on as high a level as our own. It is, indeed, a Frenchman who speaks of German "innate servility and apathetic submissiveness," but no one who reads of the immoralities and cruelties of the petty despotisms in Germany, up to a recent period, can deny that Mr. Gaullieur's strong words have some justification. Where his book fails is in its assumption that because State management, when introduced from above, against the wishes and even the protests of the working people, resulted in destroying their independence and mental alertness, these same results will follow from State interference demanded by the working people and directed in all respects by their expressed wishes. The democratization of industry may produce bad economic results, but it certainly will not result in the apathy of the working classes called upon to exercise the management. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

George William Curtis maintained, through the greater part of his life, a peculiarly warm friendship for Dr. John S. Dwight, the musical critic and journalist, who was one of Mr. Curtis's instructors at Brook Farm. The volume somewhat awkwardly entitled *Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight* includes about sixty letters in all, perhaps one-third of which are late, rather than early, letters. Naturally, these epistles deal very largely with matters relating to art and music; and, as all readers of "The Easy Chair" know, Mr. Curtis never spoke on these topics without saying something that was of deep interest and suggestiveness. The character and admirable qualities of Mr. Curtis are strikingly brought out in these letters, which are simple, unaffected, and without the slightest pretension. The editor of the book, Mr. George Willis Cooke, furnishes, in the first third of the volume, a readable account of the Brook Farm experiment, gathering up from many sources incidents and records which bring out into a cheerful light its social as well as its philosophic peculiarities. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

For mid-August, the week has been prolific of poetry. Four slender volumes reach our desk—Mr. Charles D. Roberts's *New York Nocturnes* (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston, Mass.), Mr. Bliss Carman's *By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies* (same publishers), Mrs. Julia P. Dabney's *Songs of Destiny, and Others* (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), and Lucien V Rule's *The Shrine of Love* (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago). Of these volumes we should say that Mr. Carman's has the most art, Mr. Roberts's the most feeling, Mrs. Dabney's the most passion, and Mr. Rule's the most natural simplicity.

A beautifully printed edition of Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* has been made with exquisite taste by The Roycroft Shop, which, as the title-page reiterates, "is in East Aurora, New York, U. S. A." The form is a pleasing quarto, the page delightful to the eye and large of margin, the type clear though with an antique face, while the book has illuminated initials, decorative side-titles and ornaments. This volume is a credit to the press from which it issues. Goldsmith's poem is preceded by one of Mr. Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys," this one being an account of "Sweet Auburn." As usual, Mr. Hubbard is vivacious and readable, although somewhat jauntily patronizing.

The latest published volume of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray contains the *Sketch Books*—that is, the "Irish Sketch Book," the "Paris Sketch Book," and the "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," besides a few lesser sketches. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) The introduction by Mrs. Ritchie is equal in interest to those of the preceding volumes, and gives us glimpses of Thackeray before his day of success had come, and while he was cheerfully meeting petty annoyances. Several drawings from Thackeray's pen, not before printed, add to the interest.

The novels of Mrs. Sarah Pratt McLean Greene are quite unclassifiable. They violate the ordinary rules of fiction at every turn, and are frequently improbable in situation and talk; yet it must be admitted that they are always vivacious, always bring out salient traits of human nature, and always have a strong feeling behind them. Her latest story is called *The Moral Imbeciles*, and one's only objection to the title is that most of the people so termed hardly live up to the evil reputation bestowed upon them, as they are peculiarly amenable to every good influence. The book has no claim to a high rank in fiction, but it is distinctly entertaining. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Science popularized for spiritual profit is a summary description of a most entertaining little book by Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, entitled *Among the Forces*. Its thirty-two short chapters deal with the wonderful forces and phenomena of nature, from the tides to the cosmic ether, and from the beach-grass of Cape Cod to the Cañon of the Colorado, in a sprightly, story-telling style, chastened by the religious spirit that looks through nature up to nature's God. Dr. Warren holds, with some of the most eminent physicists, to a spiritual interpretation of "matter." (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

A *Guide to True Religion*, by the Rev. P. Woods, is written from a historical point of view, to show that true religion can be fully realized only in faithful communion with the Catholic Church, in the Roman sense of the term. Its argument would have been strengthened, as we think, for readers at once educated and open-minded, had the author ingenuously confessed, what no candid Catholic scholar will deny, that the moral corruption of the Church in the fourteenth century (see Dante) and subsequently was among the "things tending to the great secession in the sixteenth century," which Protestants call the Reformation. But from the author's statement that sensuality impelled Luther to exchange celibacy for marriage we conclude that his design is rather to confirm Catholics than to convert Protestants. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.)

Looking unto Jesus, or Christ in Type and Antitype, by Uriah Smith, sets forth the doctrines of the Seventh-Day Adventists—an extreme type of Judaic Christianity. The error of expecting that the world would come to an end in 1844 has been corrected by a fresh interpretation of Daniel. According to this, the judgment described in Daniel vii., 9, 10—an investigation to discover who are to be saved and who are to perish at the advent of Christ—began in the heavenly sanctuary in 1844, to continue for but "one generation." (Review and Herald Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Quaint Thoughts of an Old-Time Army Chaplain consists of fifty selections from Thomas Fuller's "Good Thoughts for Bad Times," an edition of which (now out of print) was published during our civil war. Fuller was an army chaplain during the British civil war in the seventeenth century, as wise and witty as he was devout and brave. It was a happy thought of the editor of this booklet, Belle M. Brain, to compile and dedicate it "to the brave and loyal soldiers and sailors of '98." (United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston.)

Lietrary Notes

—Henryk Sienkiewicz, the great Polish novelist, will visit this country, arriving next month.

—The trustees of Lincoln University, at Springfield, Ill., have elected Professor Robert H. Crowell, of Amherst College, as Professor of Languages in Lincoln University.

—General Havelock, the hero of the Indian Mutiny, is to be the subject of a new and exhaustive biography, for which the General's son, the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, left a great deal of valuable and heretofore unused material.

—M. Falguière is intrusted with the commission of the French Society of Authors to make a statue of Balzac, to take the place of the rejected model by Rodin. It is hoped to have it ready for the hundredth anniversary of Balzac's birth, in May, 1899.

—Lord Roberts's work, "Forty-one Years in India: from Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief," which was first published in January of last year, has had an almost unprecedented sale, twenty-nine editions having been called for in England since its first appearance.

—Jules Barbier, the veteran playwright and librettist, has sent in his resignation as an officer of the Legion of Honor, on account of the recent suspension of Émile Zola by the Council of the Legion. In his letter he says: "I feel as much pleasure in returning my officer's rosette as I did in receiving it."

—Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III. of England, and wife of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, wrote, when she was an old lady, a quantity of homely and amusing letters to an Englishwoman, Louisa Swinburne. These letters have been gathered into a volume, which will be published during the coming season.

—C. Norris Matthews, the librarian of Bristol, England, has made an interesting discovery. Among a great number of parcels in the lumber-room of the library he has found a grand folio of St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," printed in Basle in 1479; Peter Martyr's "De Orbe Novo Decades," containing the earliest printed data of Cabot's voyages; and another work, with notes supposed to be by the hand of Chatterton.

Books Received

For the week ending August 26

JOHN LANE, NEW YORK

Buchan, John. John Burnet of Barns. $1.50.

JOHN LEVERETT, UPPER ALTON, ILL.

Chipman, George E. Outlines of Modern International Law. 25 cts.

MARLIER, CALLANAN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

O'Neil, J. L., Rev. John Savonarola. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Sombart, Werner. Socialism and the Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century. $1.25.

Cheyne, T. K., Rev. Jewish Religious Life After the Exile. (American Lectures on the History of Religions.) $1.50.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Henderson, Alice Palmer. The Rainbow's End: Alaska.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Whyte, Alexander. William Law—Character and Characteristics of. $1.50

The Religious World

The Northfield Conference

Mr. Moody's annual Bible Conference at Northfield during the first half of August has this year fully equaled the best of its many predecessors, and in point of numbers and time has gone beyond them. Its essential character as a retreat for the deepening of spiritual life has attracted many more ministers than heretofore. Among the numerous addresses, those given daily by the Revs. G. C. Morgan and G. H. C. Macgregor, of London, were peculiarly impressive. These well-known representatives of the English "Keswick teaching" portray the Christian life as a life of full self-surrender to the Holy Spirit in the closest personal fellowship with Christ. Mr. Moody, who presided at most of the meetings, was at his best, whether in brief remarks or in extended addresses. Among other speakers were Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the veteran missionary, the Revs. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, and C. I. Scofield, of East Northfield, and Dr. T. S. Hamlin, of Washington. A larger number of young people than usual were in attendance this year. With reference especially to these, it seems to us that hearty recognition of the quickening given by these conferences to spiritual life is fully compatible with serious question whether more harm than good is likely to result from Mr. Moody's rash declarations, in the face of much Christian experience to the contrary, that one must hold to the story of Jonah and that of Noah's ark, Lot's wife, etc., as historical fact, or give up belief in Christ and his Gospel. Such declarations, groundless as they are, seem likely to provoke in youthful minds the skepticism they are intended to avert.

Enthusiasm for Foreign Missions

At the recent camp-meeting of the Christian Missionary Alliance at Old Orchard, Me., the Rev. A. B. Simpson raised $60,000 in one day for foreign missionary work. About $6,000 of this sum was given specifically for work in Cuba and the Philippines; $3,000 was given by a farmer, and represented, it is said, the savings of a life of toil. Some fifty young men and women are reported as volunteering for the missionary field. One of the tenets of the Alliance is that the advent of Christ is at hand, and it is not difficult to infer a greater readiness to part with property the possession of which is but for a little while. Nevertheless, in view of the other and much more substantial reasons for missionary enterprise—especially the humane motives for medical missions among nations scourged by the direst sufferings for lack of physicians, whose healing of the body might tend, as in Jesus's ministry, to the healing of souls—the enthusiasm shown by the Alliance deserves imitation by all Christians.

Shot in the Pulpit

An extreme case of the antagonism frequently shown in less violent ways by immoral preachers and church members among Southern negroes toward those of their own race who stand forth for a pure type of Christian teaching and conduct is related in a recent dispatch to the American Missionary Association. An attempt was made to murder the Rev. J. B. Fletcher, a Congregational minister and one of its missionaries, who was engaged in the organization of a Congregational church at Smiley, Georgia. While in the pulpit he was shot through the window and dangerously wounded, but is expected to recover. One of the assassins has been arrested. They are said to be officials of a colored Methodist church. Smiley is a settlement of ignorant and degraded negroes. The incident is said to illustrate the condition of things in a county which is not very far from as high civilization as can be found in the South—namely, Savannah. More positively, in our view, it emphasizes the fact that the most serious difficulties in the race problem at the South arise from the negroes themselves, and the need of generously sustaining educational work among them for the development of that type of manhood whose demand for the rights of manhood is sure of respect.

Interdenominational Comity

The Rev. R. F. Coyle, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church in Oakland, Cal., has made, as reported in several religious journals, some disparaging statements concerning denominational comity as preached and practiced on the Pacific coast, particularly by Congregationalists. Some feeling having been stirred by his utterances, Dr. Coyle, in reply to a request from the editor of the "Pacific" (a Congregational journal), has made a personal statement, from which it appears that while his remarks were "expanded and embellished by an enterprising interviewer," he still affirms that "comity is a humbug," and refers in proof to several recent cases. As to these cases, the detailed statements given by the "Pacific" leave us no room to doubt that Dr. Coyle's adverse opinion has no better basis than defective knowledge of the facts. The cases are closely analogous to a number in this vicinity of which we have personal knowledge, in which no accusation of lacking comity was ever brought, so far as we know. The last report of the Home Missionary Superintendent states that since 1892 there have been organized thirty-five Congregational churches which have received aid from his society. But of these all but three were in places where no other church existed, and none of the three others seem open to the charge of intrusion. Our own conclusion is that, while Dr. Coyle's opinion that "comity is a humbug" is hasty and thus far groundless, his frank expression of it may be promotive of comity by emphasizing the need of a considerate and fraternal treatment of every opportunity for the exhibition of comity.

The Anglican Church Controversy

The latest accounts indicate a subsidence of the public excitement, though not of the deep feeling, aroused by the controversy in and concerning the Anglican Church, and its prospective transference to the next session of Parliament. "The right of a legislature to control a State Church," writes a rector in the membership of the Liberal Churchman's Union, "cannot be a matter of doubt." This feeling seems to be shared by the lower ranks of society. The Central Committee of the Liverpool Workingmen's Conservative Association passed unanimously a resolution demanding that legislation should be enacted next session to enable the laity to secure prompt redress against lawlessness; to substitute deprivation for imprisonment as a punishment for such lawlessness; and to insure that no powers possessed by the bishops shall in any way prevent the laity from obtaining such redress by ordinary course of law. The policy of invoking legislative interference to curb the innovating practice of the clergy seems to be contemplated by the formation of a Layman's League at Liverpool "to put down lawlessness in the Church of England, and to secure the rights of the laity."

Rest for Father Ignatius

A matter of curious rather than important note is the recent ordination, after nearly forty years in Episcopal orders, of the Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne, better known as "Father Ignatius," and notorious for his invectives against the "infidelity" of such men as Bishop Brooks. His new orders have been derived from the Syrian Church of Antioch, "the original see of St. Peter," and were conferred by Mar Timotheos, whom the Patriarch of Antioch has appointed "Archbishop and Metropolitan for the Old Catholics of America." Mar Timotheos was formerly known as the Rev. Réné Vilatte, in the Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. The ordination took place in the monastery established by Father Ignatius at Llanthony, Wales, the postulant stipulating previously that he did not, in joining the Old Catholics, share their hostility to the Church of Rome. The Old Catholics, it would seem, are hopeful of gaining some advantage in England from the present dissensions in the Anglican Church.

Obituary Notes

While viewing with his family the naval parade of August 20, the Rev. Edward A. Bradley, the vicar of St. Agnes's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York, died suddenly of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-seven. Dr. Bradley began his ministry in 1865, as assistant in Calvary Church, New York, and subsequently labored in various parishes East and West, until he took charge of St. Agnes's in 1892, since when it has gathered a congregation of thirteen hundred communicants. Deservedly appreciated in his own communion as a pastor of marked executive ability, he was also highly esteemed in others as a man of catholic sympathies.

An equally serious loss has befallen the Episcopal Church in the death, announced by cable from Vienna, August 16, of the Rev. Charles R. Baker, D.D., rector of the Church of the Messiah in Brooklyn for the past twenty-five years, a man of much pastoral ability, intellectual power, and liberal spirit, who will be greatly missed. He was about a year younger than Dr. Bradley.

Correspondence

Bismarck and Gladstone

To the Editors of The Outlook:

There was one difference between Bismarck and Gladstone which was not referred to in your retrospect of the German statesman. From the close of the war with France till the time of his retirement, no man in Europe was so much trusted by the Governments of other nations as Bismarck. I do not know that there is another such instance in history. On the contrary, a Premier could not have been less trusted than Gladstone; not because his intentions were doubtful, but from his lack of good judgment in practical affairs. The reason for this is that Bismarck understood the character of his own time and acted in accordance with the laws of the universe; whereas Gladstone lacked penetration into the elements about him and acted according to fixed laws of his own creation. Neither can we say that this was owing to a higher moral standard, when we consider that in 1861 he eulogized Jefferson Davis as the founder of a new nation with a government based on slavery; that in 1870 he replied to King William's request to interfere for the prevention of the French war with the advice that the King of Prussia should humiliate himself to Louis Napoleon; and that in 1886 he proposed to turn six millions of people over to the tender mercies of an enormous Tammany ring.[1]

No political monstrosity like the Home Rule Bill has ever been proposed in the halls of Congress. Gladstone was a magnificent man in his way, but it was as an orator and a man of letters, not as a statesman. It is only in America and Ireland that any enthusiasm for him now exists. Few educated Englishmen consider him a great statesman, and the French Republicans continually refer to him as the leader who misled his own party.

If Bismarck had been the supporter of despotism that American journalists imagine, it is not likely that he would have been supported in his greatest enterprises by the German Liberals, who carried them through the Reichstag for him. Lasker was not a Liberal, but a Socialist in disguise and a Progressist. We have no class of people in America like the German Progressists; only isolated cases, such as the Garrisons and W. D. Howells. They are visionary and unpractical. English news writers, however, have described them as Liberals from malicious motives. No man in this century has been so misrepresented as Bismarck—intentionally in England, unintentionally in America. I have made a study of German politics and know the ground I stand on.

F. P. S.

Appeal of the Outdoor Recreation League

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outdoor Recreation League urgently appeals for funds for two open-air gymnasiums—one, called "Hudsonbank," situated at Fifty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, overlooking the Hudson River, and the other in the new small park on Hester Street.

For the former the League pays rent, and the work of equipment is almost completed. The latter is not yet begun, but, under date of August 1, in a communication from President George C. Clausen, of the Department of Parks, "permission is granted the Outdoor Recreation League to erect on that portion of William H. Seward Park bounded by East Broadway, Division, and Jefferson Streets, at its own expense, apparatus for a gymnasium and outdoor playground, and to maintain the same." The contractors are daily expected to complete the filling-in of the space allotted the League, and then the work of erecting the gymnasium will begin. An inspection of the work already done on the Hudsonbank grounds will convince the most skeptical that they should aid this cause, if, indeed, the benefits of outdoor gymnasiums to the boys and young men of these two exceptionally crowded districts are not self-evident.

That this first experiment of the kind in New York may be an assured success, and lead the municipality itself to follow the example of other cities and make such improvements in many other localities, the League's gymnasiums should be models in design, equipment, and management. Each one, with the attached playground, costs at least $1,000 to equip, besides the expense of maintenance. It is hoped, for the sake of the working lads and men, to light the gymnasiums by electricity, and keep them open in the evening until November 30. This work is now in the formative stage, and the measure of its usefulness depends upon the promptness of the public's response to this appeal. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Charles R. Lowell, Treasurer O. R. L., 120 East Thirtieth Street.

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[1] A well-known Harvard Professor inquired of John Bright why they did not take one or two of the Parnellites into the Government, and the old Quaker replied: "Why? Because there is not one of them whom we can trust."

Anglicanism and Protestantism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with particular interest the articles in your paper on "The Rift in the English Church." In your issue of the 20th inst. appear two letters, presumably on the subject, but really a defense of the deplorable condition of affairs brought about by (in the case of the first letter) the writer's co-apostates.

The question, "Is this Anglicanism?" is easily answered, No! The writer is not a good Anglican, not even a bad Roman, but what we call in England a Ritualist, or High Churchman, terms particularly repugnant to members of the Church of England. The English Church is understood to be Protestant as opposed to Roman Catholicism. The term is now applied to, and accepted by, all Western Christians who are not Roman Catholics, although it is disclaimed by some High Churchmen in England. The Sovereign, who is by law the Supreme Governor of the Church, promises to maintain the Protestant Reformed religion. I acknowledge that the term Protestant is objectionable to most Churchmen, but that is because, in a general sense, it ranks them with sectarians. I fail, and others must, to see where the absurdity is in speaking of Romanizing Anglicans. The Church of England is a branch of the Holy Catholic Church, as also is the Church of Rome, but where the difference lies every Churchman knows, and because the errors that crept into the Church of Rome are creeping into the Church of England it seems to me a perfectly logical term to use, and easily understandable.

To enunciate what Anglicans understand by errors in the Roman Communion would fill a volume; let the following from Article XIX. in our Prayer-Book satisfy that errors exist: "As the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." It is very natural that Englishmen are not anxious to become as the superstitious, priest-ridden plebeiance of Roman Catholic countries, and are thus resenting the innovations that are causing the present agitation, although no good Churchmen approve Mr. Kensit's method of correcting the abuses.

If by Ordinal the writer means "a book of directions for observance of the Mass," where is it in the Church of England? and where, too, in our present Prayer-Book is "Mass" spoken of?

One can quite understand that the writer of the letter I refer to is a member of a "very ritualistic church," since he can speak of the Church of England "sitting on a dunghill covered with filth;" but it is to be regretted that even the ritualistic church he attends does not dispense a little more grace and charity, and less false doctrine. Remember, "truth is the first requisite in a religious system," even in neo-Catholicism.

As one born and educated in the university town of Cambridge, and a resident of Oxford and London, I have had the opportunity of hearing opinions of, I think, more able men than your correspondent, who seems to be "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." F. R. B.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Children's War Relief League

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Children's War Relief League is an organization of young people co-operating with the work of the National Society of New England Women. Its object, as its name imports, is to raise funds for the sick or needy children of our soldiers, supply them with clothing, give them outings in the country, etc. The necessity for this work is as great as if not greater than ever; and as the autumn comes on, warm clothing and money are particularly needed. This work is not affected by the formal close of the war, since it will be months before the supporters of these little ones can, in many instances, return home; many have been killed, many are wounded or ill. Any child can become a member, and obtain all information by addressing Mrs. John C. Coleman, 100 Broadway, New York City, the President of the League. Clothing can be sent to Mrs. Coleman, at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City (rooms of War Relief Commission). Children have responded from many places outside of New York City, and it is earnestly hoped that our New York children will feel the responsibility of this patriotic work, and "lend a hand." X.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Does Dr. Abbott preach from manuscript, notes, or neither? 2. Does he practice administering water baptism? and, if so, to what extent? 3. Kindly explain last part of verse 11, first chapter of Acts. 4. Name a brief work on the different religions of the world. 5. What is the meaning of the word "Zuleika"? Byron uses it repeatedly. S.

1. From brief notes, if any; often without any. 2. He does. The Congregational Year-Book for 1897 reports for Plymouth Church seven adult baptisms and twenty-six of infants. 3. Comparison of various passages (Matthew xxiii., 34; Luke xiii., 35; Acts vii., 28; 2 Timothy iii., 8), in which the words here translated "in like manner as" occur, shows that they must be taken to signify a *real* but not a *formal* analogy. The return would be as real as the going, and as recognizable in respect to its reality as the going. The mistake is in inferring that the reality and its recognizableness must be in the form and not in the spirit only. 4. The briefest we know of is "Religion before Christianity," by Professor C. C. Everett (Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston, 25 cents). 5. The name of the heroine of Byron's "Bride of Abydos." Perhaps some reader can give its meaning.

1. Is there any ground for concluding that the Jews made the division into religious life and secular life that is made by the Roman Catholics? or any equivalent division? 2. If the Jews made that division, is there any reason why, in the expressions (Luke xvi., 8) *τὸν οἰκονόμον τῆς ἀδικίας* (9), *τοῦ μαμωνᾶ τῆς ἀδικίας* (xviii., 6), *ὁ κριτὴς τῆς ἀδικίας*, the word *ἀδικίας* should not be meant to describe the secular character of the life and not the personal character of the steward, or of the judge, or the quality of the money? C. H. P.

1. Hardly. The nearest thing to it was the community of the Essenes. 2. The word *ἀδικία* always carries a moral censure, very far from the spirit with which "the Son of man," who "came eating and drinking," viewed the secular life.

Can you inform me who was the winner of the prize offered by the Christian Social Union to theological students for the best essay on "The Duties of a Christian Minister in Relation to Social Problems"? If the contest has not yet been decided, can you inform me when a decision will probably be reached? J. F. M.

We cannot. Write for information to the Christian Social Union, Diocesan House, 1 Joy Street, Boston, Mass.

Where does this line occur, and who is the author?

"The light that never was on sea or land."

A. M. D.

From Wordsworth's "Peele Castle in a Storm."

Can you tell me the author and the poem containing lines like these?

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

A. B.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

What authority is there to prove that Christ used wine when he instituted "The Lord's Supper," the night of his betrayal? A. R. F.

See our note on this point on page 992, August 20.

To "R. R. R.," who inquires, July 2, for a book on Christ's method of teaching in the light of modern pedagogy, I would recommend "Christ the Teacher," by Professor Hinsdale, of Ann Arbor, Mich. D. V.

"E. S. R." will find Gladstone's "Prayer for a friend out of sight" in a copy of the "Churchman" published since his death. I cannot give the date. F. A. P.

Who is the author of the following quotation? "Love is the crown and the crucifixion of life, and proves thereby its own divinity."

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

"G. D. S." will find the lines he quotes in a poem delivered by N. P. Willis at the Yale Commencement in 1827. N. W. R.

About People

—The family of the Duke Robert of Parma is not likely to die out soon. A few weeks ago the eighteenth child was born to him.

—Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who became a priest a few years ago, has been appointed Bishop of Kulm, in West Prussia. The Prince is twenty-eight years of age.

—Solerius J. Geordiates, who has just received a permit to keep a fruit-stand in Chicago, is a Greek, and has been a professor of Greek in institutions in Europe and America.

—Count Herbert Bismarck has been returned to the Reichstag for the district of

Jerichow, in the Old Mark of Brandenburg, which his father represented in the United Diet, or first approach to a Prussian Parliament, in the year 1847.

—It is noted of Carolus Duran, the famous portrait-painter, that when, on a recent voyage, his ship picked up two shipwrecked men, he offered his promise to paint a portrait to the highest bidder on board, and then gave the money to the unfortunate mariners.

—Grant Duff relates in his "Diary" an amusing story of Darwin. One day Duff drove with a lady to the house of the great naturalist. The lady explained the state of her sight, which was very peculiar. "Ah! Lady Derby," said Darwin, "how I should like to dissect you!"

—A traveler who has lately returned from Athens says, according to the London "World," that, strangely enough, the Greeks, who not so long ago were shouting their favorite cry of "Down with the King! Out with his right eye!" have now returned to the most exaggerated loyalty, and King George has never enjoyed so much popularity since he came to the throne.

—It is related of Prince Bismarck, says the London "Morning Post," that he was inclined, in one of his later days, to "talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs," and that his companion delighted him by conjecturing that when the news of his death should be brought to the present Emperor his Majesty would exclaim: "I feel as though I had lost my grandfather for the third time."

—The Scotch reverence for Gladstone is displayed in this conversation between two Scotchmen reported by the "British Weekly:" One of them said, with much emphasis, "There hasna been a lawgiver equal to Mr. Gladstone since the day o' Moses." "Moses!" retorted the other; "Moses got the law gien tae him frae the Lord, but Mr. Gladstone makes laws oot o' his ain heed."

—Of Cardinal Angelo de Pietro, who is mentioned as a possible successor to Pope Leo XIII., it is told that he is the son of a shepherd of Enverons, Rome, and is already called the "Holy Man." He is seventy years old, and was educated for the priesthood by the bishop of his diocese. When he was a simple priest, visiting a certain monastery, an old monk threw himself on his knees and kissed the buckle of Pietro's shoe. The young priest, much taken aback, asked the reason for the demonstration. The monk, raising his eyes heavenward, said: "Father, when you are Pope I shall be dead, so I wish now to kiss your holy foot."

Bits of Fun

When a young man places the photo of a female inside the cover of his watch, it is a sure indication of a woman in the case.—*Adams Freeman.*

"Has Hagby any talents worth mentioning?" "Talents? I've known him to borrow one girl's horse and phaeton to take another girl out for a drive."—*Chicago Record.*

"The trouble with you is that you have been eating and drinking too much, and haven't taken enough exercise. What have you been doing lately?" "I've just come home from Santiago on sick leave."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mr. Carson, Q.C., addressing a jury yesterday said: "Gentlemen, the charges against my clients are only mares' nests, which have been traced to their birth, and are found to have had neither origin nor existence." Mr. Carson is a member of the English Bar, but he still remains an Irishman in speech.—*London Globe.*

In the Midst of Life.—Citizen—I hear Mr. Officeholder is dead. Statesman—Yes. He died five minutes ago. Citizen—I dislike to show any unseemly haste, but I desire to put in my application for appointment as his successor. Statesman—Walk into the other room and take your place in the line.—*New York Weekly.*

A certain strapping private is as good a soldier as ever munched hardtack, but he has no more sense of humor than the barrel of his gun. After the midday dinner, a lieutenant set him rather a difficult task, remarking, "If you accomplish that this afternoon, I shall say you may become as great a man as General Merritt." "Lieutenant," declared the private, very solemnly, "I'll do it this afternoon if it takes me till morning." —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A prominent German actor had fulfilled half of his "starring" engagement in the capital of a grand duchy, and as yet no recognition of his talents had been forthcoming in the shape of a decoration. Disgusted, the player announced his intention of departing the following morning. Early on that day the theater-intendant acquainted his grand-ducal master with what had happened. The conversation took place in the garden of the Schloss, situated on the road to the station, and suddenly an open carriage with the actor in it hove in sight. "Be quick!" said the Prince; "get me that box on my writing-table. If go he must, we'll at any rate try to satisfy him in his ambition." The intendant ran, and returned just as the vehicle passed the gates. "One moment, Herr B.," shouted the Prince; "here is something to remember me by." The actor bowed low, and went his way. In another moment, however, his conveyance reappeared at the gates. "There are two crosses, your Highness," he exclaimed. "Never mind," replied the Prince; "give the other to the coachman."—*Illustrated London News.*

For the Little People

Watch Out!

By Mary White

Suppose that all the clocks should strike
And then refuse to run
How should we tell the time of day?"
I asked my little son.
"When quick the rogue replied to me
His eyes with fun alight
We'd have to keep a watch out!"
And I think that he was right.

The Discovery of Dilsey

By Anne Weston Whitney

Tom, Dorothy's big brother, always said that she "discovered Dilsey," and the other children gave her great credit for doing so.

It happened while she was in the South, where the colored children she saw were of so much interest to her that she was always on the lookout for them. Dilsey was standing against a tree "with nothing to do" when Dorothy first "discovered" her, and Dorothy, seating herself on a bench, was soon listening to most wonderful tales of "Brer Rabbit," "Brer Fox,' and "Brer Turkle." They were a great deal better, she thought, than the Uncle Remus stories, because they were not read out of a book, and then Dilsey acted them out too.

Dorothy wondered why there were no colored children at the North who could tell such beautiful stories, and she asked Dilsey if she would not like to go there.

"I's gwine when I's leetle more bigger," said Dilsey, confidently, "an' den I gwine do fur an' wait on de white people same's yudder colored ladies; 'deed I is."

An idea suddenly occurred to Dorothy. Nurse Graham had gone home sick, and Mother was in despair, fearing Baby Walter would not allow a colored nurse to care for him. He would not be afraid of Dilsey, Dorothy knew, and there were a number of baby-carriages in the hotel grounds that were wheeled by just such colored girls. Dorothy stated the case to Dilsey, and the two girls went at once to Mrs. Dayton, Dorothy's mother. It is doubtful if even then Dilsey wou'd have been thoroughly "discovered" if Baby Walter had not crowed and laughed at her and wanted to go to her. And so Dilsey was engaged to make herself useful with all the children until another nurse could be engaged. And that was the way Dilsey "began to be discovered," Tom used to say in telling the story.

But Dilsey made herself so very useful that when the new nurse came from the North it was decided that there was enough for both to do, so Dilsey stayed on, to the great delight of the Dayton children. But the time came when they must go North, and the thought of losing Dilsey clouded the anticipated pleasure of being at home again.

"No one will ever tell us such beautiful stories as she does; can't we take her with us?" pleaded Dorothy; and then all the others took up the words and kept constantly repeating them, "Can't we take her with us?"

And Mrs. Dayton decided that they could take her; so Dilsey, who had no father nor mother to leave behind, went North before she had a chance to "grow a leetle more bigger."

When settled in her new home, she was sent to school; but it did seem hard to learn anything in books when there was so much to learn outside, where everything was new and strange. It was hard, too, always to go straight home, and never to stop and look.

One day she did stop. It was a monkey and a hand-organ that stopped her. The monkey danced and she danced, and she followed it from place to place, dancing and attracting crowds everywhere. At last the monkey and the organ were taken into a house, and Dilsey found that she did not know where she was. It was growing dark, and she did not know where to go. She was lost! As she did not know what else to do, she began to cry; and as no one could find out what was the matter, she was taken to a station-house. Here she was more terrified than ever, and when the matron tried to find out where she belonged, all she would say was:

"I disremembers! I disremembers!" throwing herself on the floor and refusing to be comforted.

Soon a telephone message came from another station-house, asking if a colored girl was there who had been lost or hurt. The Daytons were trying to find Dilsey.

"Ef dat comes ob disobeyin'," she said when she was back safe among the Dayton children, "I ain't never gwine disobey no more; 'deed I ain't! Reck'n dat monkey knowed I'se disobeyin'?"

Dolls of Many Lands

During the reign of Charles VI. of France, an Italian came into that country from Italy having ninety-six images of empresses and noble ladies packed in boxes. These images had been copied from coins. The man exhibited them for money in French villages and towns. At last he was invited to court to amuse the king. He told stories of his images. One of these so greatly pleased the king that he bought the image. Imitation by their followers wins the grace of kings, and soon all the images were sold to the members of the court. This, it is said, was the beginning of dolls in France. Doubtless the people of the court who bought the dolls had little children at home to whom the images were shown; that these little children were so charmed with the images as to beg to keep them is doubtless true.

The little girls in Japan have a feast-day called *Hina matsuri;* sometimes it is called the "Feast of Dolls." The shops are filled with dolls for several days before this feast-day, some of them very beautiful. When a daughter is born in Japan, two of these *hina* or images are bought for her, with which she plays when she is large enough, and which she takes to her husband's house when she is married, and gives to her children. These *hina* or images are dressed to represent the Mikado and his wife, and the Japanese nobles and their wives. On the day of the feast of the dolls all the family join in the festivities. The dolls of all ages possessed by the family are on exhibition, as well as the new dolls which are given by the fathers and mothers of Japan to their children, just as American fathers and mothers give them to their children at Christmas and birthdays. The day falls in April, when the peach-tree is in blossom. The house is decorated with the boughs, and one room is used to exhibit the family dolls. A great table is spread for the dolls, but the food is eaten in the evening by adult guests.

The little boys of Japan have as their festival "Flag Day." Now the shops show soldiers, heroes of Japan, and everything used in war. A little boy in Japan is made very happy by a set of these toys. When this day comes, the house is given over to an exhibition of these toys in the possession of the family. For the children of Japan do not destroy their toys; they pass from one generation to another. In Java the dolls represent historical and mythological characters, and children are taught history by the acting of these puppets.

Among our own Indians dolls are made of wood, usually, but sometimes of cloth, by the mothers. The play-house of the little Indian girl is the tepee, the only house she knows. The little Indian boys never play with dolls. Everywhere little girls have dolls, and play with them, imitating the life about them, and giving the name of some one they love or reverence to their dolls.

A Runaway Bear

Who would think of a bear-hunt in a park in the heart of a great city? But that is exactly what happened in Brooklyn not long ago. One of the bears escaped from the menagerie. This bear's name is Sallie. A policeman standing down the road was surprised to see her sitting on top of her cage. No amount of coaxing or sugar could persuade the bear to come down to the ground inside of the cage. She suddenly made a bound across the road and into the underbrush on the other side, and then began the trouble. What would happen if the children should see her, or if she should get out on the street! All the policemen, all the clerks in the park building, and all the men about the menagerie started off to hunt Sallie. They hunted and hunted, but could not find her. Suddenly there was a crash in the bushes on Lookout Hill. They surrounded the point, and at last got a noose around Sallie's neck. It took all the twenty men to get Sallie back into her own cage at the menagerie. The only person frightened was a man. No one else saw her in the park besides those who were searching for her.

The Home Club

The White Shibboleth

By Annie Nathan Meyer

I came home the other day utterly exhausted—body and mind—from a hunt after plain and simple clothes for my little girl. My husband, dear ignorant man, suggested that, since I failed to get what I wanted in the fashionable districts, I should try the cheaper emporiums of Third Avenue and Grand Street. But I have assured him that the problem of finding plain and simple clothes in the poorer quarters is even more hopeless. If, when I am shown children's dresses, I protest against yards of fine and exquisite lace, I should certainly protest more vehemently against yards of showy, thick, imitation lace. If I shrink from burdening my child with a huge, unsteady, blinding hat with rows of dainty embroidery and beautiful ribbon, I should as certainly shrink from the same thing trimmed with rows of coarse, heavy embroidery and cheap, showy ribbons.

Look about you at the babies of the poor people as they pass you in the Park. Are they dressed in clothes that will wear well? that are simple and neat and strong? Far from it. They are all decked out in a cheap and showy finery, as near an imitation as they can afford of our own babies. And, alas! since to keep such fineries clean presupposes a well-filled pocketbook, the result is that they are always as dirty as they are overdressed. And what right have we to preach and to tell these poor mothers that they should spend their hard-earned money in sensible clothes that will last? It is very easy to preach, but are there not many of us who are spending on the backs of our babies far more than we have any right to? Are we not all, with very few exceptions, straining every nerve to have our children appear modeled after the babies of wealthy parents? That is one of the demoralizing features of extravagance; there would not be so much harm in women of wealth spending their money upon clothes, if only the less well-to-do would refuse to imitate them; but it seems almost hopeless to try to arouse any independence of spirit in such matters. The habit of extravagance in dress affects every rung of the social ladder, and imposes unnecessary and shameful burdens upon those who are too frail to resist the mandates of fashion. Of course, in overdressing their children, I feel that even wealthy parents are doing wrong; they are influencing character in the wrong direction; they are making martinets and dolls of their little ones, who ought to be the freest of God's creatures; they are warping and hampering their natural development; but at least there are certain phases of the problem that do not concern them. When a mother in moderate circumstances attempts the same thing, the result is unequivocably bad from every possible point of view; it means that there is no money for things that are really far more needed; it means that there is an atmosphere of untruth, shallowness, and false values brought into the home life. Since real beauty and daintiness can be retained only at the cost of a constant and considerable outlay, it would seem as if mothers in moderate circumstances would say: "I cannot afford frequent bills for cleaning and for renewing yards and yards of expensive ribbons, tulle ruffles, and the like; and since cleanliness and neatness are of the first importance, I shall employ reds and dark blues instead of pinks and sky-blues, use washable flannels instead of shirred silks and laces, and omit the ribbons and flounces."

There is something fine and inspiring about a frank, honest avowal that one is not endowed with worldly goods. And how seldom is it met with! One sees on all sides, on the contrary, a pitiful and degrading imitation of wealth, an envious and nerve-exhausting straining after a footing that cannot possibly be retained. So it is the most ordinary thing in the world to see day after day in the park baby-carriages going by with covers and parasols whose lace is positively black with use, whose ribbons are mussed and stained, whose flounces of tulle are torn and bedraggled. And the baby itself sits in state in a pitiful condition of soiled and crumpled fineries.

And the pity of it for the older children who look with longing eyes at the few sensibly dressed youngsters that romp and tumble to their heart's content without fear of that most terrible of all reproaches, "*Vous avez salé vôtre robe!*"

Is there anything more inane than this white shibboleth for our little ones? If any one stopped to think about it, it would be found infinitely easier to deck our young ladies in white than our small tots who have (or ought to have) a far more intimate relation to the brown soil. Is it not piteous to see our little ones shedding bitter (and unnecessary) tears over the trips and stumblings of their dear, eager little feet? There is no harm done in the world save to their frocks. And if they were of the proper color, the heinousness of the crime of tumbling would soon be swept off the face of the earth—as it ought to be. How can we hope to establish the proper moral equipoise in our little ones when more fuss is made over an innocent tumble than over a display of temper? when to throw off a hat upon the grass in the excitement of a game of "tag" brings swifter retribution than to strike or push a playmate? Why not begin a reign of brown for our babies—the good, serviceable color of the earth; or green, the color of the grass, which would then lose all its horrors for the *bonne?*

An English Society

A society has been organized in England called the Association for the Prevention of Consumption and Other Forms of Tuberculosis. The President of the Royal College of Surgeons, the President of the Royal Society of Physicians, and many leading physicians are interested. The object is to teach the people how to prevent the disease. Circulars and pamphlets will be sent out and lectures will be given. Health resorts, both preventive and curative, will be established, giving open-air treatment.

Once the idea is established that the disease is contracted, and may be prevented, care will be used where now no attention is paid to the danger of carelessness. It is estimated that one out of ten deaths at the present time is due to tuberculosis in some form.

A Suggestion

A correspondent of The Outlook calls attention to the positive results in civilization that have been the outgrowth of the Home and Foreign Missionary movement which began in 1821. She briefly reviews the history of the society organized by Governor Slade, of Vermont, to send women teachers into the Northwest. She calls attention to the work accomplished by the Illinois Women's Education Society, which founded Monticello Seminary and the Ladies' Seminary at Rockford, Ill. She attributes the beginnings of Mount Holyoke to this movement for the education of missionaries, and now asks, What better work could the women's clubs of this country do than to organize on undenominational lines for the evangelization and Christianization of the newly acquired territory of Cuba and the Philippines, whether they remain a part of this Nation or only under its protectorate for a short period. She says that the history of the past proves what women can do in civilizing the homes of the unenlightened lands.

A College and Family Question

A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" recently protested, with logic and vigor, against putting two brothers in college at the same time. He believed it robbed the younger brother of getting the best good from his college life. He advises that the younger brother be left to make his own way without the aid of his elder brother. He must make his own friends, establish his own place. His manhood is first tested in college. This correspondent urges separated rooms, in separate buildings if possible. It is an advantage to have a brother in the class ahead, this correspondent believes, but there must be no attempt to make a place socially for the younger brother. The subject is an interesting one, and is as vital to sisters as brothers.

A Modern Miracle

Flowers were sent from a Connecticut village to a house down near the East River. It was decided that instead of giving them to the children as usual, they should be kept to decorate the club room for a reception to be given by the History Club that evening. It happened that when the flowers came they were all goldenrod. The rooms were beautifully decorated by the committee of boys and girls. After the reception was over the flowers were taken home by the members and friends. When a group got to one girl's house on the way home, two of the boys fastened the goldenrod in the slats of a shutter and in the railing of the high stoop of one girl's home. This was Saturday night. Sunday morning a young girl living in the house started for early mass. The girl on the first floor was getting breakfast, and suddenly the door was flung open, and the cry came, "Oh, Louise! I prayed to St. Ann all day yesterday to send me some flowers, and the whole front of the house is covered."

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA

Founded A^{o} D^{i} 1728

By

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

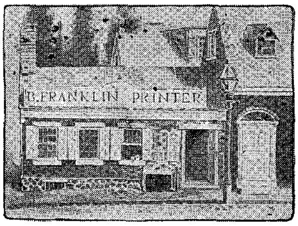
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from an American press. It has been read with interest by millions of Americans in six generations. It first made its appearance when North America had less of an English-speaking population than the city of Philadelphia has to-day; when that city was proud of its 18,000 inhabitants; when there were not more than twenty newspapers throughout the Colonies; when William Penn had been but twelve years in his grave; when George II sat upon the throne of England; when the great Samuel Johnson was still struggling as a Grub Street hack, and when Benjamin Franklin was determined to make his way as editor of the best journal of his time—even if he had only a bowl of porridge for his meal.

In nearly one hundred and seventy years there has been hardly a week—save only while a British Army held Philadelphia, and patriotic printers were in exile—when the paper has not been put to press regularly.

To-day it is published, as it has been for upward of a century and a half, within almost a stone's throw of Franklin's old printery, his home and his haunts; and across the way its editors and printers now look down daily on the ancient churchyard which holds his grave.

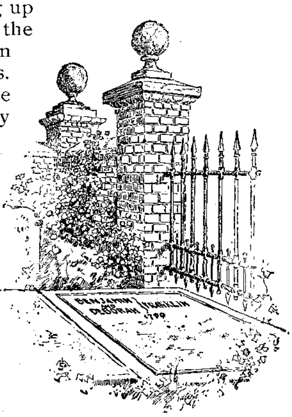
When Franklin, at the age of twenty-two, sought employment as a printer, he fell in with a very eccentric character, one Samuel Keimer, who, during Christmas week, 1728, began the publication of a weekly paper under the most pretentious name of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences, and Pennsylvania Gazette. Keimer printed thirty-nine numbers, was unable to obtain more than ninety subscribers for it, and finally sold it for a trifle to Franklin, who, in the meantime, had set up in business for himself. The first number under his direction made its appearance on October 2, 1729. All of Keimer's elaborate title was dropped except "Pennsylvania Gazette," and under that name it immediately began to interest people by reason of its better type and better press-work, and also by what its editor called his "spirited remarks."

Franklin promised to make the paper "as agreeable and useful an entertainment as the nature of the thing would allow," and he more especially looked upon the paper as "a means of communicating instruction." The only other paper in the city was old William Bradford's Mercury. But Bradford was the postmaster, and Franklin—who thus had difficulty in using the post for his papers—had to bribe the riders to take them privately on their routes. He had no hesitation to wheel his white paper through the streets on a wheelbarrow.

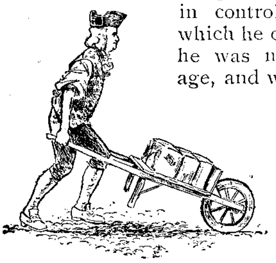


IN THE REAR OF
53 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA

Franklin was the foremost of American publishers. No other man who, in his time, wrote for an American newspaper, understood so well the American taste and American homes. His journal was the most enterprising periodical of its day; it was a strong power throughout the Colonies, and his Poor Richard's Almanack was hung up every year over the chimney-piece of ten thousand households. He was quick to take advantage of every advance in typography, or every improvement in the mails, and of every new facility for distributing his paper. His capacity for hard work was prodigious, even until he had passed into old age. As a printer, an editor, a



publisher, a politician, a scientist, an inventor, a philanthropist and an educator, the amount of work he performed is astonishing, even to this busy century, and all was accomplished while he was still in control of his newspaper, which he did not give up until he was nearly sixty years of age, and was about to enter on his extraordinary career abroad as a philosopher and diplomatist.



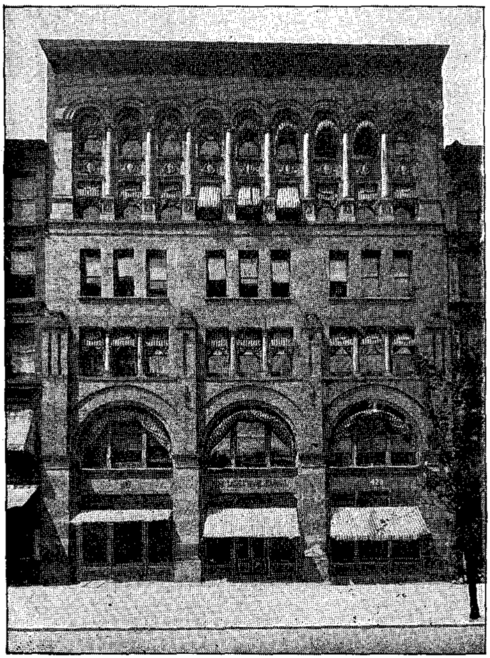
Franklin continued to edit the paper until 1765, when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to The Saturday Evening Post in 1821, while it still occupied the old office of The Pennsylvania Gazette—in the rear of 53 Market Street, Philadelphia.

It was printed from the same presses, and the "old Franklin type," as it was called, was preserved. In the Patent Office at Washington may now be found the old hand-press on which Franklin had labored many a day and night, and which was in the press-room of The Saturday Evening Post.

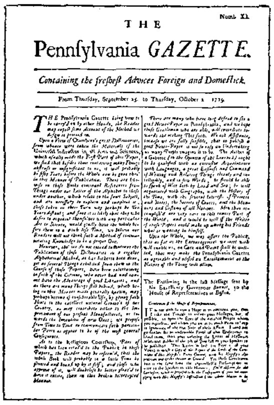
From that time on it gradually brought about a revolution in the weekly journalism of the country. For several years, however, it was still largely local in its character.

Among the early contributors to the Post were Edgar Allan Poe, Mrs. Henry Wood, Edwin Forrest, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Sigourney, N. P. Willis, James Parton, G. P. R. James, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Fenimore Cooper; and indeed there were few American authors in the past two generations that were not represented in its home-like columns. It became an influence which helped strongly to lift up the standard of home life so that it became the Post's tradition that it should never offend Mother, Teacher or Minister.

From 1821 it passed through several ownerships, and in 1897 became the property of the present publishers—The Curtis Publishing Company.



THE PRESENT PUBLICATION OFFICE



Numb. XL.

THE

Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Thurſday, September 25. to Thurſday, October 2. 1729.

THE FIRST NUMBER PRINTED BY FRANKLIN

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AS IT IS TO-DAY

A good magazine is a good newspaper in a dress suit. It should have all the brightness, interest, enterprise and variety of the newspaper, with the dignity, refinement and poise of the magazine.

The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest periodical in America, is a high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies. It will give the best stories and general literature, and keep its readers thoroughly abreast of the times. In addition to the best original matter obtainable, the Post will present each week the best in the newspapers, periodicals and books of the world. It will aim to be to contemporary literature what a Salon exhibit is to art, bringing together the choicest bits of literature from all modern sources, and giving them a deserved place together, "on the line."

The program planned for readers of the Post cannot here be more than suggested. It will be progressively revealed in its issues from week to week. Besides its fiction and a strong editorial page, and novel and interesting special articles, some of the regular features may be here commented on, in passing.

* * * * *

Short Stories and Sketches Nearly one-half of each issue of the Post will be given to fiction. The stories will be selected wholly for their interest, variety and literary value, and not because of the name or fame of the author. Most of them will be written expressly for the Post, while those that are reprinted will be the most fascinating of the tales from all sources. Every story will be fully illustrated by the Post's artists.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA

The Professor's Daughter —a story of life in a Rhode Island village—will undoubtedly prove to be the strongest novel of the year. It is written by Miss Anna Farquhar, whose "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," published recently in The Ladies' Home Journal, caused the sensation of the season by its vivid picturing of life behind the scenes at Washington. The characters are drawn from life, with a wonderful strength and simplicity, and the romance itself is a new one of the sort that holds the interest from beginning to climax.

The illustrations will be unique in character, profuse, and will add immensely to the interest in this great story. They have been drawn by Mr. Henry Hutt, for the most part from life, for the characters are real. It will begin in an early number of the Post.

* * * * *

The Best Poems in the World The poems in this series will be admirably illustrated, and, wherever possible, there will be given a sketch of the life of the poet, with a portrait, and the story of how each poem came to be written. The poems will be selected, not from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man or woman, but for their appeal to lovers of sentiment. They will be poems of the emotions, those that appeal to the heart; poems that tell a story, those that are filled with human interest. They belong to what may be called the "Pocket-book School of Poetry"—those poems that one cuts from a newspaper and carries in the pocket-book till they are worn through at the creases.

* * * * *

American Kings and Their Kingdoms Will tell the stories of the several greatest money-monarchs of our country—how they acquired and how they retain their power—written by their close acquaintances and personal friends.

* * * * *

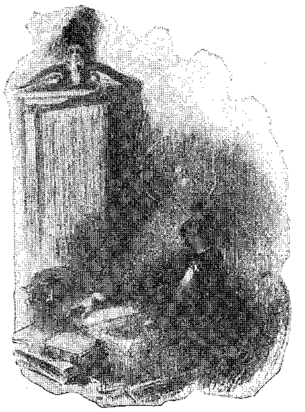
The Post's Series of Practical Sermons

By the great preachers of the world; it gives real, personal, non-sectarian help toward better living and better thinking in every-day life.

* * *

Men and Women of the Hour

Is the title of a weekly page that displays at a glance the panorama of people prominently before the public—portraits and paragraphs that tell the week's history among the notables.



MINIATURE OF ILLUSTRATION IN "BEST POEMS" SERIES—"POE'S RAVEN," BY LEYENDECKER

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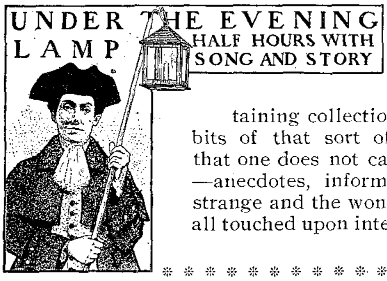
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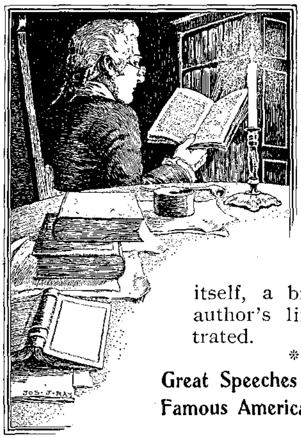

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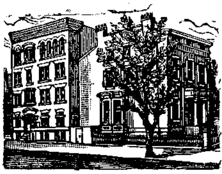

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